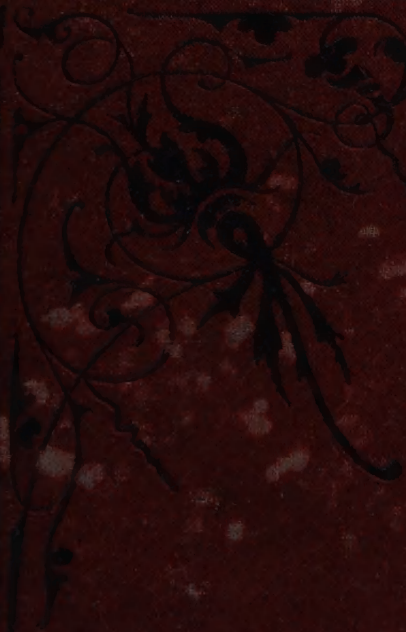


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NEW SERMONS,

ADDRESSES AND PRAYERS,

BY

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

ILLUSTRATED.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

CHICAGO, ILL.:

J. W. GOODSPEED, PUBLISHER,

192 CLARK STREET.

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INTRODUCTION.

HISTORY informs us that labor-saving machinery, when first introduced, was viewed with bitter hatred by working people, who feared that their wages would be reduced because there would be less demand for human muscle and skill. It was also supposed that steam would supersede the necessity for horses and beasts of burden, and that these would greatly decline in value. Not only were these ideas ill-founded, but the very opposite state of things prevailed. Labor became more honorable and valuable, and all kinds of stock advanced in price.

Since the printing press became improved to so great an extent during the last century, men argued that it would supersede public speaking, and "the power of the press" is a household phrase. But what have we beheld during the late political campaign in this country? Monster meetings day after day, and night after night, at which the issues before the people were discussed in the presence of enthusiastic and tireless assemblies. The orator's services seemed never in so great demand as now, when newspapers and books are multiplied in countless profusion. A grander demonstration of the power of the human voice to call out and hold popular assemblies, has been furnished by the victorious progress of D. L. Moody, the Evangelist, and his singing coadjutor, Ira D. Sankey, in the most enlightened countries of the civilized world. The press can never meet the wants of man, but must be supplemented by the living eloquence of the speaker, from whose lips flow streams of burning words that find their way into the depths of the soul.

Mr. Moody's campaigns are not hackneyed and mechanical to such a degree as might be expected, but are the hearty, living work of a wonderful evangelist, whose resources seem, indeed, like those of the artesian well, to employ one of his own comparisons. While he preaches on the same general subjects, and pursues similar

lines of thought, and uses the same illustrations to a large extent, it is also true that he has a wonderful facility of adapting his discourses to the occasion, and thus gives them a freshness that extemporaneous speakers, repeating themselves, often lack. And not only so, but his mental activity and spiritual growth impart newness and power to his addresses and prayers, which men who speak much, and live upon themselves, as it were, are apt to want.

These sermons, addresses, and prayers, now offered to the public in this beautiful volume, are the best efforts of his genius among a host of old friends and new, and in the most trying situations, and under the noblest inspirations, and deserve to be widely circulated, and read by millions of people who want to know the Gospel in its simple, Scriptural purity, and how it is proclaimed by one whom God has placed at the head of evangelists.

Those who have heard Mr. Moody in the delivery of these discourses, will feel again the thrill that electrified them when the torrent of Gospel enthusiasm poured from his lips. The old earnestness and fire will glow again in the printed page, and they will almost seem to be sitting under the sound of his voice. The reader who has only the book to represent the man, will be charmed with the tenderness of his language, the picturesqueness of his style, the graphic fervor of statement, the grandeur of the truths he reiterates and illustrates, and the directness, faith, and zeal with which he urges and persuades men to renew the battle or enlist under the banner of Christ.

Records of his life and work are omitted from this volume, and may be found fully presented in the "Wonderful Career of Moody and Sankey in Great Britain and America," by the same publishers.

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P. P. BLISS.

MOODY'S

SERMONS, ADDRESSES AND

PRAYERS.

I.

STONES TO BE ROLLED AWAY.

JOHN xi. 39: "Jesus said, Take ye away the stone."

NOW I have not any doubt but that nearly all this congregation are looking for a blessing in Chicago. I've no doubt that hundreds of you are expecting a great work here. If you are not so expecting you ought to be; and if God does not do a great and mighty work here, it will not be His fault, but it will be our own. I find a class of people who say, Well, we must wait until God works, and when God is ready we will see a great work. Now, if I read my Bible and understand Scripture, God is always ready. We talk about the "set time" for God to favor us. The set time is when you and I get ready to let God work for us, just when we choose to roll away the stones that prevent His coming to our souls. Some one must take away these stones, some one must roll them off so the Lord, Redeemer, and Saviour can get at us. There is no doubt but that He Himself could send down legions of angels to clear away every single stone. If even the word of His mouth should go out, every stone-like obstacle in His path would suddenly disappear, just as Satan did from His presence in the wilderness. But God does not work in that way. He works through others. He did not Himself roll away the stone from Lazarus' grave; He said to His disciples surrounding Him, and to His disciples in all

times, "Take ye away the stone." Now I find a great many men and a great many wives, and a great many Christians, too, who ask God to roll away the stone, and because He does not answer their prayer, they throw the blame on God. Why, the blame is not His; it is theirs. God always works in partnership. When He is asked to do a thing, He can only do it when He first sees an active disposition in the asker to help to get the blessing. This failure to second God's work for us comes from unbelief. Such a half-hearted man does not believe God will grant his prayer, and so fails to carry out his own part of the programme. The mother that prays for the reclaiming of a drunken son or a dissolute husband, must faithfully do her part to this end, and then must have full belief that God will do the rest. There is something for us all to do for our fellow-creatures, and it is the stone of unbelief that blocks up the way if we do not do it. And it is just this great stone that must first be rolled out of the way in this city. Let us believe that God can do a great work here, and that practical belief will make us work as we ought to. It will be a hard work, but with this lever of faith it can be done, and in short order. There must be honest work, a lifting up of oneself first as far as may be, and then a leaving of the rest to God, whose word will completely roll the stone away and raise the dead. And what a need there is for this resurrection in all our souls. How dead our sense of sin! How forgetful that iniquity can not live in our heart, and word, and act! How careless, and indifferent even, to have things anywise different than they are! Is the fault God's? No, the only trouble is with ourselves; we will not ask Him that He will help us to do better things. We do not want to do them. How lukewarm the love of God in our hearts, and how selfish and cold, in consequence, our thought toward our neighbor! It is a wonder to me how low our standard can fly, and yet we can profess to be Christians. Do we not need to cry that God will revive us? Yes, it is we ourselves that must first be quickened. Our own hearts—those of us who profess to be Christians—must feel anew the joys of sin forgiven, and a rekindling of the earlier fires of faith and holy living. Only thus can good influences be made effectual on those outside. I have heard many complain of the answer of prayer being withheld, when the secret lay just here. A woman, though a professing Christian, need not pray for her husband's conversion if she be governed by an evil temper. She need not talk even to God about her husband until she gets command of her rail-

ing tongue and wicked looks. If you are not Christ-like in your behavior, you need not expect to be taken for an example by your godless neighbor. He will not imitate you, even if he does not despise you for your hollow professions. I recall an illustration used by my dear friend, Morehouse, when he was in this city. The Apostle Paul stood with the gathering crowd about the fire warming himself after the shipwreck, when, as he piled the wood on the fire, a viper sprang from the flame and fastened itself on his hand. Immediately the gaping crowd cried out that he was a reprobate whom, though he had escaped the waves, vengeance would not let live. But presently Paul shook the viper from his hand into the fire, when they, seeing that he did not die, changed their opinion entirely, and Paul preached to them the saving word of life. The apostle shook off the viper, and the confidence of men flowed out to him. Let us Christians all imitate this grand ensample; let us shake off, with God's help, the vipers of evil temper, and all the evil things that make our Christianity a nullity, and, too often, a reproach in the eyes of those we would call to a like name and inheritance with ourselves. And as a community, as well, we must shake off the venomous beast whose poison not only repels others, but kills or enfeebles ourselves.

The vipers of London are different from those of New York; and, again, our own are unlike either of these. Covetousness, the inordinate greed for gain, has fastened on the hand of Chicago, along with many another Western city, and the sting will be worse and worse unless a remedy is found for us. We talk with an appetite much too keen about getting gain and the chances for money-making. And yet this very trait, confessedly an evil, is an argument to our hand. There is a cry in commercial circles, loud and prolonged, for a revival in business—all classes of business. In this country, during the past twenty years, I never heard any one crying out against it. But if you talk about getting a revival in God's business, there is a class of people who at once shake their heads. They do not know about it; they are afraid it won't work. A strange inconsistency; a thing is all right in their own concerns, but all wrong in God's. The two things are not different at all for the purposes of this comparison. God's work, like man's work, may have stages of activity; and the Christian, just as much as the merchant, should seek earnestly for a revival in trade. Oh, let us roll away this stone of unbelief and indifference, and we will soon

hear a voice from the place of the stone crying, "Lazarus, come forth." Let us only cry as earnestly and loud for a revival as our business men have done and are now doing, and the powers and affections of our souls will spring up and bloom to eternal life. Our quickened souls and those of our friends will be made glad thereat, and rejoice together in time and eternity. Should no right time come in God's fields, when can the farmer have his harvest time? How active the farmers are in getting hands to help them through the rush. The right time does come periodically in the kingdom of heaven upon earth—a ripening time, when God calls His reapers to put in their sickles.

Three stones I will especially refer to this morning, or mountains if you prefer—for that is what they are—to be rolled from our caves before the dead Lazarus, quickened to life, can come forth. A great stone to be rolled away is unbelief, already spoken of. If I ask the Christian man in Chicago, "Do you believe God can revive His work?" I do not want him to say, "I do not believe He can; I have been here about fifteen years, and during all that time there has not been a successful attempt at reviving His work." Well, it may be so that the work has not got on well. What was the trouble? Well, I believe it was simply because people did not believe the work could really be done. But surely there is no person in the town but knows that everything is possible with God. Let us take this stand, to believe that God is going actually to do something. There is no drunkard who should despair, for I believe God is going to save hundreds of them. He can and he will destroy his love of strong drink, root and branch, and I believe there is to be a cleansing thunderstorm in his atmosphere here before many days.

When in Glasgow, a skeptic insisted that all my converts were women and old men verging on the grave. At the next meeting in that city there were present in the hall thirty-three hundred men, and of these twenty-seven hundred were young men. The skeptic next insisted that not a wild or reckless or drunken man came under God's reviving influence. At the very next meeting a gambler, and a short time after the most notorious drunkard in town, experienced saving grace. And so let it be here. We want to see thieves, gamblers, and harlots saved. Let us have faith, for according to our faith shall it be done to us; just as Martha saw Lazarus alive through trust in Jesus' words. If we believe, we are told we may

order mountains to be removed and they will be cast into the sea. Oh, may God strike down our unbelief to the resurrection to life of even the vilest sinners in this city.

The next terrible stone to be rolled away is prejudice. Oh, how that came in among the churches against revivals. How many men you hear say, "Well, I am prejudiced against revivals; I do not believe in them." They believe in revivals in everything else. They say, "Agitate politics and trade, and let us have a revival in everything else but religion." So, many whom I have addressed here on this subject have inveighed against revivals in religion, shaking their heads and saying no good can come out of revivals. Well, my dear friends, when Philip, the sage deacon, went to Nathaniel to tell him about Jesus, and Nathaniel objected, could any good come out of Nazareth, he just answered, come and see. So I answer you, come and see. Spend a week waiting on God, and see if the work is not to be a power of God to the saving of many. "Oh," but some one may say, "I can not countenance these unhealthy excitements. I know far too much bad about them for that." My friend, I know far more of the possible evils you would shun, and know them to be sometimes real ones, but what of it? Because some revivals turn out to be useless, or in some developments positively bad, must the system be thrown aside? No. The Democrat does not desert his politics for some minor flaw about them; and the Republican does not either, if some of his standard-bearers have done corruptly. Professional and business men are not degraded by the shortcomings of individuals, and all through and through there is seen to be no limit in this principle. God's mighty engine in revivals is not to be thrown aside for even considerable defects. Under its operations, time was when 3,000 men were added to the church in one day. We can not speak against these special meetings, finally, for they are planned in Scripture. The Bible is full of chronicles of their workings. They are developments of the Christian idea, no innovation whatever, and the best possible agencies for work for sinners, which is work for God.

And then this miserable sectarian spirit that once held despotic hold on men. There was a time when its grasp was that of iron; but, blessed be God, that time is past. I remember that fifteen years ago the Methodist insisted that he was a Methodist, although lending a hand to the revival then in progress; the Congregationalist was nothing else, through and through, though he, too, co-op-

erated in the good work, and the Presbyterian and the Baptist, and all, were first of all their denominational selves, though condescending for a few days to work in yoke in a common cause. Yet it was really and necessarily, condescension; and there was enough of it in those meetings to kill them, and it nearly did it. And this sectarian stone is a real stone, though nothing like the boulder it used to be. The rolling-away process must be pushed vigorously; let us heave it away altogether out of sight. Let us have none of that spirit in this meeting. Talk not of this sect and that sect, of this party and that party, but solely and exclusively of the great comprehensive cause of Jesus Christ. When Christ came into the world, had He allied Himself with the Sadducees, they would have warmly upheld Him; if He had joined the Pharisees, they would not have let Him be crucified; but He kept clear of them, and just so we should do in this glorious work opening before us. In this ideal brotherhood there should be one faith, one mind, one spirit, and in this city let us starve it out for a season, to actualize this glorious truth. You remember how, in the Old Testament, Eldad and Medad took upon themselves priestly duties, and how excited, for once in his life, Joshua became at the irregularity, and ran and told the scandal to Moses; but you also remember how Moses reproved his informant, who was then engaged in perhaps the only small business of his life, and told him to rebuke them not; they prophesied well, however irregularly. It was just so with Christ, when word was carried by over-serviceable followers, that men were casting out devils "who were not of us," He rebuked, not those who were thus benefiting their kind, but the tale-bearers. Oh, yes, let us sink this party feeling and contend for Christ only. Oh, that God may so fill us with His love, and the love of souls, that no thought of minor sectarian parties can come in; that there may be no room for them in our atmosphere whatever; and that the Spirit of God may give us one mind and one spirit here to glorify His holy name.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for bringing us back to Chicago. We thank Thee for the privilege of again meeting friends, with many of whom we have labored these past twenty years. O God, the Holy Ghost, descend upon such as are still out of Thy fold, that yet they may come to the higher and better life; that yet they may come to themselves and come to Christ. And to such as are

Thy children, O God, do Thou draw very near, that they may be revived by Thy work in our midst. Forgive our lukewarmness, forgive our coldness of heart, forgive our backsliding, forgive our want of faith. Oh, help us, on this morning, to take away this dreadful stone of unbelief; help us to roll it away, so that the dead may come forth. May we be prejudiced against Thy work no longer. May we no more view Thee with narrow, sectarian vision, Thou God of all souls. Bless all Thy people of every name, and strengthen them to work to-day, for Thee, as they have never worked before. And those men of God who stand in the pulpit and proclaim a precious Saviour, may there be riches opened up to them abundantly beyond what we can ask; may they preach with an unction from on high, and with a God-the-Holy-Ghost power—not with intellectual power so much as with Holy Ghost power, and may they be endued everywhere and always with power from on high. And pour out Thy grace upon those in Sabbath-schools and pews as well as pulpit, and may the work of Christ be blessed to-day in all the churches, and to-morrow, at 12 o'clock, when we again come together to pray, do Thou, O Christ, look down upon us, and may we know that a mighty work of Thine is now beginning. Oh, Son of God, hear our cry and save our souls; and to Thy name shall be the praise and the glory forever. Amen.

II.

REAPING AND GATHERING FRUIT.

JOHN iv. 36: "And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

I WANT you to get the text into your hearts. We have a thousand texts to every sermon, but they slip over the hearts of men and women. If I can get this text into your hearts to-day, with the Spirit of God, these meetings will be the brightest and most glorious ever held in Chicago, for it is the word of the Lord, and His word is worth more than ten thousand sermons. "He that reapeth receiveth wages." I can speak from experience. I have been in the Lord's service twenty-one years, and I want to testify that He is a good paymaster—that He pays promptly. Oh, I think I see faces before me light up at these words. You have been out in the harvest-fields of the Lord, and you know this to be true. To go out and labor for Him is a thing to be proud of—to guide a poor, weary soul to the way of life, and turn his face toward the golden gates of Zion. The Lord's wages are better than silver and gold, because He says that the loyal soul shall receive a crown of glory. If the Mayor of Chicago gave out a proclamation stating that he had work for the men, women, and children of the city, and he would give them \$1 a day, people would say this was very good of the Mayor. This money, however, would fade away in a short time. But here is a proclamation coming directly from the throne of grace to every man, woman, and child in the wide world to gather into God's vineyard, where they will find treasures that will never fade; and these treasures will be crowns of everlasting life; and the laborer will find treasures laid up in his Father's house, and when, after serving faithfully here, he will be greeted by friends assembled there. Work for tens of thousands of men, women, and children. Think of it and the reward. These little children, my friends, are apt to be overlooked; but they must be led to Christ. Children



IRA D. SANKEY.

have done a great deal in the vineyard. They have led parents to Jesus. It was a little girl that led Naaman to Christ. Christ can find useful work for these little ones. He can see little things, and we ought to pay great attention to them. As I was coming along the street to-day I thought that if I could only impress upon you all that we have come here as to a vineyard, to reap and to gather, we shall have a glorious harvest, and we want every class to assist us. The first class we want is the ministers. There was one thing that pleased me this morning, and that was the eight thousand people who came to this building, and the large number of ministers who seized me by the hand, with the tears trickling down their cheeks, and who gave me a "God bless you!" It gave me a light heart. There are some ministers who get behind the posts, as if they were ashamed of being seen in our company and at our meetings. They come to criticise the sermon and pick it to pieces. No effort is required to do this. We don't want the ministers to criticise, but to help us, and tell us when we are wrong. There was one minister in this city who did me a great deal of good when I first started out. When I commenced to teach the word of God I made very many blunders. I have learned that in acquiring anything a man must make many blunders. If a man is going to learn any kind of trade—carpenter's, plumber's, painter's—he will make any amount of mistakes. Well, this minister, an old man, used to take me aside and tell me my errors. So we want the ministers to come to us and tell us of our blunders; and if we get them to do this and join hands with us, a spiritual fountain will break over every church in the city. Many ministers have said to me, "What do you want us to do?" The Lord must teach us what our work shall be. Let every child of God come up to these meetings and say, "Teach me, O God, what I can do to help these men and women who are inquiring the way to be saved," and at the close of the meetings draw near to them and point out the way. If men and women are to be converted in great meetings, it is by personal dealings with them. What we want is personal contact with them. If a number of people were sick, and a doctor prescribed one kind of medicine for them all, you would think this was wrong. This audience is spiritually diseased, and what we want is that Christian workers will go to them and find out their trouble. Five minutes' private consultation will teach them. What we want is to get at the people. Every one has his own particular burden; every family has a different story to

tell. Take the Gospel of the Lord to them, and show its application; tell them what to do with it, so as to answer their own cases; let the minister come into the inquiry-room.

An old man, a minister in Glasgow, Scotland, was one of the most active in our meetings. When he would be preaching elsewhere he would drive up in a cab, with his Bible in his hand. It made no difference what part of Glasgow he was preaching in, he managed to attend nearly every one of our services. The old man would come in and tenderly speak to those assembled, and let one soul after another see the light. His congregation was comparatively small when we got there, but, by his painstaking efforts to minister to those in search of the word, when we left Glasgow his church could not hold the people who sought admission, and I do not know of any man who helped us like Dr. Andrew Bonar. He was always ready to give counsel to the weak and point the way out to the soul seeking Christ. If we have not ministers enough, let those we have come forward, and their elders and deacons will follow them.

The next class we want to help us to reach the people is the Sunday-school teachers, and I value their experience next to that of the ministers. In the cities where we have been, teachers have come to me and said, "Mr. Moody, pray for my Sunday-school scholars," and I just took them aside and pointed out their duties, and showed how they themselves ought to be able to pray for their pupils. Next meeting very often they would come, and the prayer would go up from them, "God bless my scholars."

In one city we went to, a Sunday-school superintendent came to his minister and said: "I am not fit to gather sinners to life eternal; I can not be superintendent any longer." The minister asked: "What is the reason?" and the man said: "I am not right with God." Then the minister advised him that the best thing instead of resigning was to get right with God. So he prayed with that teacher that the truth would shine upon him, and God lit up his soul with the word. Before I left that town the minister told me all doubt had fled from that superintendent's mind, and he had gone earnestly to work and gathered, from the time of his conversion, over 600 scholars into the Sunday-school of his church. The Lord can bless, of course, in spite of schools and teachers, but they are the channels of salvation. Bring your classes together, and pray to God to convert them. We have

from 3,000 to 5,000 teachers here. Suppose they said: "I will try to bring my children to Christ," what a reformation we should have. Don't say that that boy is too small, or that girl is too puny or insignificant. Every one is valuable to the Lord. A teacher, whom I found at our services when she ought to have been attending to her class, upon my asking why she was at our meeting, said: "Well, I have a very small class—only five little boys." "What," said I, "you have come here and neglected the little ones! Why, in that little tow-head may be the seeds of a reformation. There may be a Luther, a Whitefield, a Wesley, or a Bunyan among them. You may be neglecting a chance for them the effects of which will follow them through life." If you do not look to those things, teachers, some one will step into your vineyard and gather the riches which you would have.

Look what that teacher did in Southern Illinois. She had taught a little girl to love the Saviour, and the teacher said to her: "Can't you get your father to come to the Sunday-school?" This father was a swearing, drinking man, and the love of God was not in his heart. But under the tuition of that teacher the little girl went to her father and told him of Jesus' love, and led him to that Sunday-school. What was the result? I heard before leaving for Europe that he had been instrumental in founding over 780 Sabbath-schools in Southern Illinois. And what a privilege a teacher has—a privilege of leading souls to Christ. Let every Sabbath-school teacher say, "By the help of God I will try to lead my scholars to Christ."

It seems to me that we have more help in our revivals from young men, except from mothers, than from any other class. The young men are pushing, energetic workers. Old men are good for counsel, and they should help, by their good words, the young men in making Christianity aggressive. These billiard halls have been open long enough. There is many a gem in those places, that only needs the way pointed out to fill their souls with love of Him. Let the young men go plead with them, bring them to the Tabernacle, and don't let them go out without presenting the claims of Christ, and showing them His never-dying love. Take them by the hand and say, "I want you to become a Christian." What we want is a hand-to-hand conflict with the billiard-saloons and drinking halls. Do not fear, but enter them and ask the young men to come. I know that some of you say in a scornful way, "We

will never be allowed to enter; the people who go there will cast us out." This is a mistake. I know that I have gone to them and remonstrated, and have never been unkindly treated. And some of the best workers have been men who have been proprietors of these places, and men who have been constant frequenters. There are young men there breaking their mothers' hearts and losing themselves for all eternity. The Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ asks you to seek them out. If we can not get them to come here, let the building be thrown aside and let us go down and hunt them up and tell them of Christ and heaven. If we can not get a multitude to preach to, let us preach, even if it be to one person. Christ preached one of His most wonderful sermons to that woman at the well; and shall we not be willing to go to one as He did, and tell that one of salvation? And let us preach to men even if they are under the influence of liquor.

I may relate a little experience. In Philadelphia, at one of our meetings, a drunken man rose up. Till that time I had no faith that a drunken man could be converted. When any one approached, he was generally taken out. This man got up and shouted, "I want to be prayed for." The friends who were with him tried to draw him away, but he shouted only louder, and three times he repeated the request. His call was attended to and he was converted. God has power to convert a man even if he is drunk.

I have still another lesson. I met a man in New York who was an earnest worker, and I asked him to tell me his experience. He said he had been a drunkard for over twenty years. His parents had forsaken him, and his wife had cast him off and married some one else. He went into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, mad with drink. This lawyer proved a good Samaritan, and reasoned with him, and told him he could be saved. The man scouted the idea. He said: "I must be pretty low when my father and mother, my wife and kindred, cast me off, and there is no hope for me here or hereafter." But this good Samaritan showed him how it was possible to secure salvation, got him on his feet, got him on his beast, like the good Samaritan of old, and guided his face towards Zion. And this man said to me: "I have not drank a glass of liquor since." He is now leader of a young men's meeting in New York. I asked him to come last Saturday night to Northfield, my native town, where there are a good many

drunkards, thinking he might encourage them to seek salvation. He came and brought a young man with him. They held a meeting, and it seemed as if the power of God rested upon that meeting when these two men went on telling what God had done for them—how He had destroyed the works of the devil in their hearts, and brought peace and unalloyed happiness to their souls. These grog shops here are the works of the devil—they are ruining men's souls every hour. Let us fight against them, and let our prayers go up in our battle: "Lord, manifest Thy power in Chicago this coming month." It may seem a very difficult thing for us, but it is a very easy thing for God to convert rumsellers.

A young man in New York got up and thrilled the meeting with his experience. "I want to tell you," he said, "that nine months ago a Christian came to my house and said he wanted me to become a Christian. He talked to me kindly and encouragingly, pointing out the error of my ways, and I became converted. I had been a hard drinker, but since that time I have not touched a drop of liquor. If any one had asked who the most hopeless man in that town was, they would have pointed to me." To-day this young man is the superintendent of a Sabbath-school. Eleven years ago, when I went to Boston, I had a cousin who wanted a little of my experience; I gave him all the help I could, and he became a Christian. He did not know how near death was to him. He wrote to his brother and said: "I am very anxious to get your soul to Jesus." The letter, somehow, went to another city, and lay from the 28th of February to the 28th of March—just one month. He saw it was in his brother's handwriting, and tore it open and read the above words. It struck a chord in his heart, and was the means of converting him. And this was the Christian who led this drunken young man to Christ.

This young man had a neighbor who had drank for forty years, and he went to that neighbor and told him what God had done for him, and the result was another conversion.

I tell you these things to encourage you to believe that the drunkards and saloon-keepers can be saved. There is work for you to do, and by and by the harvest shall be gathered, and what a scene will be on the shore when we hear the Master on the throne shout: "Well done! Well done!"

Let me say a word to you, mothers. We depend a good deal upon you. It seems to me that there is not a father and mother in

all Chicago who should not be in sympathy with this work. You have daughters and sons, and if work is done now they will be able to steer clear of many temptations, and will be able to lead better lives here. It seems to me selfishness if they sit down inactive and say: "There is no use in this. We are safe ourselves, what is the use of troubling?" If the mothers and fathers of the whole community would unite their prayers, and send up one appeal to God to manifest His power, in answer to them there would be mighty work.

I remember, in Philadelphia, we wanted to see certain results, and we called a meeting of mothers. There were from five to eight thousand mothers present, and each of them had a particular burden upon her heart. There was a mother who had a wayward daughter, another a reckless son, another a bad husband. We spoke to them confidently, and we bared our hearts to one another. They prayed for aid from the Lord, and that grace might be shown to these sons, and daughters, and husbands, and the result was that our inquiry-rooms were soon filled with anxious and earnest inquirers.

Let me tell you about a mother in Philadelphia. She had two wayward sons. They were wild, dissipated youths. They were to meet on a certain night and join in dissipation. The rendezvous was at the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets, where our meetings were held. One of the young men entered the large meeting, and when it was over, went to the young men's meeting near at hand, and was quickened, and there prayed that the Lord might save him. His mother had gone to the meeting that night, and, arriving too late, found the door closed. When that young man went home he found his mother praying for him, and the two mingled their prayers together. While they were praying together, the other brother came from the other meeting, and brought tidings of being converted, and at the next meeting the three got up and told their experience, and I never heard an audience so thrilled before or since.

Another incident. A wayward boy in London, whose mother was very anxious for his salvation, said to her: "I am not going to be bothered with your prayers any longer; I will go to America and be rid of them." "But, my boy," she said, "God is on the sea and in America, and He hears my prayers for you." Well, he came to this country, and as they sailed into the port of New York, some of the sailors told him that Moody and Sankey were holding meetings

in the Hippodrome. The moment he landed he started for our place of meeting, and there he found Christ. He became a most earnest worker, and he wrote to his mother and told her that her prayers had been answered, that he had been saved, and that he had found his mother's God.

Mothers and fathers, lift up your hearts in prayer, that there may be hundreds and thousands saved in this city.

When I was in London, there was one lady dressed in black, up in the gallery. All the rest were ministers. I wondered who that lady could be. At the close of the meeting I stepped up to her, and she asked me if I did not remember her. I did not, but she told me who she was, and her story came to my mind.

When we were preaching in Dundee, Scotland, a mother came up with her two sons, 16 and 17 years old. She said to me: "Will you talk to my boys?" I asked her if she would talk to the inquirers, and told her there were more inquirers than workers. She said she was not a good enough Christian—was not prepared enough. I told her I could not talk to her then. Next night she came to me and asked me again, and the following night she repeated her request. Five hundred miles she journeyed to get God's blessing for her boys. Would to God we had more mothers like her. She came to London, and the first night I was there I saw her in Agricultural Hall. She was accompanied by only one of her boys—the other had died. Towards the close of the meetings I received this letter from her:

"DEAR MR. MOODY: For months I have never considered the day's work ended unless you and your work had been specially prayed for. Now it appears before us more and more. What in our little measure we have found, has no doubt been the happy experience of many others in London. My husband and I have sought as our greatest privilege to take unconverted friends, one by one, into Agricultural Hall, and I thank God that, with a single exception, those brought under the preaching from your lips have accepted Christ as their Saviour, and are rejoicing in His love."

That lady was a lady of wealth and position. She lived a little way out of London: gave up her beautiful home and took lodgings near Agricultural Hall, so as to be useful in the inquiry-room. When we went down to the Opera House she was there; when we went down to the east end there she was again, and when I left London she had the names of 150 who had accepted Christ from her. Some

have said that our work in London was a failure. Ask her if the work was a failure, and she will tell you. If we had a thousand such mothers in Chicago we would lift it. Go and bring your friends here to the meetings. Think of the privilege, my friends, of saving a soul. If we are going to work for good, we must be up and about it. Men say, "I have not the time." Take it. Ten minutes every day for Christ will give you good wages. There is many a man who is working for you. Take them by the hand. Some of you with silver locks, I think I hear you saying, "I wish I was young, how I would rush into the battle." Well, if you can not be a fighter, you can pray and lead on the others. There are two kinds of old people in the world. One grows chilled and sour, and there are others who light up every meeting with ther genial presence and cheer on the workers. Draw near, old age, and cheer on the others, and take them by the hand and encourage them. There was a building on fire. The flames leaped around the staircase, and from a three-story window a little child was seen who cried for help. The only way to reach it was by a ladder. One was obtained and a fireman ascended, but when he had almost reached the child, the flames broke from the window and leaped around him. He faltered and seemed afraid to go further. Suddenly some one in the crowd shouted, "Give him a cheer," and cheer after cheer went up. The fireman was nerved with new energy, and rescued the child. Just so with our young men. Whenever you see them wavering, cheer them on. If you can not work yourself, give them cheers to nerve them on in their glorious work. May the blessing of God fall upon us this afternoon, and let every man and woman be up and doing.

III.

COURAGE IN THE LORD'S WORK.

JOSHUA i. 6: "Be strong and of good courage."

JUST one word. I want you to have the courage spoken of in the chapter of Joshua I read to you to-night. The Lord tells him to "be strong and of good courage." He says to Joshua: "If you have this, no man will be able to stand before you all the days of your life. As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. I will not forsake thee or fail thee." That is, if Joshua goes into the battle not thinking of himself or depending upon somebody else, but relying upon the Lord. He was not to be weakened, but to have the courage of a lion with his faith in the Lord. So with us here. If we go into the battle we are beginning, and look on the weak side, we are going to lose. We must fight with the courage of a Joshua. I have learned one thing since I went into the school of Christ, and that is, that God never takes a man for His purposes who is weak; he must have confidence in himself through Christ; must not hang on his own strength, but must have courage, and must believe that God is willing and ready to aid him. God will not have a man in His service that He can not control, and who is thrown down by the slightest opposition. We must act as Joshua did when he went out, I suppose to view the lines. All at once a man stood before him with a drawn sword. If he had not heard the words of the Lord, and had the fear of God in his heart, he would have ran away. He stood boldly and confronted God's messenger, and asked, "Art thou for us or against us?" "Nay," said the man, "I come as the captain of the host of the Lord, to lead you to victory." And so if obstacles stand before us we must have courage if we wish success. Some one said to me to-day, "Were you not greatly encouraged by the large crowd you had yesterday?" My friends, it is not large crowds that encourage us, nor talk in newspapers, but earnest-

ness even in a few. We want a few broken hearts so that we can give them consolation. It is very gratifying to see so many people here on a Monday night, but we don't want weak folks to come forward—only those with strong courage for the cause of Christ. If we can get the people full of it, a religious wave will break through the streets, and the tide of death and misery shall soon be driven back, and work to the glory of the Son of God will be done that was never done before. But we don't want men among us to predict defeat. There are a great many people who always see difficulties in the way, and many of those people are just the ones who try to call you to Christ. There are people who are discouraged at the slightest thing that sends a cloud on their path.

Look at Elijah's courage when he stood before Ahab, when he defied the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. I do not know what came over him when Jezebel sent him that messenger and nearly scared him out of his wits. He stood like a lion on Mount Carmel, but look at him when he received the letter—how he ran away into the wilderness, and sat down under a juniper tree. He despaired utterly. He thought he had lived long enough, and asked the Lord to let him die. So it is with some of us. The least thing frightens us, and we fly under a juniper tree. When God's children get there He can not see them. He wants them to have courage and to have faith in Him.

Look again at Peter. He was not going to die if all the rest died. He was going to trust to his own strength. So when he was put into the judgment hall, and he was confronted with the judges, a little maid said, "There is one of His disciples," his courage failed him, and he was afraid to speak for Christ. You laugh at this, but how many Peters are there in Chicago who are ashamed to lift up their voice for God. There are skeptics and doubters and lukewarm Christians who have not the moral courage to come out for Christ. See how Peter shrank back, and, full of doubt, denied his Lord. But again, see what courage he had when the Spirit of the Lord came upon him at the Pentecost, when he stood before the Jews. I have often thought if that little maid had seen him she would not have known him to be the same man who in the judgment hall was so terror-stricken. Here was a man, scared out of his life by a little girl merely charging him with being a disciple, confronting the whole crowd of Jews and shouting out, "Ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain," my Redeemer

I have got discouraged in my life. Here in Chicago I have been discouraged. I remember some years ago I was greatly cast down, and, sitting in my study gloomily, one of my Sunday-school teachers came in that Monday afternoon. He was in the best of spirits, and I was despondent; he was up on the mountain and I was down in the valley. We used to compare notes of what we did on the Sunday, and he asked me what I had preached about. I told him, and he said he had preached about Noah, and he asked me if I had ever studied up Noah's character. Well, I had read about Noah, but not with any particular attention. After he had gone out I thought I would read up Noah. I took up my Bible, and after a little careful reading I began to think that Noah must have been a man of extraordinary courage. There he was for 150 years building his ark, without any sign of ever needing it but the word of the Lord, and he had not become discouraged. I closed my Bible and felt new strength. I came down to the noonday prayer-meeting and was happy. There I heard a man say he had just come up from somewhere in Southern Illinois, and had converted 100 people, and the man had not been a Christian very long. I wondered what Noah would have given if he could have got as much to encourage him as this man. Another man asked to be prayed for, and I wondered what Noah would have said to this. He labored for 150 years and never heard a man asking to be prayed for. During all these years he labored and he never got discouraged or disheartened, and I have often thought of this as a great lesson to the Christian worker.

Another thing I have noticed. If a minister gets discouraged, God does not use him. If he does not live on the mountain-top. God puts some one else there. Many of our meetings have been spoiled by the leaders talking very discouragingly—by speaking in faltering tones, and not trying to give the people strength by their words. If we have courage, there is no such thing as defeat. We ought to have courage, for prayers are going up all over the land for this city of Chicago. I received a telegram from Philadelphia this morning from people who attended our meetings there last winter and were converted. They met on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, and prayed that God would bless our revival in Chicago.

When this same Joshua came up to Kadesh-Barnea on the way to the Promised Land, he picked out twelve men to go and bring

back reports before they entered. They were gone forty days, and brought back what we would call in these days a majority and a minority report. If you send out twelve men on a similar errand, and they did not come back in four days, you would say that they had not done the work. But Joshua had patience, and one afternoon—I can think of the time as being in the twilight of the day—they came back, saying it was a land of plenty—a land flowing with milk and honey; but others said it was a land full of wild beasts and great giants, and everywhere the people were eating themselves up. Yes, it was a land with great warriors, and great walls about the cities that went clear up to heaven. They were discouraged at the prospect, forgetting that God had brought them through the Red Sea, out of the land of bondage, and preserved them in all their troubles; forgetting that all things were possible with God; forgetting that God could encompass all those high walls and overcome all the giants.

You will find the same thing in the Church to-day. Some people will come and say, "I wonder what is going to become of our church; we are in debt, and how are we going to get over it?" Up and pay it. That is the way to get over it. If Joshua and Caleb had thought of as many obstacles when they stood before the walls as these people find in the management of church affairs, they would never have accomplished anything. But they said, "We are able to do it. We are able to take from these people their defenses—God is with us." These twelve men looked at that country and these walls, and I can fancy them bringing back charts and maps as we would do, and said, "We marked well its nature and its bulwarks, and we are not able to take it." They looked up at those giants towering above them, they looking like grasshoppers alongside of those big fellows, and were nearly scared out of their lives. But Joshua and Caleb did not look at the giants; they were looking to the Lord, and they said in answer to all these stories, "Let us go; we are willing to march up and take the land." But there were a good many in that camp who were in a lukewarm state, as there are now, who would rather live for themselves than make a complete consecration to the cause and march to the Promised Land. But Joshua was determined to march courageously on in spite of their report.

Again, look at Gideon, with his 32,000 men; 32,000 men when you see them looks a large army. And the Lord said, You have too many men there. He wanted the force cut down. A great many

of them had fears and doubts—did not feel confident in God's power. God does not work in this way, and so Gideon drew his army up to a line and said: "All those who are afraid, step out of this line." I can imagine the weak ones saying, "There is a good chance to get home, and we will not get shot." And 22,000 stepped out. But the Lord said, "Too many yet." And Gideon drew them up again and said: "All you who are afraid, step out;" and his army was reduced to 300. I can imagine some of them saying, Gideon has made a mistake in doing this, but Gideon knew what he was about.

What would you think if I said right here: "All you who are not for Christ, go home; we don't want you here." You would say: "Mr. Moody has made a mistake;" but I almost think it would be a wise course. I would rather fight with a handful who were strong and faithful than with a host who are weak and unfaithful. We don't want those people who say to us: "You can not expect any meetings this month. We have got our politics to attend to; we have a fair." If we could just whittle down our numbers like Gideon, and believe that if the Lord is present, a few is just as good as many. Small numbers make no difference to God. There is nothing small that God is in. That small cloud that came up from the sea was very small; but it proved very powerful, for He was in it. People would say, Gideon must have trembled when he saw his army reduced to 300 men; but he knew that if God was with that little band, it was more powerful than 100,000 men.

Dear friends, let us have courage, and believe that God can accomplish all things; and if the Spirit of God prompts you to go and speak to that young man—if the Spirit urges you to write a letter to a friend about Christ—have the courage to do it. Go and speak to them in the name of the Master. If 300 men like Gideon's band are found in this audience, Chicago will be converted—300 who are willing to keep in rank, and make David king; 300 who are willing to lay everything upon the altar, and take up the cross of Christ, He will take us up and use us. John Wesley used to say if he had 100 men who feared God, and were true to Jesus, he could shake the gates of hell. We want men who have confidence in the old Gospel of Jesus Christ. There is as much power in the Word to-day as ever there was, and men need the Gospel just as much as they ever needed it.

I remember seeing a story some time ago in print. It has been

in the papers, but it will not hurt us to hear it again. A family in a Southern city were stricken down with yellow fever. It was raging there, and there were very stringent sanitary rules. The moment anybody died, a cart went around and took the coffin away. The father was taken sick and died and was buried, and the mother was at last stricken down. The neighbors were afraid of the plague, and none dared go into that house. The mother had a little son and was anxious about her boy, and afraid he would be neglected when she was called away, so she called the little fellow to her bedside, and said, "My boy, I am going to leave you, but Jesus will come to you when I am gone." The mother died, the cart came along, and she was laid in the grave. The neighbors would have liked to take the boy, but were afraid of the pestilence. He wandered about, and finally started up to the place where they had laid his mother, and sat down on the grave and wept himself to sleep. Next morning he awoke and realized his position—alone and hungry. A stranger came along, and, seeing the little fellow sitting on the ground, asked him what he was waiting for. The boy remembered what his mother had told him, and answered, "I am waiting for Jesus," and told him the whole story. The man's heart was touched, tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said, "Jesus has sent me;" to which the boy replied, "You have been a good while coming."

So it is with us. To wait for results we must have patience, we must have courage, and God will help us. Pray to God that He will give us moral courage to fight the glorious battle. The greatest want in the Church to-day is the want of courage.

IV.

POWER OF FAITH.

LUKE v. 20: "When He saw their faith."

NOW, I just like to take a sentence like this alone from the lips of Christ and go all round it, and find out all its surroundings.

He was in a certain city—had just come from the country. He had been down there, and they didn't want to be converted—didn't want a revival. When He found they wouldn't have His Gospel there, He left and came to this city, where a great revival had broken out. The people gathered there in such numbers as to make one believe it was an invasion. The Spirit was in the work, and all were on fire. This was Christ's first great revival, and His wonderful works had been heard of far and near. The news of the way He was reclaiming men, casting out devils, making the deaf hear, and the blind see, how He was curing leprosy and palsy, had reached clear up to Jerusalem, and all through Judea. The Chief Priests and Pharisees had heard of His fame, and they probably thought of sending men down to see what it all amounted to. You know, when John was preaching at first, the Pharisees, when they heard of him, sent a man down to see who he was. The man went to him and asked, "Are you the Messiah?" and he answered, "I am not." Their curiosity was excited and they wanted to find out. And so, when the Pharisees and doctors had heard of Christ's fame, they sent men down probably to report, and on hearing of the fame He had got in the country—how lepers were being cleansed, and how miraculous cures were being made—they came down in a body to see for themselves.

This poor man, spoken of in the chapter, came to Christ to be cleansed, and the Lord found faith in the leper. He looked at the man, and no sooner did He find faith there than He touched him, and the leprosy was gone. This gave Him great influence. The

man published it far and near, and all the country was astir. So the learned doctors of the law and the Pharisees came down, a great company of them, like the wise men who came from the East; like a great many people who will likely be coming from the different towns of the North-west, to look into the revival that was going on and the wonderful cures that were being effected. They came to look into the philosophy of this thing; they wanted to get at the secret of His power: to see if He had any false motive. Perhaps He was after fame; perhaps He was after money, or position, or influence. The doctors and Pharisees could not believe that He could be after anything else, and so they came down in a body from Jerusalem to fathom this thing. This house was crowded with them. I can imagine the people flocking in from every part, and the streets blockaded, and in that house the people everywhere sitting and listening to His wonderful speeches, and I can see the Pharisees and the doctors, who came, not to ask a blessing, but to philosophize. There will be young men in this building to-night who come for the same purpose—to criticize. May the Lord open their eyes and show them their folly, and may they depart from here with the fear of God in their hearts. Well, these men do not come down from Jerusalem to ask a blessing, and I can imagine the crowd sitting there listening to Him.

There are four men coming down the streets of Capernaum. I never knew them, but if I met them in the streets of Chicago, I should feel like grasping them by the hand. Perhaps one of them was he who was converted not long before; perhaps the other was the leper who went to Jesus and got cured, and when he came home his wife didn't know who he was, and couldn't believe he was her husband; and another had been cured, perhaps, of blindness, and here was the man with the palsy, who had nearly shaken himself into his grave. The doctors of Jerusalem had all given him up as a hopeless case. "Why," they said, "he can not get his food to his mouth, he shakes so. We can't do anything with him." Well, these young converts came along—I suppose they were young; they have more faith than any one else—and they see this man with the palsy and instantly say that one word from Him will put it away. But they can not get him there—they don't see how they can carry him, and finally one of them goes to a neighbor and says, "Here is a man with the palsy; if we can get him up to where Christ is, He can just heal him at once." I think he would be

astonished and say, "What! save that man; impossible! he can't be cured." But the young convert persists, and tells him of those who had been made to see, and the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk, and so convinced the neighbor that at last he said, "Well, I will help you, and go and see this wonderful physician," and away they go and hunt up another young convert who had been lame for years. He is not strong enough to help them, however, and they find another man. He has been deaf and dumb for years. And these four young converts take this man with the palsy and put him, I can suppose, on what we called, during the war, a stretcher, and away they go to Christ. They had faith in what they were about. I can imagine the young men saying as they carry him along: "We will not have to carry him back again; the palsy will be gone; it will be cured then." On they go with their load, and when they get to the house, they find it crowded inside and a multitude standing outside. They say to the people, "Let us pass; we want to take the poor man to Christ." But they say, "Why, there is no hope for him; he is past all cure." "Ah!" say the young converts, "that is nothing. Jesus of Nazareth can cure him; all things are possible to Him." But they wouldn't stand aside. They wouldn't allow him to get in. But these four men are not going to take this man back. They are determined not to fail. They hesitate a moment, then go to the next house; it is a neighbor's. There were no bells in those days, and so they knock. When the neighbor comes to the door, they say: "We want to get into the next house; let us go through yours." "Oh, yes," says the man, and they ascend the staircase, and get on the roof, and get over to the next house. There's no entrance through there, so they dig a hole, they tear up this roof. A great many people here in Chicago would be opposed to this kind of thing. They would say: "If you want to get into the house, you want things to be done decently; don't tear up the roof in that way." But, my friends, if we want to go to work for Christ, we want to tear off the top of the house, if it's necessary. We must use vigorous means. These young men had good faith, and that's what we want here. But when they had torn off the roof, they had nothing to let the man down by. So they looked about and made a rope of their own clothing, and down they laid him right among the Pharisees and learned doctors, right at the feet of Jesus. And it is a good place to put a poor sinner. And we are not told whether that man with the palsy had any faith.

But the Son of God looked up and saw their faith—the faith of the four men—and it pleased Him. It was like a cup of refreshment that satisfied the longings of His soul—He saw the brightness of their faith when He looked upon them. And He said to the sick man, “Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.” The Pharisees were aghast, and began to reason: “What does He say? Thy sins are forgiven? That is blasphemy! Who can forgive sins but God alone?” They even doubted His power, now. They were skeptical, although they had seen with their own eyes His wonderful cure. But Christ knew them all. And God knows every skeptic and infidel here in this building to-night. He knows the number of your house and the street where you live. And they wanted to know why Christ should say, “Son, thy sins are forgiven thee.” I can imagine how these men looked when Christ said this. They could not comprehend it. But the Son of Man has power to forgive now as well as then. The man rose, and the old Pharisees made room for him. And I can see them as they looked in amazement, as they said one to another: “We have seen strange things to-day.” There was no reasoning away what they had seen that time. There are a great many people who say: “Oh, we can reason out all the miracles of Christ,” and they tell us that there is nothing of the supernatural that can not be explained. Everything is in accordance with scientific laws. These doctors of the law who had come down from Jerusalem, and Galilee, and Judea, they attempted this, but they had to admit, “We have seen strange things to-day.” They had seen this man who was stricken down with the palsy, at a touch from Christ, walking down the streets. I would like to have seen him going home to his wife and children, and they looking with amazement at him laying down his bed and saying, “Here, wife, I’ve used that bed a good while; it’s carried me long enough; I don’t need it any longer,” and the children clap their hands with joy. For the Son of Man has cleansed him, and not only that, but has forgiven his sins. These four men had taken him to Christ to get rid of his palsy, but he had got rid of all his sins besides.

The thought I want to call your attention to is this, and I think it is the key-note of the whole story—the faith of those four men did the whole thing. You ought to think of this. And those who are infidels and skeptics in this audience, let us remember that if we have faith, God can win them through our faith. The Lord can bless through our faith even those who have no faith. And another

thought that occurs to me is, if we can not succeed in bringing our neighbors ourselves, let us take another man with us, and if two can not do it, let three go, but let them bring him to Christ. I don't know anything better to bring a man to Christ than for four Christians to go to him in one day. Go to a man at breakfast and say: "I want to bring you to Christ." Probably he passes the request by lightly—oh, it is nothing. But before dinner another man comes and says: "My friend, I want to bring you to Christ." "What does this mean? This is strange." At tea-time a third man makes his appearance and says the same thing. He begins to talk to his wife about it. He says: "Three men have been after me to-day; I don't know what to make out of it." But before he goes to bed, a fourth man comes, and I guarantee he won't sleep much that night. So let us go three, four, five times, if necessary, to a man, and when he sees our faith he will soon be impressed.

When I was in Edinburgh, at the inquiry-meeting in Assembly Hall, one of the ushers came around and said, "Mr. Moody, I'd like to put that man out; he's one of the greatest infidels in Edinburgh." He had been the chairman of an infidel club for years. I went around to where he was and sat down by him. "How is it with you, my friend?" I asked, and then he laughed and said, "You say God answers prayer; I tell you He doesn't. I don't believe in a God. Try it on me." "Will you get down with me and pray?" I asked him; but he wouldn't. So I got down on my knees beside him and prayed. Next night he was there again. I prayed, and quite a number of others prayed for him. A few months after that, way up in the north of Scotland, at Wick, I was preaching in the open air, and while I stood there I saw the infidel standing on the outskirts of the crowd. I went up to him at the close of the meeting and said: "How is it with you, my friend?" He laughed and said, "I told you your praying is all false; God hasn't answered your prayers; go and talk to these deluded people." He had just the same spirit as before, but I relied on faith. Shortly after, I got a letter from a barrister—a Christian. He was preaching one night in Edinburgh, when this infidel went up to him and said: "I want you to pray for me; I am troubled." The barrister asked, "What is the trouble?" and he replied: "I don't know what's the matter, but I don't have any peace, and I want you to pray for me." Next day he went round to that lawyer's office and said that he had found Christ.

This man is now doing good work, and I heard that out of thirty inquirers there, ten or twelve of his old associates and friends were among them. So, if you have God with you, and you go to work for Him and you meet infidels and skeptics, just bear in mind that you can win through faith. When Christ saw the faith of those four men, He said to the man: "Thy sins are forgiven you." My friends, if you have faith, all things are possible; if we are going to be successful in this revival we must have faith; faith in prayer, faith in God's power.

I remember at one of the meetings at Nashville, during the war, a young man came to me, trembling from head to foot. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "There is a letter I got from my sister, and she tells me every night as the sun goes down she goes on her knees and prays for me." This man was brave, had been in a number of battles, could stand before the cannon's mouth, but yet this letter completely upset him. "I have been trembling ever since I received it." Six hundred miles away, the faith of this girl went to work, and its influence was felt by the brother. He did not believe in prayer; he did not believe in Christianity; he did not believe in his mother's Bible. This mother was a praying woman, and when she died, she left on earth a praying daughter. And when God saw her faith and heard that prayer, He answered her. How many sons and daughters could be saved if their mothers and fathers had but faith.

At Murfreesboro another illustration of this occurred. A young man received a letter from his mother, in which she said something like this: "My dear boy. You do not know how I am burdened for your salvation. Every morning and evening I go into my closet and pray for you, that you may be led to the cross of Christ. You may die in battle, or in the hospital, and, oh, my son, I want you to become a Christian. I do not know but that this will be my last letter to you." Well, this young lieutenant came to me and said, "I have just heard of my mother's death, and I have prayed for forgiveness of my sins." This young man was converted just through his mother's faith. Although she was in glory, her voice was heard here.

In one of the towns in England there is a beautiful little chapel, and a very touching story is told in connection with it. It was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her; would not allow her pastor even to take dinner with them;

would not look at the Bible; would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray to God at 12 o'clock for his salvation. She said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told the Lord about her husband. At the end of twelve months there was no change in him. But she did not give it up. Six months more went past. Her faith began to waver, and she said, "Will I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead He will answer my prayers." When she had got at that point, it seemed just as if God had got her where He wanted her. The man came home to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining room waiting for him, but he didn't come in. She waited some time, and finally looked for him all through the house. At last she thought of going into that little room where she had prayed so often. There he was, praying at the same bed with agony where she had prayed for so many months, asking forgiveness for his sins. And this is a lesson to you, wives, who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith and answered her prayer.

God looks for faith among all who work for Him. He can not do mighty things without it. With it He is able to do everything. Do you believe that He is able to shake the world? Do you believe that He is able to shake this country? Do you believe that He is able to revive this North-west? Do you believe that He is able to bring thousands into the kingdom of heaven?

V.

COMPASSION AND SYMPATHY.

LUKE x. 29: "And who is my neighbor?"

WE are told that as Christ stood with His disciples, a man, a lawyer, stood up and tempted Him, and said, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He asked what he could do to inherit eternal life—what he could do to buy salvation. And the Lord answered his question, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" To which the lawyer answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou hast answered right;" but "who is thy neighbor?" and He drew a vivid picture, which has been told for the last eighteen hundred years, and I do not know anything that brings out more truthfully the wonderful power of the Gospel than this story, which we have heard read to-night—the story of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and who fell among thieves. Jerusalem was called the city of peace. Jericho and the road leading to it were infested with thieves. Probably it had been taken possession of by the worst of Adam's sons. I do not know how far the man got from Jerusalem to Jericho, but the thieves had come out and fallen upon him, and had taken all his money, and stripped him of his clothes, and left him wounded—left him, I suppose, for dead. By and by a priest came down the road from Jerusalem. We are told that he came by chance. Perhaps he was going down to dedicate some synagogue, or preach a sermon on some important subject, and had the manuscript in his pocket. As he was going along on the other side he heard a groan, and he turned around and saw the poor fellow lying bleeding on the ground, and pitied him. He went up close, took a look at him and said, "Why, that man's a Jew, he belongs to the seed of Abraham. If I remem-

ber aright I saw him in the synagogue last Sunday. I pity him. But I have too much business, and I can not attend to him." He felt a pity for him, and looked on him, and probably wondered why God allowed such men as those thieves to come into the world, and passed by. There are a good many men just like him. They stop to discuss and wonder why sin came into the world, and look upon a wounded man, but do not stop to pick up a poor sinner, forgetting the fact that sin is in the world already, and it has to be rooted out. But another man came along, a Levite, and he heard the groans; he turned and looked on him with pity, too. He felt compassion for him. He was one of those men that if we had here we should probably make him elder or deacon. He looked at him and said, "Poor fellow! he's all covered with blood; he has been badly hurt; he is nearly dead, and they have taken all his money and stripped him naked. Ah, well, I pity him!" He would like to help him, but he, too, has pressing business, and passes by on the other side. But he has scarcely got out of sight when another comes along, riding on a beast. He heard the groans of the wounded man, went over and took a good look at him. The traveler was a Samaritan. When he looked down he saw the man was a Jew. Ah, how the Jews looked down upon the Samaritans. There was a great, high partition-wall between the Jews and the Samaritans. The Jews would not allow them into the temple. They would not have any dealings with them. They would not associate with them. I can see him coming along that road, with his good, benevolent face; and as he passes he hears a groan from this poor fellow. He draws in his beast and pauses to listen. "And he came to where he was." This is the sweetest thing to my mind in the whole story. A good many people would like to help a poor man if he was on the platform—if it cost them no trouble. They want him to come to them. They are afraid to touch the wounded man; he is all blood, and they will get their hands soiled. And that was just the way with the priest and the Levite. This poor man, perhaps, had paid half of all his means to help the service of the Temple, and might have been a constant worshiper, but they only felt pity for him. This good Samaritan "came to where he was," and after he saw him he had compassion on him. That word "compassion"—how sweet it sounds! The first thing he did on hearing him cry for water—the hot sun had been pouring down upon his head—was to go and get it from a brook. Then he goes and gets a bag that

he had with him—what we might call a carpet-bag or a saddle-bag in the West—and pours in oil on his wounds. Then he thinks, "The poor fellow is weak," and he goes and gets a little wine. He has been lying so long in the burning sun that he is nearly dead now—he was left half dead—and the wine revives him. He looks him over, and he sees his wounds that want to be bound up. But he has nothing to do this with. I can see him now tearing the lining out of his coat and with it binding up his wounds. Then he takes him up and lays him on his bosom till he revives; and, when the poor fellow gets strength enough, the good Samaritan puts him on his own beast. If the Jew had not been half dead he would never have allowed him to put his hands on him. He would have treated him with scorn. But he is half dead and he can not prevent the good Samaritan treating him kindly and putting him on his beast.

Did you ever stop to think what a strong picture it would have been if the Samaritan had not been able himself to get the man on the beast—if he had had to call any assistance? Perhaps a man would have come along, and he would have asked him to help him with the wounded man. "What are you?" he might have said. "I am a Samaritan." "You are a Samaritan, are you? I can not help you, I am a Jew." There is a good deal of that spirit now, just as strong as it was then. When we are trying to get a poor man on the right way, when we are tugging at him to get his face toward Zion, we ask some one to help us, and he says, "I am a Roman Catholic." "Well," you say, "I am a Protestant." So they give no assistance to one another. The same party spirit of old is present to-day. The Protestants will have nothing to do with the Catholics, the Jews will have nothing to do with the Gentiles. And there was a time—but, thank God, we are getting over it—when a Methodist would not touch a Baptist (a voice—"Amen"), or a Presbyterian a Congregationalist, and if we saw a Methodist taking a man out of the ditch a Baptist would say, "Well, what are you going to do with him?" "Take him to a Methodist church." "Well, I'll have nothing to do with him." A great deal of this has gone by, and the time is coming when, if we are trying to get a man out of the ditch, and they see us tugging at him, and we are so weak that we can not get him on the beast, they will help him. And that is what Christ wants.

Well, the Samaritan gets him on his beast, and says to him,

"You are very weak; my beast is sure-footed, he will take you to the inn, and I will hold you." He held him firmly, and God is able to hold every one He takes out of the pit. I see them going along that road, he holding him on, and he gets him to the inn. He gets him there, and he says to the innkeeper: "Here is a wounded man; the thieves have been after him; give him the best attention you can; nothing is too good for him." And I can imagine the good Samaritan as stopping there all night, sitting up with him and attending to his wants. And the next morning, he gets up, and says to the landlord, "I must be off;" leaving a little money to pay for what the man has had. "And if that is not enough, I will pay what is necessary when I return from my business in Jericho." This good Samaritan gave this landlord twopence to pay for what he had got, and promised to come again and repay whatever had been spent to take care of the man, and he had given him besides all his sympathy and compassion. And Christ tells this story in answer to the lawyer who came to tempt Him, and showed that the Samaritan was the neighbor. Now this story is brought out here to teach the church-goers this thing: that it is not creeds or doctrines that we want so much as compassion and sympathy. I have been talking about the qualifications which we require in working for Christ. First night I took "Courage," then "Love," and last night "Faith," and now it is "Compassion and Sympathy."

If we have not compassion and sympathy, our efforts will go for naught. There are hundreds of Christians who work here who do very little because they have not sympathy. If they go to lift up a man, they must put themselves into his place. If you place yourself in sympathy with a man you are trying to do good to, you will soon lift him up.

When at the Hippodrome in New York, a young man came up to me; he looked very sad, his face was troubled. I asked him what was the matter, and he said: "I am a fugitive from justice. When in England, when I was young, my father used to take me into the public house with him, and I learned the habit of drinking, and liquor has become to me like water. A few months ago I was in England, where I was head clerk in a large firm; I was doing well—I had \$50 a week. Well, one night I was out and I had some money of my employers' with me, and I got to gambling and lost it. I ran away from England and left a wife and two lovely

children. Here I am; I can not get anything to do; I have no letters of recommendation; and what shall I do?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," said I. "I can not become a Christian with that record behind me; there is no hope for me," he replied. "There is hope; seek Jesus, and leave everything behind," I told him. "Well," said he, "I can not do that until I make restitution." But I kept him to that one thing. He wrote me a letter, and said that the sermon, "He must be born again," had made a great impression on him. He could not sleep that night, and he finally passed from darkness into light. He came to me, and he said: "I am willing to go back to England and surrender myself, and go into prison, if Christ wants it." I said to him: "Don't do that; but write to your employers and say that if Christ helps you, you will make restitution. Live as economically as you can, and be industrious, and you will soon find all well." The man wrote to his employers, and I got a letter from him shortly afterward, and he told me that his wife was coming out to New York. When I was last there I made inquiry about him, and found that he was doing well. He only wanted sympathy—some one to take him by the hand and help him. I believe there are not less than 10,000 young men in Chicago who are just waiting for some one to come to them with sympathy. You do not know how far a loving word will go. When I came to this city twenty years ago, I remember I walked up and down the streets trying to find a situation, and I recollect how, when they roughly answered me, their treatment would chill my soul. But when some one would say: "I feel for you; I would like to help you, but I can't; but you'll be all right soon," I went away happy and light-hearted. That man's sympathy did me good.

When I first went away from home, and to a place some thirteen miles away, it seemed as if I could never be any further away. My brother had gone to live at that town a year and a half before. I recollect as I walked down the street with him I was very homesick, and could hardly keep down the tears. My brother said to me: "There's a man here will give you a cent; he gives a cent to every new boy that comes here." I thought that would be the best man I had ever met. By and by he came along, and I thought he was going to pass me. My brother stopped him, thinking, I suppose, I was going to lose the cent, and the old gentleman—he was an old gentleman—looked at me and said, "Why, I have never seen you

before; you must be a new boy." "Yes," said my brother, "he has just come." The old man put his trembling hand upon my head, and patted it and told me that I had a Father in heaven, although my earthly father was dead, and he gave me a new cent. I don't know where that cent went to, but the kindly touch of that old man's hand upon my head has been felt by me all these years. What we want is sympathy from men. There are hundreds of men with hearts full of love, who, if they received but words of sympathy, their hearts would be won to a higher life. But I can imagine men saying, "How are you going to reach them? How are you going to do it? How are you going to get into sympathy with these people?" It is very easily done. Put yourself into their places. There is a young man, a great drunkard; perhaps his father was a drunkard. If you had been surrounded with influences like his, perhaps you would have been a worse drunkard than he is. Well, just put yourself into his place, and go and speak to him lovingly and kindly.

I want to tell you a lesson taught me in Chicago a few years ago. In the months of August and July a great many deaths occurred among children, you all know. I remember I attended a great many funerals; sometimes I would go to two or three funerals a day. I got so used to it that it did not trouble me to see a mother take the last kiss and the last look at her child, and see the coffin-lid closed. I got accustomed to it, as in the war we got accustomed to the great battles, and to see the wounded and the dead never troubled us. When I got home one night I heard that one of my Sunday-school pupils was dead, and her mother wanted me to come to the house. I went to the poor home, and saw the father drunk. Adelaide had been brought from the river. The mother told me she washed for a living, the father earned no money, and poor Adelaide's work was to get wood for the fire. She had gone to the river that day, and seeing a piece floating on the water, had stretched out for it, had lost her balance and fallen in. The poor woman was very much distressed. "I would like you to help me, Mr. Moody," she said, "to bury my child. I have no lot. I have no money." Well, I took the measure for the coffin and came away. I had my little girl with me, and she said: "Papa, suppose we were very, very poor, and mamma had to work for a living, and I had to get sticks for the fire, and was to fall into the river, would you be very sorry?" This question reached my heart. "Why, my child, it would break

my heart to lose you," I said, and I drew her to my bosom. "Pa-pa, do you feel bad for that mother?" she said; and this word woke my sympathy for the woman, and I started and went back to the house, and prayed that the Lord might bind up that wounded heart. When the day came for the funeral I went to Graceland. I had always thought my time too precious to go out there, but I went. The drunken father was there and the poor mother. I bought a lot, the grave was dug, and the child laid among strangers. There was another funeral coming up, and the corpse was laid near the grave of little Adelaide. And I thought how I would feel if it had been my little girl that I had been laying there among strangers. I went to my Sabbath-school thinking this, and suggested that the children should contribute and buy a lot in which we might bury a hundred poor little children. We soon got it, and the papers had scarcely been made out when a lady came and said, "Mr. Moody, my little girl died this morning; let me bury her in the lot you have got for the Sunday-school children." The request was granted, and she asked me to go to the lot and say prayers over her child. I went to the grave—it was a beautiful day in June, and I remember asking her what the name of her child was. She said Emma. That was the name of my little girl, and I thought what if it had been my own child. We should put ourselves in the places of others. I could not help shedding a tear. Another woman came shortly after and wanted to put another one into the grave. I asked his name. It was Willie, and it happened to be the name of my little boy—the first two laid there were called by the same names as my two children, and I felt sympathy and compassion for those two women.

If you want to get into sympathy, put yourself into a man's place. Chicago needs Christians whose hearts are full of compassion and sympathy. If we haven't got it, pray that we may have it, so that we may be able to reach those men and women that need kindly words and kindly actions far more than sermons. The mistake is that we have been preaching too much and sympathizing too little. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of deeds and not of words. May the Spirit of the Lord come upon us this night. May we remember that Christ was moved with compassion for us, and may we, if we find some poor man going down among thieves, or lying wounded and bleeding, look upon him with sympathy, and get below him and raise him up. Let us pray.

MR. MOODY'S PRAYER.

We want to thank Thee, O Lord, for the pleasant time we have spent together this week. We want to thank Thee for the blessed meeting yesterday, and ask Thee again to hear our prayers; and, O Lord, before we go hence we ask Thee to give us a fresh revelation of Thy Holy Spirit. Purge us of all jealousy, all envy, all evil desire, so that we may receive the great blessing of the Holy Ghost, and feel its power among us. We want the power of Thy Son to be felt among us; we want the spirit of love and faith to appear to us here to-day. O Lord, our cry to-day is that Thou may help us, that the spirit of evil may be put far from us to-day. O God, help us to do great things for Christ. May that be the prominent thing in our hearts—how we shall glorify Him; how we shall bring glory to the blessed name of Him who gave Himself for us. Take out the want of love; take out the coldness of our hearts, and may they be ever filled with a burning love. May Christ reign in every corner of our hearts, and overcome all inclination to waywardness. And now, O Blessed Master, help us to forget the spirit of rebellion, and grant that we may have Thy forgiveness for all our sins. O God, grant that we may have Christ, so as to be fit for the Master. Bless these dear ministers who asked us to pray for them yesterday. May there not be one of them who will not receive a blessing. And may they go into their pulpits next Sunday feeling that they have indeed received Thy blessing, and that they have received a sacred unction from on high. Bless them, O Lord, and may they feel that they stand on the walls of Zion: and on the coming Sabbath may they feel strong in Thy service, and may they come here on Monday feeling that Thy influence has been manifested in their churches. Bless not only the churches, but the Sabbath-schools. Grant us Thy blessing in all our work, and we will give all to the glory of Thy name through Jesus our Lord. Amen.

VI.

FUNERAL SERMON OF SAMUEL MOODY.

JOHN i. 41, 42: "He first findeth his own brother, . . . and he brought him to Jesus."

THE PRAYER.

OUR Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the sight of this beautiful Sabbath morning. We thank Thee for the sweet privilege we have of coming here, in the name of the blessed Saviour, to break the bread of life to the people. And now we look up to Thee and ask that Thou wilt give us power to speak the Word this morning, that the Word be accompanied by the Holy Spirit, and may it sink down deep into our hearts. May every one of us who hear the name of Christ, may every one of us who have professed to be Thy disciples, may our love be strengthened, may our hopes be made brighter this morning than they have been before. And we pray Thee that Thou wilt give us the burden of souls. May it come home to each one of us. May our hands stretch out to the souls that are without God and hope in this dark world, that are living without the Saviour. O God, help us to go to them with loving words and speak to them the Word of Christ in such a way, that they shall be won to Christ. And may this opening week be blessed in Chicago. May it be blessed above any week that is past. May it be a week in which the Son of God shall work mightily, and the Holy Spirit be found out without stint, and may many be brought to the cross of Christ. We want to thank Thee, O Father, for the blessings of the past week. We want to thank Thee for the interest Thou hast created in this city in the hearts of Thy people. We want to thank Thee again for the bond of unity that is among the brethren. O God, wilt Thou keep us close to each other; keep us close to the cross. May we see eye to eye; may our hearts be drops of water running together. May the Spirit of God come in mighty power, and may there be a great

turning unto Thee. And we pray Thee that Thy blessing may rest on these ministers who shall go hence to their pulpits to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Oh, Spirit of God, will Thou go with them; may they speak with power from Thee, and their words echo and re-echo the mighty truth as it is in Jesus. And when we come together, if it be our privilege, to-morrow in Farwell Hall, may there be a mighty work for Christ. Bless the Sabbath-school teachers when they go to their classes to-day. May they all be burdened with the souls of their scholars till they bring them safe into the ark of Christ. May there be a glorious work in the Sabbath-schools to-day. And Christ shall have the praise of the glory. Amen.

THE SERMON.

I thought this morning I would like to just take a leaf out of my own life in the past, that it may help some of those present in this hall who have brothers that are very dear to them, but who are out of Christ. Twenty-one years ago last March, when God converted me, the very first thing that came into my mind was my six brothers. Then and there, I began to pray for them. I had never prayed for them before; and I began to cry to God that these six brothers and two sisters might be led home to peace. And for twenty-one years that has been my prayer; that has been my cry to God. I remember the first time I went home after my conversion. I thought I could tell them what God had done for me. I thought I had only to explain it, to have them all see the light. How disappointed I was when I left home that first time, after remaining for a few days, to find that they did not see it. I was not very experienced in pleading for souls then. Perhaps I did not go at it in the right way. But I kept on as best I could. And a few years after, when I was in this city—three years after I was in a store on Lake street—a postman came one day and brought a letter that told me my youngest brother was given up by the physician to die. On the day I got the letter he was dying, I went into the fifth story of that building, and if ever I prayed earnestly in my life I did then, that my brother might be spared. He was the Benjamin of the family. He was born after my father died. I thought I could give him up then if only he was a Christian. But I had not any hope. The thought that my brother, who was very dear to me—dearer to me than my life, it seemed—should die thus in his sins, was too much for me to stand, and I wrestled with God in prayer. It seemed

God answered my prayer. The next letter sent, he was better. He had a run of typhoid fever that lasted forty-two days. And when he got off that bed, I felt in answer to prayer, the boy was dearer to me than ever before. But he never was well during sixteen or eighteen years. I remember fourteen years ago he came to me to this city. I have that dear boy in my heart now. I thought then my opportunity had surely come, and I could lead him to Christ. But he was taken sick again. I could not keep him here. The doctor said he might live a number of years, but could not be cured. Naturally very ambitious and proud-spirited, he did not want to go back home. But the doctor said it was the best I could do, and I took him back to Massachusetts. I took him home from Chicago to Northfield, all the way preaching Christ to him. But he took no interest in my speech. Everything I said failed to influence him, although he seemed to love me very much. And for fourteen years I kept that dear boy on my heart. I just kept on praying for him. Year after year I went back to the old home just to spend a few days with him that I might win him to Christ. He knew I wanted him to be a Christian, but it seemed he would not comply. He took no interest in the Bible, no interest in Christianity. He would talk politics, he would talk everything else, but you could not get him to talk of Christ or Christianity. I went back home a year ago with a heart just burdened for the salvation of my family. My heart burned to draw them to Christ. I went to preaching in that town. In the last month, my heart going out to that dear boy, I asked all those present in the church willing to become Christians to rise, and he, my long-sought brother, rose for prayers. What a precious relief for my heart! He became an earnest Christian. He turned his face toward Heaven that very night. He became an active Christian. And when they soon after decided to have a Young Men's Christian Association for that town, the young men wanted a president, and they elected him for president. Oh, that was a blessed day for me, when my brother, converted to God, after twenty years' prayer, took charge of that little band. I heard him make his first speech, and that seemed the happiest day of my life. He was a young man of great talents; he was the star of the family—the most promising one of the family. No one of us could have done as much for Christ had he gone to Him in his earliest manhood. And he went to work. He took a leading part in religious meet-



INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE FOR MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS, CHICAGO.

ings. He went and talked with weak brothers and set them on their feet again. He searched for souls on both sides of the Connecticut River, in both sides of the valley. More conversions took place after I left than when I was there. Every Sunday afternoon he would go out into the country and take charge of meetings, and as I used to stand in the pulpit, sometimes, and look down on that young brother in his zealous work, no one but God knows how I loved him and rejoiced with great joy. And when God took him he was in the midst of his work bringing others to Christ. Oh, I want to tell you my thoughts after I left you suddenly. The first thought as I went toward my home, Oh, how deep the sorrow! The dear boy was gone forever, and in the first moments grief will have its way. That text in Scripture, the expression that David used when he lost Jonathan, kept coming into my mind: "I am very much distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful." Yes, thy love to me was wonderful. For these twenty years I always knew he was going to meet me at the depot. I always found him waiting for me there. I never missed him. Sometimes I was three or four trains behind, but he was always watching and waiting for me. And that sadly beautiful hymn also kept coming into my mind:

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair."

But over and above all these the voice from Heaven at last made itself heard to my heart: "Thy brother shall rise again." The cloud was lifted, and for about 500 miles on my way to my home that verse rung in my ears. It seemed to echo and re-echo through all the journey: "Thy brother shall rise again." Oh, the precious Bible! It never seemed to me so precious as it did that day. My call to mourning was the deepest I have ever known, for next, perhaps, to my wife, my two children, and my aged mother, I loved none so dearly as this youngest brother. But that precious promise gives the heart cause to rejoice even in the sorrow of death. And again in the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians what divine sustaining words I took to my soul:

"But some men will say, how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

"And that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain.

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption.

"It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."

Dishonor. Oh, as we laid him down in the cold grave—I thought, as we laid him away, of the worms that would come to his body, and of the dishonor. But with what power the Word of God came to my soul then in these words, "It is raised in glory." We sowed it in weakness, but it shall be raised in power. It seemed there was victory even in that trying hour. It was sown in corruption, but it shall be raised incorruptible. It was sown mortal, but it shall be raised immortal. It was sown a natural body, it shall be raised a spiritual body. And, as it had borne the image of the earthy, it shall also bear the image of the heavenly. I shall see that brother by and by; then shall he be glorified. Yes, my friends, I could even rejoice as I read these blessed assurances of Scripture. The Word of God came to my soul as never before. Blessed Bible, how dark it would have been but for that blessed book. But by its beams all darkness was driven away. It seemed I could even thank God for the triumphant death of my dear brother, and almost envied him. No, I would not have God call him back from Heaven into this dark world. Yon happy home beyond the grave is far better. What joy to tell of good deeds done. A minister down home told me that he did not know, a short time back, of a solitary young man in his neighborhood who would offer prayer, but now a numerous and zealous band of praying Christians were the fruits of my brother's life. And that text came forcibly to my mind: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, and their works do follow them." There were these dear young Christian converts following him to his grave; his works did follow him. In the graveyard of the church that funeral day I saw fifty of these young men converted mostly in the past year. I shouted even there by the grave—I could not help it: "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" And I seemed to hear a voice as from the bosom of the Son of God: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

And on my way back from Northfield to Chicago this has been my thought; if you, my dear Christian friend, have a brother out of Christ, go bring him in. You will by and by have to stand by the open grave of some dear brother, and to be without Christ, how can you bear it? And so, my friends, let me urge upon you, first of all, to go and find your own brother. If you have a brother out of Christ, go to him to-day, tell him how you love him, how you want him to be a Christian, how you are burdened and weighed down for his salvation. And then go to your sister, to your cousin, to your friend; oh, do you, each one of you, write to some absent friend to-day, beseeching that Christ may be accepted just now! I thank God from the bottom of my heart that my dear brother took a stand for Christ, and went to work. I thank God that now his works do follow him. The young Christian men met immediately after he died; a hundred of them came together to choose some one to take his place. And how it rejoiced my heart that George Moody took the place of Samuel, and has set himself earnestly to the work. He said: "From now, I will try to follow more faithfully after Christ." And when we met Wednesday night—it was Tuesday we laid him away—another brother was harnessed to the work in the place of the dear buried one. Oh, dear friend, if souls weigh on our hearts, let us go and bring them to Jesus. Let us write to them beseeching letters, if our lips can not reach them. Let us not rest day or night. Let us this morning go out and bring our friends to Christ. Let us commence with our own families; let us find our brothers. If our brothers have yielded, let us go to our friends. If they are strangers to Christ, oh, go bring them now while you may. Exhort by word of mouth; exhort by fervent and repeated letters. Begin at once your mission, lest it be too late forever, and praise God for the dear privilege of bringing others to Him.

VII.

A STARTLING QUESTION.

GEN. iii. 9: "Where art thou?"

YOU see I have got a very personal text this afternoon. All those ministers in this audience will bear me out in this statement, that it is the hardest kind of work to get their congregations to apply this text to themselves. When they hear it, one man passes it on to another, and away it goes, text and sermon. This afternoon, I want you to understand that it means me, you, and every one of us—that it points to us; that it applies to us personally—that it ought to come home to every soul here—to these merchants, to these ministers, to these reporters, to these great-hearted men, to these women, to these little boys and girls—as a personal question. It was the first question God put to man after his fall, and in the 6,000 years that have rolled away, all of Adam's children have heard it. It has come to them all. In the silent watches of the night, in the busy hours of the day, it has come upon us many a time—the question, "Where am I, whither am I going?" and I want you to look at it now as a personal question. So let us be solemn for a few minutes while we try to answer it. Some men look with great anxiety as to how they appear in the sight of their fellow-men. It is of very little account what the world thinks of us. The world is not worth heeding; public opinion is of very little account. We should not pay any attention to its opinion. "Where art thou going?" is the question that ought to trouble you—"what is to be your hereafter?" May the question strike home to us, and may a heart-searching take place in us, and the Holy Spirit search us, so that we may know before we sleep to-night where we are now in the sight of God, and where we are going to in eternity. I remember when preaching in New York City, at the Hippodrome, a man coming up to me and telling me a story that thrilled my soul.

One night, he said, he had been gambling—had gambled away all the money he had. When he went home to the hotel that night he did not sleep much—half drunk, and with a sort of remorse for what he had done. The next morning happened to be Sunday. He got up, felt bad, couldn't eat anything, didn't touch his breakfast, was miserable, and thought about putting an end to his existence. That afternoon he took a walk up Broadway, and when he came to the Hippodrome he saw great crowds going in, and thought of entering too. But a policeman at the door told him he couldn't come in, as it was a woman's meeting. He turned from it and strolled on, came back to his hotel and had dinner. At night he walked up the street until he reached the Hippodrome again, and this time he saw a lot of men going in. When inside, he listened to the singing and heard the text: "Where art thou?" and he thought he would go out; he rose to go, and the text came upon his ears again, "Where art thou?" This was too personal, he thought; it was disagreeable, and he made for the door, but as he got to the third row from the entrance the words came to him again, "Where art thou?" He stood still, for the question had come to him with irresistible force, and God had found him right there. He went to his hotel and prayed all that night, and now he is a bright and shining light. And this young man, who was a commercial traveler, went back to the village in which he had been reared, and in which he had been one of the fastest young men—went back there, and went around among his friends and acquaintances and testified for Christ, as earnestly and beneficially for Him as his conduct had been against Him. I hope the text will find out some young man here who has strayed away from God, and come upon him with such force personally, as will turn him from his present course to take the offers of salvation. Won't you believe we are here for you?—won't you believe we are preaching for you?—won't you believe that this enterprise has been carried out for you, and that this assembly has been drawn together for you?—and may you ask your heart solemnly and candidly this question: "Where art thou?"

I am going to divide this audience into three classes. Don't let this startle you, I am not going to make three divisions among you. The first class is the class who profess to be Christians. I don't know who you are, or whether you are sincere. It rests between you and God. The other class are the backsliders—those who have

been good children, but who have turned their backs upon Him, and have gone into the regions of sin. And the next class is that one that has never been saved, who have never been born of the Spirit, who have never sought to reach Christ.

And now, my friends, as to you who profess to be Christians. We who profess to be Christians, are we living up to what we preach? God forgive me, I feel I am not doing as much as I should for Him. I don't except myself. You who profess to be Christians, this question is personal to you: "Where art thou?" Do you believe what you are preaching?—do you live the life you ought to be living as professed Christians? If you were doing this, tens of thousands of people would be converted in Chicago within thirty days. By your neglect to practice what you preach, men have got sick of you, the world has become tired of you. They say, if we really feel what we talk about and profess, we would be more earnest about their salvation. And I say they are right. If Christians felt as they should, every church in Chicago, every church in the North-west would be on fire for the salvation of souls. They are lukewarm. Is the Church to-day in its right position?—is it true to its teachings?—are we not mingling with the world in our professed Christian lives, so that the world has become tired of our shamming professions? If the world does not see us act according to our professions, they say Christianity is not real. Why, a young man, some time ago a professed Christian, spoke to another young man upon the subject, and the Christian was answered with the words: "I don't believe a word of your Christianity; I don't believe a word of what you talk about; I don't believe your Bible." "You don't mean that?" asked the Christian. "Yes, I do," said the young man, "it's all a sham; you are all hypocrites." The Christian said to him, knowing he had a mother who was a professed Christian, "You don't mean to say that your mother is a hypocrite?" "Well, no," said the young fellow, not willing to admit his mother was one; "she is not exactly a hypocrite, but she don't believe what she professes. If she did, she would have talked to me about my soul long ago." That young man, my friends, had the best of it. And this is the condition of nine-tenths of us—we don't practice what we profess to believe. We have not really taken the cross of Christ; we have not put off the old man and taken on the new; we are not living truly in Christ Jesus, and the world is sick of us, and goes stumbling over us. If we don't practice in every particular the profes-

sions we make, and try to influence the lives of others, and lead the lives of Christians according to Christian precept, the world will go on stumbling over us. A few years ago, in a town somewhere in this State, a merchant died, and while he was lying a corpse I was told a story I will never forget. When the physician that attended him saw there was no chance for him here, he thought it would be time to talk about Christ to the dying man. And there are a great many Christians just like this physician. They wait till a man is just entering the other world—just till he is about nearing the throne, till the sands of life are about run out, till the death-rattle is in his throat—before they commence to speak of Christ. The physician stepped up to the dying merchant and began to speak of Jesus, the beauties of Christianity, and the salvation He had offered to all the world. The merchant listened quietly to him, and then asked him, "How long have you known of these things?" "I have been a Christian since I came from the East," he replied. "You have been a Christian so long and have known all this, and have been in my store every day. You have been in my home; have associated with me; you knew all these things, and why didn't you tell me before?" The doctor went home and retired to rest, but could not sleep. The question of the dying man rang in his ears. He could not explain why he had not spoken before, but he saw he had neglected his duty to his principles. He went back to his dying friend, intending to urge upon him acceptance of Christ's salvation, but when he began to speak to him the merchant only replied in a sad whisper, "Oh, why didn't you tell me before?" Oh, my friends, how many of us act like this physician. You must go to your neighbor and tell him who does not know Christ, of what He has done for us. If you do not tell the glad tidings, they are listening to the promptings of the devil, and we make people believe that Christianity is hypocrisy, and that Christ is not the Saviour of the world. If we believe it, shall we not publish it, and speak out the glorious truth to all for Christ—that He is the Redeemer of the world? Some time ago I read a little account that went through the press, and it burned into my soul. A father took his little child into the fields one day. He lay down while the child was amusing itself picking up little blades of grass and flowers. While the child was thus engaged the father fell asleep, and when he awoke, the first thought that occurred to him was, "Where is my child?" He looked around everywhere, but nowhere could he see the child. He

looked all around the fields, over the mountains, but could not see her, and finally he came to a precipice and looked down among the stones and rocks, and there he saw his little child lying down at the bottom, and ran down, took the child up, and kissed it tenderly, but it was dead. He was filled with remorse, and accused himself of being the murderer of his child. And this story applies to Christians in their watchful care of their fellow-creatures.

It was not long ago that I heard of a mother making all sorts of fun and jeering at our preaching; not in Chicago, but in another town. She was laughing and scoffing at the meetings; she was scorning the preachers; and yet she had a drunken son. It might have been, if she had helped to support the meetings, the meetings would have been the means of saving that son from a drunkard's grave; and mothers and fathers here to-day, you have the responsibility upon you of turning the faces of your children toward Zion. Ah, my friends, it is a solemn question to you to-day, and may you ask yourself where you are in the sight of God. The next class I want to speak to for a few moments, for I can not help believing that in this assembly there must be a number of backsliders who have gone away from the wayside. You have probably come from an Eastern town to this one, and you have come to some church with a letter—to some Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Episcopalian church. And when you came to that church you did not find the love you expected; you didn't find the cordiality you looked for, and you did not go near it again. So you kept the letter in your pocket for weeks, for years; might have been thrown in your trunk, might have been burned up in the Chicago fire; and you have forgotten all about your church life, and the letter has disappeared. You lead an ungodly life, but you are not happy. I have traveled about a good deal in the last five years, and I never knew a man who had turned away from religion to be a happy man. That man's conscience is always troubling him. He may come to Chicago and become prosperous and wealthy, but his wealth and position in the world can not fill his heart. If there is a poor backslider in this building to-day, let him come back. Hear the Voice that calls you to come back. There is nothing you have done which God is not ready and able to forgive. If there is a poor wanderer on the mountains of sin, turn right round and face Him. He will hear your transgressions, and forgive your backsliding, and take you to His loving bosom, and this will be a happy night to you. Look at the

home of the backslider. No prayers, no family altar there. As in the days of Elijah, they have put up the image of Baal in the place of their God. They have no peace; their conscience troubles them; they know they are not bringing their family up as they should. Is not that the condition of a good many here to-day? Oh, backslider, you know what your life is, but what will be your eternity if you fight against the Lord, who is only waiting to do you good?

I heard of a young man who came to Chicago to sell his father's grain. His father was a minister somewhere down here. The boy arrived in Chicago and sold the grain; and when the time came for him to return home, the boy did not come. The father and mother were up all night, expecting to hear the sound of the wagon every minute, but they waited and waited, and still he did not come. The father became so uneasy that he went into the stable and saddled his horse and came to Chicago. When he reached here he found that his son had sold the grain, but had not been seen since the sale, and concluded that he was murdered. After making investigation, however, he found that the boy had gone into a gambling-house and lost all his money. After they had taken all his money from him they told him to sell his horse and wagon, and he would recover his money, which he did. He was like the poor man who came down from Jericho to Jerusalem, and who fell among thieves, and after they had stripped him of everything, cast him off. And a great many of you think as this young man thought. You think that rumsellers and gamblers are your best friends, when they will take from you your peace, your health, your soul, your money—everything you have, and then run away. Well, the father, after looking about for him fruitlessly, went home and told his wife what he had learned. But he did not settle down, but just took his carpet-bag in his hand and went from one place to another, getting ministers to let him preach for them, and he always told the congregation that he had a boy dearer to him than life, and left his address with them, and urged them if ever they heard anything about his boy to let him know. At last, after going around a good deal, he got on his track and learned that he had gone to California. It was during the time of the gold excitement. He went home, but he did not write a letter to him. No; he just arranged his business affairs and started for the Pacific coast to find his boy. This is but an illustration of what God has been doing for you. There has not been a day, an hour, a moment,

but God has been searching for you. When the father got to San Francisco he got permission to preach, and he had a notice put in the papers in the hope that it might reach the mining districts, trusting that if his son were there it might reach him. He preached a sermon on the Sunday, and when he pronounced the benediction the audience went away. But he saw in a corner, one who remained. He went up to him and found that it was his boy. He did not reprimand him, he did not deliver judgment upon him, but put his loving arms around him, drew him to his bosom, and took him back to his home. This is an illustration of what God wants to do to us, what He wants to do to-day. He offers us His love and His forgiveness.

There is one peculiarity about a backslider. You must get back to Him as you went away. It is you who have gone away by turning, by leaving Him; not He by leaving you. And the way to get back to Him is to turn your face toward Him, and he will receive you with joy and forgiveness. There will be joy in your heart and there will be joy in Heaven this afternoon if you return to Him. If you treated God as a personal friend, there would not be a backslider. A rule I have had for years is to treat the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal friend. He is not a creed, a mere empty doctrine, but it is He Himself we have. The moment we have received Christ we should receive Him as a friend. When I go away from home I bid my wife and children good-bye, I bid my friends and acquaintances good-bye, but I never heard of a poor backslider going down on his knees and saying, "I have been near You for ten years; Your service has become tedious and monotonous; I have come to bid You farewell; good-bye, Lord Jesus Christ." I never heard of one doing this. I will tell you how they go away; they just run away. Where are you, you backslider? Just look upon your condition during the past ten years. Have they been years of happiness? Have they been years of peace? Echo answers ten thousand times, "No." Return to Him at once; never mind what your past has been, He will give you salvation.

But I must hasten on to the next class—the unsaved. I will admit that professed Christians have got their failings; we are far from being what we ought to be. But is that any reason why you should not come to Him? We do not preach ourselves, we do not set ourselves up as the Saviour; if we did you might make this an excuse. But we preach Christ. Now, you who are unsaved, won't

you come? I do not know who you are in this audience, but if the Spirit of God is not born in you, and does not tell you that you are the children of God, this is an evidence that you have not been born of God. Do you love your enemies? Do you love those who slander you? Do you love those who hate you? Have you joy, peace, long-suffering, courage, charity? If you have got the fruit of the Spirit, you have those qualities; if you have not, you have not been born of the Spirit. Now, friends, just ask yourself this question, "Where am I?" Here I am in this hall to-day, surrounded with praying friends. It seemed sometimes to me as if the words came to me and fell to the floor; and at other times the words fell on the heart. We can feel it in this hall to-day in the atmosphere; we feel its influence all around. It may be that that mother is praying for the return of an erring son; it may be that that brother has been praying all the afternoon, "Oh, my God, may the Spirit come to my brother!" Dear friends, let us ask each other to-day, "Where art thou?" Resisting earnest, trembling prayers of some loving mother, of some loving wife—trampling them under-foot? Now, be honest. Have I not been talking to many in this audience who made promises five, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago—who made a promise to serve Him? Those promises have faded away, and those five, ten, fifteen, twenty years have rolled on and you are no nearer. Oh, sinner, where art thou? Are you making light of all offers of mercy? Are you turning your back and ridiculing Him and laughing at Him? If you are, may He, the God of mercy, arrest you and have mercy on your soul and save you. The last three years have been the most solemn years of my life. A man's life is just like going up and down a hill. If I live the allotted time, I am going down the hill. Many of you are on the top of the hill and are not saved. Suppose you pause a moment and look down the hill on the road from whence you came—look back toward the cradle. Don't you remember that the sermons you heard ten or fifteen years ago moved you? You say, when you look back at those times, "We used to have good sermons, better and more earnest ministers than now." Don't you make any mistake. The Gospel is the same as it was then, as powerful to-day as ever. The fault is not with the ministers or the Gospel; it is with yourself; your heart has become hard. Then, as you look down into the valley, don't you see a little mound and a tombstone? It marks the resting-place of a loving father, or a

loving mother. Ten years ago you had a praying mother. Every morning and evening she went down on her knees in her closet and prayed for you. Her prayers are ended now, and yet you are not saved. It may be, as you look down the stream of time, you see a little grave that marks the resting-place of your child. It may be that child took you by the hand, and asked you, "Will you meet me in that land?" And you promised her that you would meet her there. As you looked down into that little grave and heard the damp, cold earth falling down, you repeated that promise. Five, ten, fifteen years ago you promised this; have you kept it? Some of you are far down the hill and hastening to judgment. May God open your eyes to-day as you look back upon your lives and look into the future. It may be that you will live the allotted time, but the end is soon to come. The average age is thirty-three years. There are a number of you in this hall this afternoon who will be in eternity inside of thirty days. Ask yourselves where you are; resisting the offer of mercy, turning back the offer of God. May the loving God show you the Saviour standing at the door of your heart, and knocking and telling you He wants to come in and save you.

In London, when I was there in 1867, I was told a story which made a very deep impression upon me. A young French nobleman came there to see a doctor, bringing letters from the French Emperor. The Emperor Napoleon III. had a great regard for this young man, and the doctor wanted to save him. He examined the young man, and saw there was something upon his mind. "Have you lost any property? What is troubling you? You have something weighing upon your mind," said the doctor. "Oh, there is nothing particular." "I know better; have you lost any relations?" asked the doctor. "No, none within the last three years." "Have you lost any reputation in your country?" "No." The doctor studied for a few minutes, and then said, "I must know what is on your mind; I must know what is troubling you." And the young man said, "My father was an infidel; my grandfather was an infidel, and I was brought up an infidel, and for the last three years these words have haunted me, 'Eternity, and where shall I find me?'" "Ah," said the doctor, "you have come to the wrong physician." "Is there no hope for me?" cried the young man. "I walk about in the daytime; I lie down at night, and it comes upon me continually; 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?' Tell

me, is there any hope for me?" The doctor said: "Now just sit down and be quiet. A few years ago I was an infidel. I did not believe in God, and was in the same condition in which you are." The doctor took down his Bible and turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and read: "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." And he read on through this chapter. When he had finished, the young man said: "Do you believe this, that He voluntarily left Heaven, came down to this earth, and suffered and died that we might be saved?" "Yes, I believe it. That brought me out of infidelity, out of darkness into light." And he preached Christ and His salvation and told him of Heaven, and then suggested that they get down on their knees and pray. And when I went there in 1867 a letter had been received from that young nobleman, who wrote to Dr. Whinston in London, telling him that question of "eternity, and where he should spend it," was settled and troubled him no more. My friends, this question of eternity, and where we are going to spend it, forces itself upon every one of us. We are staying here for a little day. Our life is but a fibre, and it will soon be snapped. I may be preaching my last sermon. To-night may find me in eternity. By the grace of God say that you will spend it in Heaven. All the hosts of hell can not hinder you if you make up your mind to come to Heaven, because if God says, "Let him come," who can resist you? If that little child sitting yonder says it will enter Heaven, all the hosts of hell can not keep it out. May God help you to spend your eternity in Heaven, and may you say: "By the grace of God I accept Jesus as my Redeemer."

VIII.

CHRIST SEEKING THE LOST.

LUKE xix. 10: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

I WANT you to get the text in your memory to-night. It is very short, and you may forget all about the sermon, but this text is sweet enough to save every soul here to-night that wants to be saved; just in that little short sentence He tells us what He came to the world for. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." I very often meet people that say they are seeking to be saved, and they are seeking Christ and can't find Him. Now there is a great mistake there. We just want to reverse it. There is not a man or woman in the hearing of my voice to-night but Christ has sought long and often for. He takes the place of the first seeker. There is not a redeemed soul in Heaven that first sought God. God came down after Adam. After he had transgressed and sinned, he ought to have taken the place of the seeker; but instead of that, we find God coming right down that very day and calling to him. It was the voice of grace and mercy that rung through the garden of Eden: "Adam, where art thou?" and from that to the present time He is seeking after sinners. He seeks you to-night, my friends. I don't know who you are, but He knows you and has sought you often, and is seeking you again to-night. That parable we have just read tells of a shepherd who had a hundred sheep. We are told by Eastern travelers that it is the custom for the sheep when being counted at night to pass under the rod. I can see the shepherd bringing them back to the fold. He counts them, "one, two, three," and so on till he gets to ninety-nine. He says, "I must have made a mistake in counting them." So he counts them over the second time. He then says, "I am afraid I have lost one." So the third time he counts them, and sees that one is lost. Now he goes out and seeks it. It don't say that the

sheep sought the shepherd, but the shepherd sought the sheep, and sought till he found it. This illustrates the truth that our Saviour came into the world to seek and to save the lost. And again, take the other parable. A woman has ten pieces of silver. She had got the money, perhaps, for some butter she sold. When night comes and she's about to retire to rest, she says, "I'll put away that money." She counts it over and finds only nine pieces. She counts it over the second time and the third time, and says, "Why, I must have lost one piece. Where have I been? I have only been around the house since I got it!" I can see her with the broom, sweeping every corner of the room and shaking the furniture upside down trying to get it. Now, all the time it was the woman seeking the money. The parable teaches this great truth that Christ Himself takes the place of the seeker. In this fifteenth chapter of Luke, we find the Pharisees murmuring because He received and ate with publicans and sinners. These sinners found something in His preaching which would help them. They knew they were sinners and wanted to get rid of their sins, and Christ showed them how they could roll them into the sea of forgetfulness. They liked that kind of preaching, but the Pharisees objected. Oh, it would have been a good thing if they had all died out in that generation. I am sorry to say there's a good many of them living now. They don't like this Gospel. They don't like to take up the poor drunkard, and gambler, and put his feet on the rock. Thanks be to God, the good old Gospel has got the same power to-day. The great trouble we have is to make men believe they are lost. I was talking to a drunkard the other day. He said: "Oh, I'm not so bad after all. I can stop drinking when I have a mind to." Oh, how sweet to speak to men who wake up to the fact that they are lost. How delightful to offer them a Saviour. The great trouble is, people are drawing their miserable rags of self-righteousness about them and don't really believe they are lost. Now take the surroundings of this text. A few days before, a man came down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and a blind man in Jericho asks him for a farthing. He told the blind man he knew of one who could cure him. "My friend," says the blind man, "He can't cure me, I was born blind." "Well," said the other, "I have just come down from Jerusalem and I saw a man that was born blind, and I don't know any man that has got better eyes than he has." "How is that?" says Bartimeus. "Why,"

said the man, "Jesus of Nazareth happened to be in Jerusalem, and He said He was the light of the world. He came to this blind man and just took clay and spit on it and anointed his eyes and sent him off to the pool of Siloam, and while he was washing he got two good eyes." "Well, I'll go to Jerusalem," says Bartimeus. "You needn't go to Jerusalem at all, He's coming here; and when He comes, you just ask Him and He'll give you your sight." "What does He charge?" says Bartimeus. "Why, He don't charge anything, you can just go and ask Him. You don't need any bishops, priests, or potentates, He'll cure you if you ask Him." "Well, then, if he comes this way I'll ask Him." Only the day after, as he was let out, perhaps by a faithful dog or his little son, and as he was crying out for a farthing, all at once he hears the footsteps of a great crowd. "Who is coming?" he cries out. I fancy he gets no answer. Again he cries out, and they tell him "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by." He was not ashamed of praying for what he wanted. Oh, how many in Chicago are afraid to cry to the God of Heaven to take away their sins; but Bartimeus began to pray, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Some one in advance cried that He would not be disturbed on account of a poor blind beggar. "Hush," says he, "don't disturb the Master." Bartimeus was not going to be put off in that way, but cried the more—"Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." My friends, Christ would hush every harp in Heaven to hear a poor sinner pray. He stopped, and commanded them to go and fetch him. Ah, Christ was seeking after the lost. He came to Jericho to seek after the lost. The disciples now said: "Be of good cheer, the Master calleth for thee," and, my friends, if God calls you, He has something good for you. So they take him by the hand and lead him up to the Son of God. I see a great crowd now. They gather closer and closer. Every eye is fixed upon Him. "What can I do for you?" the Lord says. "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "You have got it," was the reply. No sooner did the prayer reach the ears of the Son of God than the answer came. I'd like to have been beside that poor blind beggar then. The first object that met his gaze was the Son of God Himself. I can imagine he could then sing sweeter than Mr. Sankey; for who can sing sweeter than a redeemed soul? Perhaps you would call him a Methodist nowadays—no one could shout louder than he. I can just imagine he said: "I'd like to step down to yonder street

and see my family. I never saw the wife of my bosom, or my mother, or my children." As he goes along down the street, I can just imagine he meets quite a prominent man—a great politician, a man that has much influence—is the Lord Mayor of Jericho, I suppose. As he passes he turns around and says: "Bartimeus, is that you?" "Yes, that's me." "Where did you get these eyes?" "I asked Jesus of Nazareth to have mercy on me." "Why, is Jesus of Nazareth near here?" "He's in Jericho." I can just imagine the man says: "I have heard a great deal of Him, and I'd like to see Him." He was not a very tall man. I can see him on tiptoe trying to get a glimpse of the stranger. I can imagine he runs along outside of the crowd toward a sycamore tree, and says: "If I can just get up in that tree, He can't get by without my seeing Him." I have no doubt but it was idle curiosity that took him up there. There he is—his eyes fixed on that eastern gate, and all at once the crowds come bursting out. He looks and gets a glimpse of all of them. He sees Peter, and says, "That's not Him." He looks at John; "That's not Him." By and by he looks at one who is fairer than the sons of men, and he says, "That's Him." The crowd go sweeping by, but his eye is fixed on the Master until He gets right under him. Then He stops. There is a poor lost one up in that tree, one of Adam's degenerate sons, a chief publican of Jericho. He says: "Zaccheus, come down." Zaccheus wondered how He knew his name, but he knew all about him. He had come to seek and to save the lost one. He received the Lord joyfully. Now, there are a great many people who do not believe in sudden conversions. Tell me when Zaccheus was converted. He must have been converted between the branches and the ground. But a class of men say: "Well, if people are converted suddenly they won't hold out." Well, I wish we had a few Zaccheuses in Chicago. To those he had wronged he made restitution by returning them four-fold. By going to his house the Lord wanted to show those Pharisees that "He had come to seek and to save that which was lost."

It made a great stir in Jericho. The people said, "There is a true disciple." It was like a flashing meteor; and how sudden it was. You must remember one thing; if you don't give half your goods to the poor, you must make restitution. If you have lied about a man, if you have slandered a man, if you have abused a man, go and tell him that you have done him an injustice; go and make a restitution.

I felt much encouraged last night; a man came into the inquiry-room and said: "Mr. Moody, I want you to forgive me." "Why," said I, "I have nothing to forgive you for; I never met you before." "Well," said the man, "I have been abusing you for about a year. I was here last night and I got converted, and I want to ask your forgiveness." He had been abusing me and slandering me, and had been talking about something he didn't know anything about. There was a man who said about restitution: "There is a shoe-maker's bill I have been owing, and I have owed it for nine years." So he went round next day and paid it. The shoe-maker said, "Well, I believe in those kind of meetings now." He didn't believe in them before. What we want is to have men become disciples of Jesus Christ. I may be speaking to some clerk to-night, who has taken money from his employer falsely. It may be that he has covered up his track, and no one knows it but the all-seeing eye of God. But you can't look up, and you can't have the sympathies of God, and you can't be converted unless you make restitution. It may be that you have squandered the money and can't make restitution; but go right to that man you have injured and confess it. There was a man who had robbed his employer of \$500, and the Spirit of God aroused him, and he went to one of our ministers and told the story. He wanted to become a Christian, but there was the \$500 right in his mind all the while. "Well," said the minister, "your path is very clear; you must pay back the money." "But," said the man, "I can't pay it back." "Then," said the minister, "you must go back to your employer and confess it." But the man said, "My employer is a hard-hearted man, and if I confess it he will put me in prison." And the man couldn't do it, he thought. "Well," said the minister, "I will go and see your employer." And he went into the office of the man and told the story. "Now," said the minister, "I have reason to believe that that man has been converted of his sin. I believe, if you will forgive it, and if you give him a chance, you may save the soul of the man, and he will work and pay back the money." The man said, "He shall never hear a word from me," and the result is that the clerk has now become a joyful Christian. And so, if you want to become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, you must make restitution. Zaccheus made restitution. He went into his office and made out a check for neighbor So-and-so, and for neighbor So, for \$100, and then sent his clerk around and offered and urged these different men to take this

money; and do you think these men that had been robbed thought his conversion wasn't genuine? He paid back not only what he had taken, but he restored them four-fold. Do you think those men didn't have confidence in Zaccheus? There wasn't a man in all Jericho that didn't believe in his conversion. I can imagine a man saying, "Your master didn't owe me anything." But the clerk answers, "My master told me to tell you that he had taxed you too much." What a smile came over his face. "What has come over this man? There was a time when he was unreasonable. He is giving money to the poor, and he is making restitution; that is a genuine conversion!" That is an evidence of a man who had the Son of God. That is an evidence of the Son of God breathing life into a man's soul.

If we could only get the confession of a man that he is lost, it wouldn't be long before he is saved. If a man ain't lost, why has he need of a Saviour? But oh, how refreshing it is to find one who will admit that he is lost. If you will admit that you are a sinner, I can tell you there's One mighty to save—One who came to save sinners. I was invited to preach in the Tombs a few years ago. I supposed there was a chapel, as there are in most of our prisons, in which the prisoners would be gathered for me to talk to them. But I found they were in their cells, and I had to speak to them there. There were two tiers of cells above me, one below, and one on a level with me. There were three or four hundred prisoners, but I couldn't see a face; it seemed as if I were talking to a wall, or to the air. And when I got through I thought I'd like to see who and what I had been talking to. When I looked in the first cell, I saw the prisoners playing cards, and I said, "How is it with you?" And they hesitated, and then said there had been false witnesses in the case, and they ought not to be there. In the second cell, when I spoke to them they said, "Well, we'll tell you, Chaplain, we got into bad company, and those that were with us got away, and we got caught. We hadn't done anything wrong." And the prisoner in the next cell had an excuse: "The man that did it looked just like me, but they took me for him although I am innocent." And in the next cell they hadn't had their trial yet, but next Sunday they would be out. So I went from cell to cell, and I never found so many innocent men in one day in my life. The only guilty ones, they said, were the officers who put them there. So you say to-night, "I'm not lost, but the man in the seat next behind me is."

You are drawing the rags of self-righteousness around you, and think you are not bad. But God says, "He that breaks the least of these commandments is guilty of all." If you were taken away, what would become of your soul? Every soul that is not born of God shall be lost for time and eternity. Don't let the infidels make you believe you are all right. Well, I went on through the cells, and at last in one I saw a man sitting with his head resting on his hands, and I could see tears falling from his eyes. How refreshing it was to see that. I asked him what his trouble was. He said, "My sins are greater than I can bear." And I said, "Thank God for that!" And he said, "Thank God for that? Ain't you the man's that's been preaching to us?" "Yes," I said, "I am your friend, and I am glad you feel your sins." "Well," he says, "you are a queer friend." And I said, "If your sins are more than you can bear, you can cast them on One who is able to bear them. I've been hunting for you for a long time." "What?" he says, "hunting for me?" And I said: "You are lost, and I am glad I have found one man who will admit that he is lost." And I preached Christ to him. I told him of Him who came to seek and save the lost, who came to open the prison doors and set the captive free, who gives life, and light, and peace, and joy. I must have talked to him for half an hour, and then I said I would pray with him. So we knelt down, I on the outside and he on the inside. And after I had prayed I said: "Now, you pray." And he said it would be blasphemy for him to pray. But I told him that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin, and he bowed his head down to the floor, and could only say without so much as lifting his eyes toward Heaven, "God be merciful to me, a poor, miserable wretch." No man sends up such a cry that God doesn't hear him. And I put my hand through the little window and I felt a tear drop on it; and I said, "I'll be praying for you to-night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, at the hotel, and I want you to meet me at the Throne of Grace." That night it seemed as if the Spirit of God came upon me. I went to see him next morning and the moment my eyes rested on him, I saw a great change. Remorse and despair were gone, and the light from yon world had come upon him. He seemed to me to be the happiest man in New York. He said, "I thought I could never bear to see my old friends, but God came and set my soul free. I think it was about midnight, I cried and He heard me, and I am happy."

Do you see why Christ came to that one captive? It was because he took his place among lost sinners. O, sinner, cry, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." Take your place among the lost. Let the cry go up from every soul—"Be merciful to me a sinner." Don't you want to be saved? Won't all the Christians unite in the prayer that God would save every lost soul? I want to say a word to the lost—and I mean all the sinners who have not been converted. While the Christians pray, close your eyes and lift up your hearts to God and ask Him to have mercy. These are solemn days. I never felt more power than in the meeting last night. God is near us, and His Spirit is here to-night. He is answering the prayers of the Christians of Chicago. I believe the answer is come, and God is moving mightily in this city. Young men and young women, don't laugh at your praying friends who are anxious for your souls. If you have friends who pray and weep for you, treat them kindly. They are worth more to you than is the world. Go home and tell your anxious mother that you are saved, and make her heart glad that her God has become yours.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee that Thy blessing may rest on every letter that shall be written to-day in Thy name, to some brother, to some friend, to some child, to some sister. May the Spirit of God accompany these letters. May they bring many to Christ. And now, may great grace be upon all men. Amen.

IX.

LOST AND SAVED.

LUKE xix. 10: ' For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

A GREAT many people tell you, "I will become a Christian when Christ comes and seeks me." I was talking to a gray-haired man, 55 years of age, in my native town not long ago, who, when I spoke to him about his soul, suggested that he would become a Christian when the Lord Jesus Christ came to him. He was waiting till He hunted him personally. And there is a class like him in every community. What more would you like Him to do for you—what more than He has done already? I would like to ask you just what you would like God to do more for us. He sent to us the prophets and we murdered them. He sent down His Son from heaven, who was sacrificed by us, and then He sent us the Holy Ghost, who has been in the world for the last 1,800 years, to try and give us peace and happiness. Would you like Him to send His Son again to earth to suffer for your sins? My dear friends, what are you waiting for more? He has been looking for you and hunting for you from your cradle, and I would just like to tell you how He seeks. There was never a sermon which you have listened to but in it the Lord was seeking for you. That is one way. Some of you might have been asleep while the preaching has been going on, but He has been seeking you while asleep. Have not some of you heard a sermon in which you were offered as a sinner to the Lord Jesus Christ, and your conscience was troubled? You went away, but you came back again, and the Spirit of God came upon you again and again, and you were troubled. Haven't you passed through that experience? Don't you remember something like that happening to you? That was the Son of God seeking for your soul. You might have had a tract presented to you. You might have turned it off. It might have been headed with this text.

That was the Son of God seeking for your soul. He has used a four-page tract—sometimes just one page—to seek to convert a man, and he is seeking through the Bible. I contend that a man can not but find in every page of this book that He is seeking him through His blessed Word. This is what the Bible is for—to seek out the lost. He seeks them through His works; He seeks them through these ministers; through this building. What is this building for? Why, that you may come and lay your sins right in this Tabernacle—here where Christ is seeking for your souls. Do you think that the devil put it into the heads of those business men, in those times of great commercial depression, to put this building up? Do you think Satan put it into their heads? It has not been put up to catch your money—no collection has been taken up as yet. It is not your money we are after: it is to catch your soul. Do you believe that it was Satan who put it into the hearts of those ministers to preach the Word, and to come here night after night? Do you believe that was the devil's work? It is the Son of Man seeking for your souls. And this building and these crowds of people ought to act as a reminder and a warning to every man and woman walking these streets. This is another way He seeks you. Many of you in the silent midnight hour have been troubled; you could not sleep and your reason has been at work, and the Son of Man has come into that chamber, and you have felt Him knocking at the door of your hearts, and you knew it was just to save you. Many of you have passed through that experience. In that hour the Son of God has sought you. Many of you have gone into the sick-chamber of the loved mother, or loved wife, or dear child, and you have felt the knock at your heart. You have been summoned from your room in the stillness of the night, and you have been told your loved ones have passed away—many of you recollect an incident like this in your lives. At that moment your heart has told you you ought to be a Christian. That was the Son of Man who sought you. At the grave of some lost one, too, you have heard a voice whispering, "Consecrate yourself to Him." That was the Son of God seeking you. Many of you must have experienced this. There has not been a day in your lives that He has not sought for you, and He still seeks for you.

Now, forget for a moment the preacher, forget for a moment all your surroundings, and pause to ask yourselves this question: "Has not the Son of Man sought for my soul?" I will tell you again

when He seeks for you. He seeks for you when He is abroad in the community. Has not the Son of Man been abroad in this community? Go up to Farwell Hall and see the crowds of people who go there every day; look at the multitudes that nightly assemble here. They don't all come to hear Mr. Sankey sing, for there are many better singers in Chicago. It is not to hear me preach, for there are many far better preachers in the city. It is the Spirit of God that brings them. Many of you in your experience have, while in church listening to the preaching, got mad at something said in the sermon, which you thought very personal, and have gone out. That was the Son of Man seeking your soul.

I remember, while in Philadelphia, a man with his wife came to our meetings. When he went out he wouldn't speak to his wife. She thought it was very queer, but said nothing, and went to bed thinking that in the morning he would be all right. At breakfast, however, he would not speak a word. Well, she thought this strange, but she was sure he would have got all over whatever was wrong with him by dinner. The dinner hour arrived, and it passed away without his saying a word. At supper not a word escaped him, and he would not go with her to the meeting. Every day for a whole week the same thing went on. But at the end of the week he could not stand it any longer, and he said to his wife: "Why did you go and write to Mr. Moody and tell him all about me?" "I never wrote to Mr. Moody in my life," said the wife. "You did," he answered. "You're mistaken; why do you think that?" "Well, then, I wronged you; but when I saw Mr. Moody picking me out among all those people, and telling all about me, I was sure you must have written to him." It was the Son of Man seeking for him, my friends, and I hope there will be a man here to-night—that man in the gallery yonder, that one before me—who will feel that I am talking personally to him. May you feel that you are lost, and that the Lord is seeking for you, and when you feel this, there will be some chance of your being saved.

When I was taking my family South last summer, I heard of a man who would not go to church, but would go to a theatre. He was a hard case—he was a drinking, swearing, gambling man. He heard that a minister was going to preach in a theatre, and he went. When he heard the preacher talking, the man was convinced that he was preaching at him, and he went out swearing and stamping, and told all the people outside that he had been insulted by the minis-

ter, and he intended to wait for him and give him a good licking. When the minister came out he was seized by the collar, and the man greeted him by saying, "Why, sir, you have insulted me!" "I don't know you, sir," said the minister. "Why," replied the man, "you have picked me out among all those people, and told them all about me." It was the Spirit of God seeking him, and the result was that the Spirit got hold of him, and lately I heard of him, and he was going all through the South, telling the people what God had done for him. And, my friends, to-night, if you believe that anything I am saying applies to you personally—if you feel in your hearts that you are a great sinner, it is the Son of God who is after you—who is seeking for your lost soul.

There is one word in this text I wish you to observe, and that is the word "lost." I wish you could realize its meaning thoroughly. If it was really understood I don't think there would be a dry eye in this assembly, and one wail would go up from this hall to Heaven. You pity men who have lost wealth; you pity men who have lost goods in the Chicago fire; you pity men who, once wealthy, are now almost starving. Such things naturally excite our sympathy. But what is all this loss of wealth to the loss of the soul? You pity the men who once occupied a great position in the world and who are now reduced to beggary—your heart goes out to those unfortunate men. But what is the loss of position in comparison to the loss of the soul? If a man loses wealth, character, reputation in the world, he may gain it again; but oh, friends, if he loses his soul he can never regain it. You pity those who have lost their children. You have, perhaps, been called to a funeral to-day where the father and mother have been laying away their little child. You pity them; it is a terrible loss. But what is that loss in comparison to the loss of the soul? A little child born and taken into the loving bosom of Jesus is far better off than to have been reared and run the risk of losing its soul.

I was in an infirmary not long since, and a mother brought a little child in. She said, "Doctor, my little child's eyes have not been opened for several days, and I would just like you to do something for them." The doctor got some ointment and put it first on one and then on the other, and just pulled them open. "Your child is blind," said the doctor; "perfectly blind; it will never see again." At first the mother couldn't take it in, but after a little she cast an appealing look upon that physician, and in a voice full of emotion,

said, "Doctor, you don't mean to say that my child will never see again?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "your child has lost its sight, and it will never see again." And that mother just gave a scream, and drew that child to her bosom. "Oh, my darling child," sobbed the woman, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? never to see the world again?" I could not keep back the tears when I saw the terrible agony of that woman when she realized the misfortune that had come upon her child. That was a terrible calamity, to grope in total darkness through the world; never to look upon the bright sky, the green fields; never to see the faces of loved ones; but what was it in comparison to the loss of a soul? I would rather have my eyes plucked out of my head, and go down to my grave in total blindness, than lose my soul.

In my native town, one afternoon a man went out to see to his stock. Seven o'clock came and he did not return; eight o'clock came and there was no sign of him; nine o'clock came and still he did not come. It was a dark night, and the news spread through the streets that the deacon must have been killed. When the news was flashed around they did not fold their arms and say they would wait till daylight and start out and seek for him; but the old and the young men saddled their horses instantly, and lighted their torches, and went forth into the darkness to find the lost one. They found him in the pasture, killed, and brought him into the little village, and I never saw a community so excited and so grieved. But what was that—the cutting from a man's life of say twenty years—to the loss of a soul? The whole village mourned over the deacon's death. A drunkard may go on through life in his mad career and go down to the grave, and no one will weep for him. His life is one long day of misery. None care for him while living, and none notice his ending. He came to save that soul; He stooped from the throne of glory to the manger to bring that lost soul back again. Oh, that you could realize what a lost soul is. He wants you to take the title of lost sinner. That's what he wants you to do. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost;" and if a man will only know he is a sinner, and cry from the depths of his heart, the Lord will come right to where you are.

Mr. Needham told me, this afternoon, a little incident that happened to himself and wife while in Massachusetts. While at Essex, in that State, some one told him that if they went up to a point on a mountain they would get a view of the country for twenty miles

around. They went up to the rock, and came down, and started for home. They got out of their path, but they treated this lightly—thought it was a good joke, and went on laughing. I suppose if any one had come and warned them of danger they would not have heeded the warning. But they went on, and six o'clock came, and at last darkness settled down upon them, and there they were in the wilderness, and they found they had lost their road altogether. For some time they groped their way through the woods, the darkness growing deeper and deeper, but only found themselves more and more bewildered. At last he got to the top of a tree and shouted, "Lost! lost!" and his cry of distress reached the villagers, who came out with their lanterns and torches and rescued them. Oh, that some poor soul will feel that he has wandered out of the true pathway and will cry, "Lost! lost!" and the Lord Jesus will hear you and come right down to where you sit. He is looking for you, and if there is one here who has got into the wilderness, but let Him hear your cry and He will find you. He came to this earth expressly to rescue you. Is there a poor drunkard here to-night who wants to come? He can save a drunkard just as easy as I can turn my hand. He can turn that cup of liquor from you as easy as you turn to it now. Is there a poor libertine here to-night who wants to curb his evil passions? He can save you. Oh, may the Son of Man find some poor victim here to-night, and there will be joy in Heaven over that poor wanderer who shall come home.

I remember while in a town East at the time of the loss of the *Atlantic* on the banks of Newfoundland there was a business man in the town who was reported lost. His store was closed, and all his friends mourned him as among those who went down on that vessel. But a telegram was received from him by his partner with the word "Saved," and that partner was filled with joy. The store was opened and the telegram was framed, and if you go into that store to-day you will see that little bit of paper hanging on the wall, with the word "Saved" upon it. Let the news go over the wires to Heaven to-night from you. Let that word "Saved" go from every one of you, and there will be joy in Heaven. You can be saved—the Son of Man wants to save you; it will refresh the heart of the Son of God to-night. He wants to save every soul within these walls—every one who is willing to be saved.

There was among those who came to our meetings in New York

a man who used to come every night, and he never seemed to get any light—never seemed to come any nearer God. I almost got tired of speaking with him at last. But one night when some young men were giving their experiences he got up. I wondered what he got up for, because the very last time I spoke to him he seemed more hopeless than ever. He got up and he told how he had become a Christian. He said one day he was walking down Broadway; the street was crowded with people and carriages and horses, and while he was thinking, this thought came to him, that if he only gave his consent the Lord would save him, and he gave it at once, and it was accepted. He was, too, one of the most hopeless cases in the city. But give your consent and let the Lord save you in His own way. Give your consent and He will meet you. Just say, "Oh, Lord, I consent to be saved; will You save me?"

There is a very good story told of Rowland Hill and Lady Ann Erskine. You have seen it, perhaps, in print, but I would like to tell it you. While he was preaching in a park in London to a large assemblage, she was passing in her carriage. She said to her footman when she saw Rowland Hill in the midst of the people: "Why, who is that man?" "That is Rowland Hill, my lady." She had heard a good deal about the man, and she thought she would like to see him, so she directed her coachman to drive her near the platform. When the carriage came near he saw the insignia of nobility, and he asked who that noble lady was. Upon being told, he said: "Stop, my friends, I have got something to sell." The idea of the preacher becoming suddenly an auctioneer made the people wonder, and in the midst of a dead silence he said: "I have more than a title to sell—I have more than the crown of Europe to sell; it is the soul of Lady Ann Erskine. Is there any one here who bids for it? Yes, I hear a bid. Satan, Satan, what will you give? 'I will give pleasure, honor, riches—yea, I will give the whole world for her soul.' Do you hear another bid? Is there any other one? Do I hear another bid? Ah, I thought so; I hear another bid. The Lord Jesus Christ, what will You give for this soul? 'I will give peace, joy, comfort, that the world knows not of—yea, I will give eternal life.' Lady Ann Erskine, you have heard the two bidders for your soul, which will you accept?" And she ordered the door of her carriage to be opened, and came weeping from it, and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ. He, the great and mighty Saviour, is a bidder for your

soul to-night. He offers you riches and comfort, and joy, peace here and eternal life hereafter, while Satan offers you what he can not give. Poor lost soul, which will you have? He will ransom your soul if you but put your burden upon Him. Twenty-one years ago I made up my mind that Jesus would have my soul, and I have never regretted the step, and no man has ever felt sorry for coming to Him. When we accept Him we must like Him. Your sins may rise up as a mountain, but the Son of Man can purge you of all evil and take you right into the palaces of Heaven if you will only allow Him to save you.

A lady had a little child who was dying. She thought it was resting sweetly in the arms of Jesus. She went into the room and the child asked her: "What are those clouds and mountains that I see so dark?" "Why, Eddy," said his mother, "there are no clouds or mountains, you must be mistaken." "Why, yes, I see great mountains and dark clouds, and I want you to take me in your arms and carry me over the mountains." "Ah," said the mother, "you must pray to Jesus: He will carry you safely," and, my friends, the sainted mother, the praying wife may come to your bedside and wipe the damp sweat from your brow, but they can not carry you over the Jordan when the hour comes. This mother said to her little boy: "I am afraid that it is unbelief that is coming upon you, my child, and you must pray that the Lord will be with you in your dying moments." And the two prayed; but the boy turned to her and said: "Don't you hear the angels, mother, over the mountains, calling for me, and I can not go?" "My dear boy, pray to Jesus and He will come; He only can take you." And the boy closed his eyes and prayed, and when he opened them a heavenly smile overspread his face as he said, "Jesus has come to carry me over the mountains." Dear sinner, Jesus is ready and willing to carry you over the mountains of sin, and over your mountains of unbelief. Give yourselves to Him; only grant your consent. It lies with your own will, and, if you but accept His offer, from the clouds of your transgressions you shall be lifted into the heaven of joy and peace that the world knows not of.

X.

HEAVEN AND WHO ARE THERE.

I WAS on my way to a meeting one night with a friend, and he asked, as we were drawing near the church, "Mr. Moody, what are you going to preach about?" "I am going to preach about Heaven," I said. I noticed a scowl passing over his face, and I said, "What makes you look so?" "Why, your subject of Heaven. What's the use of talking upon a subject that's all speculation? It's only wasting time on a subject about which you can only speculate." My answer to that friend was, "If the Lord doesn't want us to speak about Heaven, He would never have told us about such a place in the Scriptures; and, as Timothy says, 'All the Scriptures are given by inspiration, and all parts are profitable.'" There's no part of the Word of God that is not profitable, and I believe if men would read more carefully these Scriptures they would think more of Heaven. If we want to get men to fix their hearts and attention upon Heaven, we must get them to read more about it. Men who say that Heaven is a speculation have not read their Bibles. In the blessed Bible there are allusions scattered all through it. If I were to read to you all the passages upon Heaven from Genesis to Revelation, it would take me all night and tomorrow to do it. When I took some of the passages lately and showed them to a lady, "Why," said she, "I didn't think there was so much about Heaven in the Bible." If I were to go into a foreign land and spend my days there, I would like to know all about it; I would like to read all about it. I would want to know all about its climate, its inhabitants, their customs, their privileges, their government. I would find nothing about that land that would not interest me. Suppose you all were going away to Africa, to Germany, to China, and were going to make one of those places your home, and suppose that I had just come from one of those countries, how eagerly you would listen to what I had to say. I can imagine how

the old, gray-haired men and the young men and the deaf would crowd around and put up their hands to learn something about it. But there is a country in which you are going to spend your whole future, and you are listless about what kind of a country it is. My friends, where are you going to spend eternity? Your life here is very brief. Life is but an inch of time; it is but a span, but a fibre, which will soon be snapped, and you will be ushered into eternity. Where are you going to spend it? If I were to ask you who were going to spend your eternity in Heaven to stand up, nearly every one of you would rise. There is not a man here, not one in Chicago, who has not some hope of reaching Heaven. Now, if we are going to spend our future there, it becomes us to go to work and find out all about it. I call your attention to this truth that Heaven is just as much a place as Chicago. It is a destination—it is a locality. Some people say there is no Heaven. Some men will tell you this earth is all the heaven we have. Queer kind of heaven this. Look at the poverty, the disease in the city; look at the men out of employment walking around our streets, and then say this is Heaven. How low a man has got when he comes to think in this way. There is a land where the weary are at rest; there is a land where there is peace and joy—where no sorrow dwells, and as we think of it, and speak about it, how sweet it looms up before us.

I remember soon after I got converted, a pantheist got hold of me, and just tried to draw me back to the world. Those men who try to get hold of a young convert are the worst set of men. I don't know a worse man than he who tries to pull young Christians down. He is nearer the borders of hell than any man I know. When this man knew I had found Jesus he just tried to pull me down. He tried to argue with me, and I did not know the Bible very well then, and he got the best of me. The only way to get the best of those atheists, pantheists, or infidels is to have a good knowledge of the Bible. Well, this pantheist told me God was everywhere—in the air, in the sun, in the moon, in the earth, in the stars, but really he meant nowhere. And the next time I went to pray it seemed as if I was not praying anywhere or to any one.

We have ample evidence in the Bible that there is such a place as Heaven, and we have abundant manifestation that His influence from Heaven is felt among us. He is not in person among us; only in spirit. The sun is 95,000,000 miles from the earth, yet we feel its rays. In Second Chronicles we read: "If My people which

are called by My name shall humble themselves and pray and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from Heaven and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." Here is one reference, and when it is read, a great many people might ask: "How far is Heaven away? can you tell us that?" I don't know how far it is away, but there is one thing I can tell you. He can hear prayer as soon as the words are uttered. There has not been a prayer said that He has not heard; not a tear shed that He has not seen. We don't want to learn the distance. What we want to know is that God is there, and Scripture tells us that. Turn to First Kings and we read: "And hearken thou to the supplication of Thy servant, and of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place, and hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive." Now, it is clearly taught in the Word of God that the Father dwells there. It is His dwelling-place, and in Acts we see that Jesus is there too. "But he being full of the Holy Ghost looked up steadfastly into Heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God," and by the eye of faith we can see Him there to-night too. And by faith we shall be brought into His presence, and we shall be satisfied when we gaze upon Him. Stephen, when he was surrounded by the howling multitude, saw the Son of Man there, and when Jesus looked down upon earth and saw this first martyr in the midst of his persecutors, He looked down and gave him a welcome. We'll see Him by and by. It is not the jasper streets and golden gates that attract us to Heaven. What are your golden palaces on earth—what is it that makes them so sweet? It is the presence of some loving wife or fond children. Let them be taken away and the charm of your home is gone. And so it is Christ that is the charm of Heaven to the Christian. Yes, we shall see Him there. How sweet the thought that we shall dwell with Him forever, and shall see the nails in His hands and in His feet which He received for us.

I read a little story not long since which went to my heart. A mother was on the point of death, and the child was taken away from her in case it would annoy her. It was crying continually to be taken to its mother's, and teased the neighbors. By and by the mother died, and the neighbors thought it was better to bury the mother without letting the child see her dead face. They thought the sight of the dead mother would not do the child any good, and

so they kept it away. When the mother was buried and the child was taken back to the house, the first thing she did was to run into her mother's sitting-room and look all round it, and from there to the bed-room, but no mother was there, and she went all over the house crying, "Mother, mother!" but the child could not find her, and coming to the neighbor, said: "Take me back, I don't want to stay here if I can not see my mother." It wasn't the home that made it so sweet to the child. It was the presence of the mother. And so it is not Heaven that is alone attractive to us; it is the knowledge that Jesus, our leader, our brother, our Lord, is there.

And the spirits of loved ones, whose bodies we have laid in the earth, will be there. We shall be in good company there. When we reach that land we shall meet all the Christians who have gone before us. We are told in Matthew, too, that we shall meet angels there: "Take heed lest ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." Yes, the angels are there, and we shall see them when we get home.

He is there, and where He is, His disciples shall be, for He has said: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." I believe that when we die the spirit leaves the body and goes to the mansion above, and by and by the body will be resurrected and it shall see Jesus. Very often people come to me and say: "Mr. Moody, do you think we shall know each other in Heaven?" Very often it is a mother who has lost a dear child, and who wishes to see it again. Sometimes it is a child who has lost a mother, a father, and who wants to recognize them in Heaven. There is just one verse in Scripture in answer to this, and that is: "We shall be satisfied." It is all I want to know. My brother who went up there the other day I shall see, because I will be satisfied. We will see all those we loved on earth up there, and if we loved them here we will love them ten thousand times more when we meet them there.

Another thought. In the tenth chapter of Luke we are told our names are written there if we are Christians. Christ just called His disciples up and paired them off and sent them out to preach the Gospel. Two of us—Mr. Sankey and myself—going about and preaching the Gospel, is nothing new. You will find them away back eighteen hundred years ago, going off two by two, like Brothers Bliss and Whittle, and Brothers Needham and Stebbins,

to different towns and villages. They had gone out, and there had been great revivals in all the cities, towns, and villages they had entered. Everywhere they had met with the greatest success. Even the very devils were subject to them. Disease had fled before them. When they met a lame man they said to him, "You don't want to be lame any longer," and he walked. When they met a blind man they but told him to open his eyes, and behold, he could see. And they came to Christ and rejoiced over their great success, and He just said to them, "I will give you something to rejoice over. Rejoice that your names are written in Heaven." Now there are a great many people who do not believe in such an assurance as this: "Rejoice, because your names are written in Heaven." How are you going to rejoice if your names are not written there? While speaking about this some time ago, a man told me we were preaching a very ridiculous doctrine when we preached this doctrine of assurance. I ask you in all candor, what are you going to do with this assurance if we don't preach it? It is stated that our names are written there; blotted out of the Book of Death and transferred to the Book of Life.

I remember, while in Europe, I was traveling with a friend—she is in this hall to-night. On one occasion, we were journeying from London to Liverpool, and the question was put as to where we would stop. We said we would go to the North-western, at Lime street, as that was the hotel where Americans generally stopped at. When we got there the house was full; could not let us in. Every room was engaged. But this friend said, "I am going to stay here, I engaged a room ahead. I sent a telegram on." My friends, that is just what the Christians are doing—sending their names in ahead. They are sending a message up saying: "Lord Jesus, I want one of those mansions You are preparing; I want to be there." That's what they're doing. And every man and woman here who wants one, if you have not already got one, had better make up your mind. Send your names up now. I would rather a thousand times have my name written in the Lamb's Book than have all the wealth of the world rolling at my feet. A man may get station in this world—it will fade away; he may get wealth, but it will prove a bauble—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is a solemn question, and let it go around the hall to-night: "Is my name written in the Book of Life?" I can imagine that man down there saying, "Yes; I belong to the Pres-

byterian Church; my name's on the church's books." It may be, but God keeps His books in a different fashion than that in which the church records of this city are kept. You may belong to a good many churches; you may be an elder or a deacon, and be a bright light in your Church, and yet you may not have your name written in the Book of Life. Judas was one of the twelve, and yet he hadn't his name written in the Book of Life. Satan was among the elect—he dwelt among the angels, and yet he was cast from the high hallelujahs. Is your name written in the Book of Life? A man told me, while speaking upon this subject, "That is all nonsense you are speaking." And a great many men here are of the same opinion; but I would like them to turn to Daniel, twelfth chapter, "And there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time, and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the Book." Every one shall be delivered whose names shall be found written in the Book. And we find Paul, in the letters which he wrote to the Philippians, addressing them as those "dear yokefellows, whose names were written in the Book of Life." If it is not our privilege to know that our names are written in the Book of Life, here is Paul sending greeting to his yokefellows, "whose names were written in the Book." Let us not be deceived in this. We see it too plainly throughout the Holy Word. In the chapter of Revelations which we have just read, we have three different passages referring to it, and in the twenty-first verse, almost the last words in the Scriptures, we read: "And there shall in nowise enter into it anything which defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." My friends, you will never see that city unless your names are written in that Book of Life. It is a solemn truth. Let it go home to every one, and sink into the hearts of all here to-night. Don't build your hopes on a false foundation; don't build your hopes on an empty profession. Be sure your name is written there. And the next thing after your own names are written there, is to see that the names of the children God has given you, are recorded there. Let the fathers and mothers assembled to-night hear this and take it to their hearts. See that your children's names are there. Ask your conscience if the name of your John, your Willie, your Mary, your Alice—ask yourselves whether their names are recorded in the Book of Life. If not, make it the business of your

life, rather than to pile up wealth for them ; make it the one object of your existence to secure for them eternal life, rather than to pave the way to their death and ruin.

I read some time ago of a mother in an Eastern city who was stricken with consumption. At her dying hour she requested her husband to bring the children to her. The oldest one was brought first, and she laid her hand on his head and gave him her blessing and dying message. The next one was brought, and she gave him the same ; and one after another came to her bedside until the little infant was brought in. She took it and pressed it to her bosom, and the people in the room, fearing that she was straining her strength, took the child away from her. As this was done she turned to the husband and said, "I charge you, sir, bring all those children home with you." And so God charges us. The promise is to ourselves and to our children. We can have our names written there, and then, by the grace of God, we can call our children to us and know that their names are also recorded there. That great roll is being called, and those bearing the names are summoned every day—every hour ; that great roll is being called to-night, and if your name were shouted, could you answer with joy? You have heard of a soldier who fell in our war. While he lay dying, he was heard to cry, "Here! here." Some of his comrades went up to him, thinking he wanted water, but he said, "They are calling the roll of Heaven, and I am answering," and in a faint voice he whispered "Here!" and passed away to Heaven. If that roll was called to-night, would you be ready to answer, "Here!" I am afraid not. Let us wake up ; may every child of God wake up to-night. There is work to do. Fathers and mothers, look to your children. If I could only speak to one class, I would preach to parents, and try to show them the great responsibility that rests upon them—try to teach them how much more they should devote their lives to secure the immortal treasure of Heaven for their children, than to spend their lives in scraping together worldly goods for them.

There is a man living on the bank of the Mississippi River. The world calls him rich, but if he could call back his first-born son he would give up all his wealth. The boy was brought home one day unconscious. When the doctor examined him he turned to the father, who stood at the bedside, and said, "There is no hope." "What!" exclaimed the father, "is it possible my boy has got to

die?" "There is no hope," replied the doctor. "Will he not come to?" asked the father. "He may resume consciousness, but he can not live." "Try all your skill, doctor; I don't want my boy to die." By and by the boy regained a glimmering of consciousness, and when he was told that his death was approaching, he said to his father, "Won't you pray for my lost soul, father? You have never prayed for me." The old man only wept. It was true. During the seventeen years that God had given him his boy he had never spent an hour in prayer for his soul, but the object of his life had been to accumulate wealth for that first-born. Am I speaking to a prayerless father or mother to-night? Settle the question of your soul's salvation and pray for the son or daughter God has given you.

But I have another anecdote to tell. It was Ralph Wells who told me of this one. A certain gentleman had been a member of the Presbyterian Church. His little boy was sick. When he went home his wife was weeping, and she said, "Our boy is dying. He has had a change for the worse. I wish you would go in and see him." The father went into the room and placed his hand on the brow of his dying boy, and could feel that the cold, damp sweat was gathering there; that the cold, icy hand of death was feeling for the chords of life. "Do you know, my boy, that you are dying?" asked the father. "Am I? Is this death? Do you really think I am dying?" "Yes, my son, your end on earth is near." "And will I be with Jesus to-night, father?" "Yes, you will be with the Saviour." "Father, don't you weep, for when I get there I will go right straight to Jesus and tell Him you have been trying all my life to lead me to Him." God has given me two little children, and ever since I can remember I have directed them to Christ, and I would rather they carried this message to Jesus—that I had tried all my life to lead them to Him—than have all the crowns of the earth; and I would rather lead them to Jesus than give them the wealth of the world. If you have got a child, go and point the way. I challenge any man to speak of Heaven without speaking of children. "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Fathers and mothers and professed Christians ignore this sometimes. They go along themselves and never try to get any to Heaven with them. Let us see to this at once, and let us pray that there may be many names written in the Lamb's Book of Life to-night.

XI.

LAYING UP TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

MAT. vi. 20: "But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

IF we are living as God would have us live, we are doing this. There are a great many people who forget that there are eleven commandments. They think there are only ten. The eleventh commandment is: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven." How many of us remember—ah! how many people in Chicago forget the words of the Lord now in His wonderful sermon on the mount: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." How few of our people pay any heed to these words. That's why there are so many broken hearts among us; that's why so many men and women are disappointed and going through the streets with shattered hopes; it's because they have not been laying up treasures in Heaven. They pile up treasures on earth, and some calamity comes upon them and sweeps all away. The Chicago fire burned up a good many of these treasures. A great number of people put their treasures in banks which dissolve, and away they go. Some have put their treasures in railway shares which have all disappeared like a vapor; and that is why so many are broken-hearted to-day and in great distress, and do not know what is before them. If they had taken heed to the words of this commandment this thing would not have happened to them. "Lay up your treasures in Heaven." Instead of noticing this commandment they have let their heart go out to the things of the world. It don't take long in conversation with a man to find out where his heart is. Wherever it is, there is his treasure. Go to a political man and talk to him about Hayes and Wheeler, or

Tilden and Hendricks, on any political question, and how his heart gets ablaze and his eye sparkles. His treasure is in politics. Go talk about a new play to a man who loves the theatre and see how his eye glistens. His heart is set upon pleasure—upon the world. And yet another class, whose heart is set on business. Go to one of them and talk to him about some new speculation, and show him where he can make a few thousand dollars, and you will soon tell where his treasure lies. But talk about Heaven and all interest is lost. I could not help that thought coming to me last night when I saw before me some dozing—some almost asleep, as if they thought I was talking about a myth; and others were sitting with eyes aglow and all attention when I mentioned Heaven. Ah! they expected to go there, and were glad to hear about it.

Some men think it is too far away to lay up their treasures. I was talking to a business man before the fire about laying up treasures in Heaven, and he said, "I like to have my treasure where I can see it." And that is the way with a great many people—they like to have their treasures here so that they can see them. It is a great mistake. People go on accumulating what they must leave behind them. How many here do not devote five minutes to anything else than money-making. It is money, money, money. And if they get it they are satisfied. You will see occasionally in the newspapers an account of a man dying who is worth so many millions. It is a great mistake. He can not take it with him. If it is in business, it ain't his. If it is in banks, it ain't his. If in real estate, he can not take it. It ain't his. Now, ask yourselves to-night, "Where is my treasure?" "Is my heart set upon things down here?" If it is set upon wealth, it will by and by take to itself wings and fly away. Oh, think of this. If your heart is set upon pleasure, it will melt away; if your heart is set upon station, reputation, some tongue may blast it in a moment and it is gone. If your hopes and heart are set upon some loved wife or dear children, whom you have set up in your hearts as an idol in place of your God, death may come and snatch your god from your life. It is wrong to set up anything, however dear to us, in the place of our God. And so it is wrong "to lay up treasures for yourselves upon earth."

Now are you—are the people of Chicago heeding this commandment? Ask yourselves this as you are passing through the street to-morrow: "How many of the people of this city are obey-

ing this commandment, 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven?'"

I remember before the Chicago fire, hearing of a minister coming up to see his son. He found him completely absorbed in real estate. You remember before the fire how every one was mad about real estate. It was a mania with all of us. If we could get a corner lot, no matter whether we threw ourselves in debt or smothered it with mortgages, we were confident that in time when prices went up, we would make our fortune. This minister came up, and when he saw his son he tried to talk about his soul, but it was no use. Real estate was there. He talked about real estate in the morning, in the afternoon, and night. No use of trying to talk of Heaven to him. His only Heaven was real estate. The son had a boy in his store, but he being absent, the father was left to mind the business one day. When a customer came in and started upon the subject of real estate, it was not long before the minister slipped off and was speaking to the customer about his soul, and telling him he would rather have a corner lot in the New Jerusalem than all the corner lots in Chicago. And the people used to say that no real estate could be sold when the father was around. The trouble was, that the son had real estate in his heart—that was his god; he lived to pile up earthly treasures, while his father lived as a pilgrim and a stranger here, with a knowledge of his treasures in Heaven. If we have anything in our hearts which we put up as our god, let us ask Him to come to us and take it away from us.

I remember, when I went to California, just to try and get a few souls saved on the Pacific coast; I went into a school and asked: "Have you got some one who can write a plain hand?" "Yes." Well, we got up the blackboard, and the lesson upon it proved to be the very text we have to-night: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven." And I said: "Suppose we write upon that board some of the earthly treasures? And we will begin with gold." The teacher readily put down gold, and they all comprehended it, for all had run to that country in the hope of finding it. "Well, we will put down 'houses' next, and then 'land.' Next, we will put down fast 'horses.'" They all understood what fast horses were—they knew a great deal more about fast horses than they knew about the kingdom of God. Some of them, I think, actually made fast horses serve as gods. "Next we will put down 'tobacco.'" The teacher seemed to shrink at this. "Put it down," said I, "many a man

thinks more of tobacco than he does of God. Well, then, we will put down 'rum.'" He objected to this—didn't like to put it down at all. "Down with it. Many a man will sell his reputation, will sell his home, his wife, children, everything he has. It is the god of some men." Many here in Chicago will sell their present and their eternal welfare for it. "Put it down," and down it went. "Now," said I, "suppose we put down some of the heavenly treasures. Put down 'Jesus' to head the list; then 'heaven,' then 'river of life,' then 'crown of glory,'" and went on till the column was filled, and then just drew a line and showed the heavenly and the earthly things in contrast. My friends, they could not stand comparison. If a man just does that, he can not but see the superiority of the heavenly over the earthly treasures. Well, it turned out that the teacher was not a Christian. He had gone to California on the usual hunt—gold; and when he saw the two columns placed side by side, the excellence of the one over the other was irresistible, and he was the first soul God gave me on the Pacific coast. He accepted Christ, and that man came to the station when I was coming away, and blessed me for coming to that place.

Those of you who do not lay up your treasures in Heaven will be sure to be disappointed. You can not find a man who has devoted his life to the treasures of this life—not one in the wide, wide world—but who has been disappointed. Something arises in life to sweep all away, or the amount of joy which they expect to obtain from their riches, falls short of their anticipations. If men center their affections on Heaven, they will have no disappointment; all is joy and comfort from that source, and the whole current of their lives will be drifting toward Heaven.

Some one has heard of a farmer who, when a friend of mine called upon him to give something for the Christian Commission, promptly drew a check for \$10,000. He wanted the agent to have dinner with him, and after they had dined, the farmer took the man out on the veranda and pointed to the rich lands sweeping far away, laden with rich products. "Look over these lands," said the farmer, "they are all mine." He took him to the pasture and showed the agent the choice stock, the fine horses he had, and then pointed to a little town, and then to a large hall where he lived; he drew himself up, and his face lit up with pride as he said, "They are all mine. I came here when a poor boy and I have earned all that you see." When he got through, my friend asked

him: "Well, what have you got up yonder?" "Where?" replied the farmer, who evidently knew where my friend meant. "What have you got in Heaven?" "Well," said the farmer, "I haven't anything there." "What!" replied my friend, "you, a man of your discretion, wisdom, business ability, have made no provision for your future!" He hadn't, and in a few weeks he died—a rich man here and a beggar in eternity. A man may be wise in the eyes of the world to pursue this course, but he is a fool in the sight of God. Wealth to most men proves nothing more or less than a great rock upon which their eternity is wrecked.

A great many Christians wonder how it is they don't get on better—how it is that they don't get on. It is because you have got your heart on things down here. When they look toward Heaven they don't have any love for the world. We are then living for another world. We are pilgrims and strangers upon the earth. It is easy to have love for God when we have our treasures there. The reason, then, why so many of us do not grow in Christianity is because we have our treasures here.

Mr. Moorehouse told me he was looking down the harbor of Liverpool one day, when he saw a vessel coming up, and she was being towed up by a tug. The vessel was sunk in the water nearly to her edge, and he wondered it did not sink altogether. Upon inquiry he found that it was loaded with lumber and that it was waterlogged. Another vessel came up, her sails set, no tug assisting her, and she soon darted past the waterlogged vessel. And so it is with some Christians. They are waterlogged. They may belong to a church, and if they find anything in the church disagreeing with them they won't go back. They want the whole church to come out and look for them, and tow them in. If the church don't, they think they are not getting the attention due them. My friends, they are waterlogged, and that's what keeps them from rising in Christianity. When men go up in balloons they take bags of sand with them, and when they want to rise higher they throw them out. There are a great many Christians who have got too many bags of sand, and to rise they want to throw some out. Look at the poor men here in the city—the rich Christians can relieve themselves by giving some of their bags of sand to them. A great many Christians would feel much better if they relieved themselves of their bags of sand. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and if you want to be rich in

eternity, just give to the poor with your heart, and the Lord will bless not only you, but all connected with you.

The next thing is our rest in Heaven. A great many people have got a false idea about the Church. They have got an idea that the Church is a place to rest in. Instead of thinking that it is a place of work, they turn it into a resting-place. To get into a nicely-cushioned pew, and contribute to the charities, listen to the minister, and do their share to keep the Church out of bankruptcy, is all they want. The idea of work for them—actual work in the Church—never enters their mind. In Hebrews we see the words: "There is a rest for the people of God." We have got all eternity to rest in. Here is the place for work. We must work till Jesus comes. This is the place of toil—eternity—of repose. "Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for their works shall follow them." Let us do the work that God gives us to-day. Don't think that you have to rest in the world where God sent His Son, who was murdered. I remember hearing a man who had worked successfully for the Lord complaining that he didn't have the success he used to, and one night he threw himself on his bed, sick of life, and wanting to die. While in this state of mind he dreamed that he was dead, and that he had ascended to Heaven, and as he was walking down the crystal pavement of Paradise, he saw all at once, three friends in a chariot, and when the chariot came opposite to where he was, one of them stepped out and came to him. He noticed that his face was illuminated with a heavenly radiance, and he came to this man and took him to the battlements of Heaven. "Look down," said he, "what do you see?" "I see the dark world," replied the dreamer. "Look down again, and tell me what you see." "I see men walking blindfolded over bridges, and below them are bottomless pits," was the dreamer's reply. "Will you prepare to stay here, or go back to earth and tell those men of their danger—tell them of the bottomless pits over which they walk?" At this, the man awoke from his sleep and said he didn't want to die any more. He just wanted to remain down here and warn his fellow-men from the dangers which surrounded them. When we turn a soul to Christ we do not know what will turn up—what will be the result of it. It may be the means of saving a million souls. The one man may convert another man, and those two may convert a hundred, and that hundred may convert a thousand, and the current keeps widening and widening, deepening and deepening, and as time rolls on the fruit will be

ripening which you have gathered for God. It is a great privilege, my friends, to work for God.

I want to call your attention to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. After Paul mentions Jacob, and Isaac, and Enoch, he says: "They all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Are the Christians of Chicago living like pilgrims and strangers, and by their faith do they show "that they seek another country?" Do they show by their fruits and their deeds that they are pilgrims and strangers here? When I get into a man's mind the beauties of that country beyond the grave, it looks as if his only thought was for it. We are to be pilgrims and strangers passing through this world on our way to a better land. The moment Abraham, by faith, got sight of that land, he declared himself a pilgrim and a stranger. This earth had no charm for him then. Lot might go down to that city of Sodom or Gomorrah, and that city might be burned up. We might fix our affections on this city. Chicago has been burned twice, and it will be burned again—this whole world shall pass away with all its boasted riches and glory, and where shall we be then? If we build our hopes here, we shall be disappointed; if we build our hopes upon that foundation whose builder and maker is God, we shall not be disappointed.

We are told in Matthew to set our affections on things above, and that "there shall be joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." There are rumors of war in Europe, and if war were declared, probably it would excite the whole civilized world. Trade would be affected, and relations of all kinds. I don't know whether it would excite Heaven at all. If the President of the United States issued a proclamation, I don't know whether it would be noticed in Heaven or not, but the papers would speak of it, the people would be excited, and great changes might take place over it. If Queen Victoria died, telegrams would go all over the world, newspapers would speak of it, the whole world would be excited—I don't know if it would be noticed in Heaven at all. But if that little girl there should repent, there would be joy in Heaven. Just think of it—think of a little girl or a little boy being the cause of joy in Heaven. I don't think the papers would record it—they would never notice it. There would be no paragraph in the morning telling the people that there had been joy in Heaven over

the repentance of a little girl in the Tabernacle. "There is joy over one sinner that repenteth." I have been wondering who it is that rejoiced in Heaven when He brought back that lost sheep. We are told that there is joy in the presence of the angels; but who else is it that rejoices? It may be that I am going a little too far, but I think that I have a right to believe that the redeemed saints who have gone up from earth may be led to rejoice when they hear in Heaven of the conversion of some living ones here. Perhaps while I am speaking some loving mother may be looking over the battlements of Heaven on her boy in the gallery yonder, and it may be that while she was on earth she prayed earnestly and constantly, and when she got there she pleaded at the throne for mercy to her son. It may be that as she is watching, some angel will swiftly carry the news to her of that boy's conversion, and take his name there to be recorded in the Book of Life. Perhaps that mother and the Lord Jesus Christ will rejoice over that son, or it may be some daughter. Perhaps it is some child who is looking from that country down to her mother in this hall, and when the news of her acceptance of salvation reaches that little child, she will strike her golden harp and shout: "Mother, mother is coming!" While I was touching on this topic in Manchester I remember a man getting up and shouting: "Oh, mother, I am coming!" The mother had been fruitless in her endeavors to convert that man while on earth, but her intercession there, and the influence of her prayers here, touched his heart and he decided while I was speaking.

I remember in the Exposition building in Dublin, while I was speaking about Heaven, I said something to the effect that at this moment a mother is looking down from Heaven expecting the salvation of her daughter here to-night, and I pointed down to a young lady in the audience! Next morning I received this letter:

"On Wednesday, when you were speaking of Heaven you said, 'It may be this moment there is a mother looking down from Heaven expecting the salvation of her child who is here.' You were apparently looking at the very spot where my child was sitting. My heart said, 'That is *my* child. That is *her* mother.' Tears sprang to my eyes. I bowed my head and prayed: 'Lord, direct that word to my darling child's heart; Lord, save my child.' I was then anxious till the close of the meeting, when I went to her; she was bathed in tears. She rose, put her arms round me,

and kissed me. When walking down to you she told me it was that same remark (about the mother looking down from Heaven) that found the way home to her, and asked me, 'Papa, what can I do for Jesus?'"

May the Spirit of God bring hundreds to the cross of Christ to-night.

XII.

GRACE.

I WANT to call your attention to-night, to just one word. You will find it in a great many places in the Bible. It is a word that you hear, perhaps, as frequently as any other. You hear it repeated in the church Sabbath after Sabbath. You hear professed Christians continually talking about it, and that is the word Grace, and yet it is a question whether there is another word in the English language so little understood as the word Grace. I believe I was a partaker of it years before I knew what it was, and I believe there are hundreds of Christians in Chicago who do not know what it means; and I believe if it were understood more thoroughly, there are hundreds of unbelievers in the city who, within the next twenty-four hours, would be unbelievers no longer. I often think it would be a good thing if some of us would get down Webster's Dictionary and see what some words mean. Grace means undeserved kindness. It is the gift of God to man the moment he sees he is unworthy of God's favor. Whenever we discover this, God will bless us with His grace. And this is free to all. There is not a man or woman in this building to-night, who need go out of it without taking it away with him or her, if they are willing to take it as God gives it to them. We often hear about the discovery of the source of the Nile. Men have been sent out after it, and many have been lost in searching for it; but here is a river that has been flowing for 6,000 years—the river of grace—because it pertains to our eternal welfare. The source of the Nile is of very little consequence in comparison with the river of grace, and yet a great many people give the Nile more attention than they do the other.

Now, you will find in the first chapter of John, fourteenth verse, that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" and in the seventeenth verse, "For the law

was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ. Also in the fifth of Romans, fifteenth verse, "But not as the offense, so also is the free gift"—mark the little word "free." "Free gift." A great many men want to buy the gift; they want to work their way to Heaven—"for, if through the offense of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many." There we have the source of this wonderful stream of grace that has been flowing through the world for 6,000 years; it comes from the heart of the Son of God. "It was full of grace and truth." He came into the world to bless men—not to curse them, not to make them miserable, not to work men's ruin. He came to give the grace of the Son of Man to us, to perfect our happiness. We see this in First of Peter, v. 10: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." Now, men talk much about grace nowadays, but they don't know what it means. We love a man for a little while, and when circumstances arise to make him independent of us our love cools. It is the very reverse with God. He loves those who are independent of Him—those who are at enmity with Him. There is not a rebellious son on this earth whom God does not love, and whom He does not seek to bless. See a man's idea of grace. Let a business man go to a bank here, to-morrow, and borrow a thousand dollars at thirty days, and he gives a note, "I promise to pay." If he is not able to pay at the end of thirty days, he gets three days' grace; and if at the end of that time he can not pay, they seize and sell his store, his house, and everything he's got. Queer kind of grace, that. That is not God's grace. He would cancel the debt; give the man principal and all. God says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Men try to carry their idea of grace into effect by accepting the grace of God. They try to give Him something for His grace, instead of taking their places like poor beggars at the feet of Jesus and accepting the gift. It is free. Let us come to God to-night and ask Him to give us of His grace in fullness.

Who are partakers of this grace? Any man who is willing to repent of his sins—I don't care who he is. He may be the worst man in the city; if he but repents he can have it. Let us turn to Matthew xxi. 28:

"But what think ye? A certain man had two sons: and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.

"He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented, and went.

"And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir, and went not.

"Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

It didn't matter whether they were publicans or harlots; if they only took their places as poor sinners at the feet of Jesus, they received the blessing. They took their gift because they took their places as poor sinners. The chief priests tried to get grace upon their own works. Perhaps they wouldn't associate with these publicans and harlots—they thought they were beyond redemption; wouldn't be seen with them. You, in your self-righteousness would not be seen walking down the streets with that drunkard; he would disgrace you. But if that drunkard but repents and takes his seat at the feet of Christ, the grace of God will flow into his heart. Those who repent are partakers of grace, and that was the lesson He wanted to teach the Jews. They thought themselves a great deal better than the publicans and harlots, and when they crowded around Him, He just wanted to teach them how they could become partakers of eternal life.

I remember preaching one night in winter—one of the coldest winters we had—the winter after the Chicago fire. I had been studying up grace, and it was the first time I had spoken of it, and I was just full of it. I started out of the house, I remember, and the first man I met I asked him if he knew anything about the grace of God, and I tried to preach to him. This man thought I was crazy. I ran on and met another, and finally got up to the meeting. That night I thought perhaps I was speaking to a lot of people who felt as I did about grace, and when I got through I asked any one who would like to hear about grace—who had any interest in it—to stay. I expected some would have stayed, but what was my mortification to see the whole audience rise up and go away. They hadn't any interest in grace; they didn't want to learn anything about grace. I put my coat and hat on and was going out of the hall, when I saw a poor fellow at the back of the

furnace crying. "I want to hear about the grace of God," said he. "You're the very man I want then," said I. "Yes," the poor fellow said, "you said in your sermon that it was free, and I want you to tell me something about it." Well, I got talking to him, and he told me a pitiful story. He had drank away twenty thousand dollars; his home had been broken up, and his wife and children had left him. I spoke to him, and it was not long before we were down together praying. That night I got him a night's lodging in the Bethel, and next day we got him on his feet, and when I went to Europe he was one of the most earnest workers we had. He was just a partaker of grace—believed that the peace of God was sufficient for him, and he took God at His word and he was a saved man. I hope some poor wanderer will come here to-night and will see the force of this lesson. It may be that your home has been all broken up; that your wife has cast you off; that your friends have forsaken you. God will take you and bless you if you but repent. He can do great things; He can raise you from darkness to light, from lowness to highness, and He will go to the corners of the world for a man, if he has sunk into the pit, and will raise him up. He brought me out of the pit and set me up. It was His grace—His grace that did it.

If you have your Bibles with you just turn to Mark vii. 24: "And from thence he arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it, but he could not be hid." I tell you, when a man is full of Christ he can not be hid. Your light can not be hid if your life is filled with truth. "For a certain woman, whose daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of Him and came and fell at His feet. The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation"—that is, a Gentile—"and she besought Him that He would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto dogs. And she answered and said unto Him, Yes, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs: and He said unto her, For this saying, go thy way, the devil is gone out of thy daughter." Now, I can just imagine how some here would have looked if He had said this to them. He was surrounded by Jews, and He wanted to teach them a lesson; but if that woman had been like some of us here she would have said: "I am as good as a Jew; I am no dog. I know a woman who lives

next door to me. She is a very good woman, but I'm as good as she, and I don't want to be treated like a dog. I know lots of Jews who were no better than me," and so she might have gone off and lost her gift. But what does she do? She merely said, "Yes, I am a Gentile dog, but the crumbs that fall under the table the dogs eat." She asked for the crumbs, and He gave her a whole loaf. She knew how to get a blessing. She came and fell at His feet. She wanted a blessing, and she took an humble position. It pleased Him. He went clear up to Tyre and Sidon just to find that woman. He wanted just to find that woman to show the Jews how to get grace. And so, my friends, you must take your blessing in the same way. We must become as beggars—we must be stripped of every particle of self-righteousness. Whenever we do that, the God of grace will meet us and deal bountifully with us.

Turn to the seventh chapter of Luke. You know when He was here He was always trying to teach the Jews how to accept grace. They wanted to get it by their own works—wanted to do something for it. There are a great many people here who do not believe in the doctrine as a gift, as something for nothing—as a gift from God.

"Now, when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum.

"And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick and ready to die.

"And when he heard of Jesus he sent unto Him the elders of the Jews, beseeching Him that He would come and heal his servant.

"And when they came to Jesus they besought Him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom He should do this."

Now that was the Jews' idea, and it is ours. We went a blessing, because we have done something worthy of it. They said, "Now, Lord, You must give this centurion a blessing; he has been a good servant to the nation, and he is worthy of Your blessing. For he loveth our nation and he hath built a synagogue." So you say this and that man is worthy of the grace of God. He has given \$100 to such a charity and \$500 to another one. It don't matter where he got it. He might have made it by distilling whiskey—it don't matter; might have made it in stock gambling—oh, he is worthy. He gave a thousand dollars to build that church on the West Side; he has been liberal to the poor; he contributes

to all the charities—he is worthy. You will hear people say, “If anybody will go to Heaven, so-and-so will.” Why? Because he has built a church. And so they said the centurion had built a synagogue, and was worthy of grace. Jesus wanted to teach the Jews a lesson. “Then Jesus went with them”—left His work, and away He went. “And when He was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to Him, saying unto Him, Lord, trouble not Thyself, for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; wherefore, neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee; but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed.” See that. “Lord, don’t you trouble yourself, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof.” He was not worthy that Christ should come under his roof, and because he felt he was not worthy of grace he got it. This attitude was sweet to Him—it was like a cup of refreshment to find one man who felt that he needed grace, and he got the blessing. The Jews gathered around, and Jesus marveled at the centurion, and told them that He “had not found so great faith—no, not in Israel.” He had but faith and his servant was all right. That is grace, my friends. If you want to be saved, don’t you go and say, I am as good as other people, and I am worthy of grace. A good many people speak like this, but the Lord does not save them. A man does not get grace till he comes down to the ground—till he sees he needs grace. When a man stoops to the dust and acknowledges that he needs mercy, then it is that the Lord will give him a blessing. If you are ready to partake of grace, you have not to atone for your sin—you have merely to accept of the atonement. All that you want to do is to cry, “God have mercy upon me,” and you will receive the blessing.

There were one or two women in the inquiry-room last night who said to me, “I am going to try and become a Christian.” “Well,” said I, “you may as well not try at all.” “What,” said they, “you would not have us try?” “No,” said I, “as soon as you stop trying you will become a Christian.” In the north of England, at a meeting, I urged all the men and women to stop trying to save themselves, and told them that whenever they did then there was some hope. Down came a woman from the gallery at the close of the meeting, and said, “Mr. Moody, you have made me more wretched than ever. You told us in your sermon that we had better stop trying to save ourselves, and I have been trying to save

myself for many years. I was in hopes of becoming a Christian some day, but now if I stop trying, what will become of me?" "The Lord will save you when you stop trying to save yourself," I told her; "for salvation is a gift, and you must take it as a gift." And then I got her attention to a few passages of Scripture, and she saw what grace was. And if there is a man or woman here to-night who have been trying to save themselves, they may as well stop, and accept Him who came to save you.

As I told you last night, by grace are you saved, not by good deeds or good works. We work from the cross, not toward it; we work because we are saved, not to be saved. No man or woman has ever been saved who has been trying to save themselves.

I remember when I was a boy, and went to Boston, I went to the post-office two or three times a day to see if there was a letter for me. I knew there was not, as there was but one mail a day. I had not had any employment and was very homesick, and so went constantly to the post-office, thinking perhaps when the mail did come in, my letter had been mislaid. At last, however, I got a letter. It was from my youngest sister, the first letter she ever wrote me. I opened it with a light heart, thinking there was some good news from home, but the burden of the whole letter was that she had heard there were pickpockets in Boston, and warned me to take care of them. I thought I would better get some money in hand first, and then I might take care of pickpockets. And so you must take care to remember salvation is a gift. You don't work for salvation, but work day and night after you have got it. Get it first before you do anything, but don't try to get it yourself. Look at what Paul says in Ephesians: "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourself, it is the gift of God"—it is the gift of God—"Not of works, lest any man should boast." There is one thing we know—we have all got to get into Heaven the same way. We can not work our way there; we have to take our salvation from God. Turn again to Timothy, and we read: "Who hath saved us and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

I want to call your attention to the passage, "Not according to your works." Not because a man has given liberally to the poor; not because he has built a church or endowed a university or a seminary; not because of our works shall we receive grace—it is a free

gift. If a man is unsaved, it is not because he has done few good works, or because he has no money, but because he would not accept the gift.

In the days of Paul, the Jews were stumbling over their own salvation, as many people are now, for we see, in Romans, he says: "And if by grace, then it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more of grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more of grace, otherwise work is no more work." Now, the reasoning is this: If you work out your salvation, you take yourself right off the ground of grace. Suppose I say, "Any man or woman can have that book (Mr. Moody holding up his Bible), they can have it for nothing; I will give it to any of you as a gift," and at the close a young man comes up and says, "Mr. Moody, I have heard a great deal about that Book; I would like to have it." "Well," I say, "there it is—take it away." "Ah, but," he might say, "I don't want it that way; I will give you a little something for it—just a little." "I'm not selling Bibles, I give it away," I say. "Well, but I don't like to take it that way," and he takes his pocket-book out and says, "I know that Bible is worth a great deal more than I will give you, but here's a dollar for you." Suppose I take that dollar, and he goes home, and when his wife asks him where he got that Bible he says, "I bought it." It is not a gift at all. Salvation is the same; it is a gift, and if you try to buy it you don't get the gift. We must go like poor beggars, and take it as a gift. We can not get it by deeds. It is worth walking round this world bare-foot for, worth climbing the highest mountains and swimming the roughest rivers. But this can not get it. It is offered as a gift—salvation is offered to the whole world. Suppose Queen Victoria gives a man a pardon, and when he hears about it he says, "That is very good of the Queen—very good of her. Here's a penny; I will send it to her." You smile at that; but the King of Heaven has been down here and offered you a pardon—offered you salvation as a free gift. Who will take it as a gift? Who will have it as a gift? Will you? (pointing to one in the audience). You can be saved right here, sitting in that chair. He came to the Jews and offered them pardon, but they said, "We don't want You here." Only a few accepted Him, and "to as many as received Him, these have the power to become the sons of God."

"The grace of God hath power to bring salvation to all men;" and if a man is unsaved, it is because he wants to work it out; he wants

to receive salvation in some other way than God's way; but we are told that "he that climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber." I remember hearing of a man who dreamt that he built a ladder from earth to Heaven, and when he did a good deed, up went his ladder a few feet. When he did a very good deed his ladder went higher, and when he gave away large sums of money to the poor, up it went further still. By and by it went out of sight, and years rolled on, and it went up; he thought past the clouds, clear into Heaven. When he died he thought he would step off his ladder into Heaven, but he heard a voice roll out from Paradise: "He that climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber," and down he came, ladder and all, and he awoke. He said if he wanted to get salvation he must get it another way than by good deeds, and he took the other way. Who will take this gift? If Gabriel was to wing his way from the throne of God, and come down here and say he had been sent from Heaven to give you any gift you chose, what would you ask for? Would you ask for money? No; you will soon leave the world. Would you ask for position, glory? No; they are mere baubles. But ask for eternal life. Eternal life! Gabriel has not come to-night, but the Son of Man has come, and offers you eternal life for nothing. Is there one here to-night who will accept it as a gift? Rowland Hill used to say that auctioneers had hard work to get people to come up to their prices, but he had hard work to get people to come down to his. It costs nothing—free to all. Is there no one here who will take it?

One more point. There was never a man or woman who partook of the grace of God that would part with it again for all the world. I never knew one. Did you, Mr. — (turning to some one on the platform)? No; never. You never will hear of one who has taken the gift repenting of it. A man told me the other day about a lady who came to him and said she had nearly lost her hope. She was in a sad state of mind. "Lost all your hope?" he asked. "No, not all; I've a little left." "Well," said he, "how much would you take for the little you have left? Now, would you take a thousand dollars for what hope you have left?" That is the way to put it. No one would part with any portion of their hope; and when it was put to this lady, she was like every other one who has got grace.

All things of earth will die and the world will float away; but a

place in a world which will last for eternity is offered you in the Tabernacle to-night, and just go home and thank God for it—you needn't go home, you can take it here. Is there any one who will take it to-night? In New York City, during a meeting one night, I pointed to a man and asked him, "Will you take the gift of the grace of God?" and he simply bowed his head. I met him in the inquiry-room, and asked him, "How long have you been a Christian, my friend?" He said, "While in the meeting to-night you pointed at me and asked me to accept grace, and I just took it when I bowed my head."

My friends, the world goes stumbling over works and deeds to get at grace. It is right here—the grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men, and you need not go around the world after it. The gift lies at the very door of your heart. May God bless every soul in the room to-night, and may they be led to accept the gift of grace offered to them. Let us bow our heads in silent prayer.

XIII.

SECOND SERMON ON GRACE.

LAST evening you will recollect my subject was "Grace," but I only said half what I wished to say, and so would just like to commence where I left off. I find a great many people saying they would like to become Christians if they had strength to lead Christian lives—they would become Christians if they thought they could hold out; they are afraid that they can not maintain their conversion. My friends, that is what the grace of God is for—to give you strength. After it is accepted there is no trouble about us not standing firm. If we only take it, I don't care how broken you are; I don't care how weak you are; don't care how liable to fall—God's grace will keep you from falling. Just turn to Romans v.: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace"—access into this grace—"wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." In these two verses there are three precious words, peace, grace, and glory. We look back to Calvary and there, by faith, see the Son of God bleeding and dying for our sins, and the blood brings peace to our guilty conscience. Then we have grace for the present, grace from day to day, and then the next thing is glory, which we will have in eternity. They are three precious words—peace for the past, grace for the present, and glory for the future. Why, my brethren, the best is in store for us. We shall see the King in His glory by and by, when we reach those realms of eternal delight, after we have passed through the land. A great many people are satisfied with the finished work of Calvary; they don't see—they forget about the glory that is coming. Until that time He has left grace to sustain us. If you get this grand and glorious truth in your heart you will not be doubting God; you will not be thinking He can not keep you. He has plenty of power—plenty of grace to keep you all—to keep every one of the sons of Adam.

There is another thing. Turn to the twenty-first verse of fifth Romans, and you'll read: "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." Death reigns now. "Sin hath reigned unto death," and this is like the old saying, "The end of the rope is the end of the law." If I commit a murder and am taken into the court, tried, and condemned to be hung, when that sentence is carried out, the moment my life left my body, it would be the end of the law. They would give my body to my friends, who would bury it. That would be the end of the law. The grace of God is not like that. "Sin reigned unto death," but the grace of God reigns to life eternal. It carries the body to the promised land, and gives us a crown of glory. "Sin reigned unto death;" but the grace reigns unto life eternal through Jesus Christ. Moses was the representative of God, and he brought the people of Israel to the banks of the Jordan, which means death; but he could not take them over. God took him to the top of Pisgah and showed him the promised land, but He would not permit him to enter. But after he died God called Joshua, which means Jesus, and He led them through death and judgment to the promised land. And John the Baptist led them to the Jordan and baptized the people, but that was all he could do. Jesus Christ came and put them on the resurrection ground. If we have Jesus Christ we are not going to perish. All that the grave can do is to shelter our body; there is a life beyond for every true believer who accepts grace. Oh, the glorious grace, the matchless grace of God, how it ought to lift us up, and how each one ought to praise God day and night.

One of the best things in the hymn-book we use I think is No. 16, which begins:

"Free from the law, oh happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission;
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us, once for all."

Grace hath redeemed us. We are brought out from under the curse of the law. Grace was the end of the law. Therefore, if I am in Christ the law has spent its force, and I am free from it. See in Romans vi. 14-15, it says, "For sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace. What then? Shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace?"

God forbid." Now, there are a great many people who are not living above the law, but who are still living under it. Why, Christ died to redeem us from the curse of the law. All the way from Heaven He came, and that's what he came for. He wants to bring you out from under the law, and if we accept grace our freedom is accomplished.

Just turn to Deuteronomy xxi. 18. If we were under the law as those people were we would see strange things in Chicago. If a man was a drunkard or a thief, instead of going after the poor sinner and trying to show him the pardon he is offered, we would just take him to the Court House square and stone him. It says here:

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them;

"Then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place;

"And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard.

"And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die; so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear."

Ah! if this were the law now there would be a strange state of things in Chicago. If they were taking all the drunkards out and stoning them, what would become of the rum-sellers? Their trade would be gone in a week. We are not free from the law till we are in Christ Jesus. If we disobey the law and spurn the grace of God—spurn the gift of God—judgment will come upon us. It is only a question of time.

But the thought I want to call your attention to is this: There is a great difference between grace and law. The law makes a man see his guilt, and grace takes the guilt away. About the first miracle Moses performed was by just stretching his rod over the waters and turning them into blood, or death. Christ turned the water into wine—life. When the law was given through Moses at Mount Sinai three thousand men lost their lives; but at Pentecost three thousand men got life. The law is to stone him; grace to forgive him. The law to smite him; grace to sustain him. The Prodigal, after wasting his life in riotous living, came home to his father's house. He expected law, but he got grace. Instead of his

father smiting him, he kissed him. The law says, cast him out; grace, receive and bless him.

I remember, when a boy, I used to go to an old school in New England. We used to have a quick-tempered master, who used always to keep a rattan, and it was, If you will not do this and that you will be punished. I remember many a time of this rattan being laid on my back. I think I can almost feel it now. He used to rule that school by the law. But there was somebody who began to get up a movement in favor of controlling the school by love. A great many said, You can never do that with those unruly boys; but after some talk it was at last decided to try it. I remember how we thought of the good time we would have that winter, when the rattan would be out of the school. We thought we would then have all the fun we wanted. I remember who the teacher was—it was a lady—and she opened the school with prayer. We hadn't seen it done before, and we were impressed, especially when she prayed that she might have grace and strength to rule the school with love. Well, the school went on for several weeks and we saw no rattan; but at last the rules were broken, and I think I was the first boy to break them. She told me to wait until after school, and then she would see me. I thought the rattan was coming out, sure, and stretched myself up in a warlike attitude. After school, however, I didn't see the rattan, but she sat down by me and told me how she loved me, and how she had prayed to be able to rule that school by love, and concluded by saying, "I want to ask you one favor, that is, if you love me, try and be a good boy," and I never gave her trouble again. She put me under grace. That is what the Lord does. Accept eternal life, if you love me. That is the difference between law and grace.

Take another illustration. A boy goes to school. He is with a schoolmaster called Mr. Law. The master comes to him and says, "Charlie, wouldn't you like to go into the other room, into Miss Grace's class?" "Yes, I don't mind if I do;" and he is put into Miss Grace's class. That is the teacher for the boy. He is behaving himself now—he is behaving from a different motive. By and by the old teacher comes to him and says, You must do so and so. "No, I won't; I am under Miss Grace now, and I won't do it unless she says so." He has got out from under the law—from the schoolmaster with the rattan—by grace, and he likes his new system so well that he wouldn't go back. That is grace. We are under the curse, and every man and woman under the curse, is brought out

from under it only by grace. I would rather a thousand times be under grace than under the law, and every one who partakes of it will be of the same opinion.

The next thought that suggests itself is, how am I going to get this grace? I don't know how many people have come to me during the past few days and said, "Mr. Moody, I don't feel able to go into the inquiry-room and talk to men and women about Jesus; I don't feel that I am good enough to talk to my husband about his soul. I am not a strong enough Christian." They haven't got grace. That's the condition of many of us. We don't want it. We are half-starved Christians; we're not fit to go out and work. Therefore, it is a very important truth that should come home to every heart here, that if we have taken God's grace—that if our hearts are filled with it, only then will we have a surplus, and be ready to go out and preach to others.

Dr. Bonar used to illustrate this by saying that if we filled a tumbler with water, and got it perfectly full, and then touched the surface with our finger, it would flow over. So it is with grace. If our hearts are filled with grace the slightest pressure in His cause will make it flow over, and we will only be anxious to do battle for Him. That woman who came to Jesus Christ—that woman who had had an issue of blood for many years—but came and touched Him, and she received grace. How are you going to get it? Come boldly to the throne of grace and take it. There is not a poor wanderer here who can not come to the throne of grace and get it. And you can take an abundance of it. There is an inexhaustible fountain of it. Fathers and mothers will tell their sons to be careful—not to spend all they get; keep something for a rainy day. This is all very well, but don't apply to the grace of God. You can be extravagant. You needn't think that you won't have any tomorrow. Go boldly and take all you want.

There is a story told of Alexander the Great. A general in his army was a great favorite with him, and he told him to draw anything from his treasury that he wanted. Well, he presented a bill to the treasurer, and the treasurer wouldn't honor it. It was for such an enormous amount that the treasurer was astonished. The General went rushing to the Emperor and told him, and he called the treasurer and said, "Didn't I tell you to honor the draft of the General?" "But," replied the treasurer, "do you understand its amount?" "Never mind what it is," replied the Emperor, "he

honors me and my kingdom by making a great draft." And so we honor God by asking for grace in abundance. I tell you, my friends, it is a pity there are so many half-starved, mean Christians around when God says, "Come and get all you want."

I remember when Dr. Arnott, who has gone to God, was in this city. While delivering a sermon he used an illustration. The sermon and text have all gone, but that illustration is fresh upon my mind to-night and brings home the truth. He said: "You have been sometimes out at dinner with a friend, and you have seen the faithful household dog standing watching every mouthful his master takes. All the crumbs that fall on the floor he picks up and seems eager for them, but when his master takes a plate of beef and puts it on the floor and says, 'Rover, here's something for you,' he comes up and smells it, looks at his master, and goes away to a corner of the room. He was willing to eat the crumbs, but he wouldn't touch the roast beef—thought it was too good for him." That is the way with a good many Christians. They are willing to take the crumbs, but not willing to take all God wants. Come boldly to the throne of grace and get the help we need; there is an abundance for every man, woman, and child in this assemblage.

While Mr. Sankey and myself were in Europe I remember we got Chicago papers, and read about a great panic here. If I recollect right, it broke nearly every bank in Chicago. For 6,000 years God has been trying to get a run upon the Bank of Heaven, but He can not get it. That's just what He wants. So, mother, if you have a wayward or a drunken son, go boldly to the throne of grace for your boy and He will give you mercy; He will hear your prayers and answer them.

There are a good many Christians who are continually brooding over their misfortunes. They turn them over and over, and look at them from all sides. They look at the past in sorrow, and look down to the future and imagine it has great trials and troubles in store for them, and just sling them on their back and go reeling under their burden. They are not fit to carry them, and they are not fit to work for God. A man said some time ago to me: "Would you be willing to go to the stake and be burned?" "I don't know that I should. No;" I replied, "if I were going to die at the stake God would give me grace to die. Time enough to think about that when the time came. I would rather have grace to do the work]

am doing. I do not want to die a martyr's death; but if I had to die, God would give me grace to do it." And so a great many people are afraid when they look forward to their dying hour. When they die, if they are Christians, the grace of God will be given to them. My friends, God will hold you, for He says: "I, thy God, will hold thy right hand."

When we get so full of this grace, we want to see every one blessed—we want to see all the churches blessed—not only all the churches here, but in the whole country. That was the trouble with Christ's disciples. He had hard work to make them understand that His Gospel was for every one, that it was a stream to flow out to all nations of the earth. They wanted to confine it to the Jews, and He had to convince them that it was for every living being. We must not limit the mighty grace of God. Turn to 2 Corinthians, ix. 8: "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." He has got grace enough so that each one of us can be clothed for His service. It is not because God can not use us, it is not because God has not enough to clothe us for His service, that we can not work, but because we do not come and ask Him. Now, He bids every man and woman in this assembly to take it to-night. Suppose a man came to me and said: "Mr. Moody, there is a million dollars for you deposited at the First National Bank of Chicago; take it all." Well, I am a poor man, and I accept it. And suppose I go to-morrow and draw a dollar, and take it home and say, "Wife, a man gave me a million dollars—here's a dollar for you, take care of it; times are hard, and money is scarce." "Why," she would say, "Moody has gone mad." That's your condition. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are drawing a dollar when God wants them to draw a thousand. He wants you to take all you need, while you are living like half-starved Christians, just as if you were dwelling in a land with a famine.

Then there is another verse I want to call your attention to in Second Corinthians, xii. 7: "And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure." Now a great many people are continually praying God to take the thorn out of their flesh. These thorns in the flesh are put there for a purpose—for our good. They are put there "lest we be exalted above measure."

I think there will be more men who will rise up at judgment and thank God for persecution and misfortune than for prosperity. Prosperity has done less to benefit men than misfortune, and we can find that out by just looking around. I believe that Paul felt more thankful for his stripes than for anything else on earth. If we ask God for more grace, we can bear all the thorns of the flesh. Let us go boldly and get all the strength we need.

I remember when my little girl was four years old, how she teased her mother to buy her a muff. At last she got her one. I remember it was in the winter; and when I got home, she said: "Papa, won't you go out with me, I have got a new muff." Well, I went out, and I said, the ground being covered with ice, "Let me take your hand, Emma; the ground is very slippery, and you will fall." "O, no," she said, "I want to walk by myself, and put my hands in my muff, as other people do." Well, she went along a little piece, when she slipped and fell. She got up again, and I again wanted to take hold of her hand, but she wouldn't, and went along for a little, when down she went again. She got up a second time and walked along. But by and by her feet went from under her once more, and away she went. Then she said: "Papa, just let me take hold of your little finger." "Well," said I, "Emma, let me give you my whole hand." But she wouldn't; she would have it her own way. And that is the way with a good many of us; we want to follow our own way, and God just lets us have it. By and by her feet went from under her again, and down she went. Then she asked me to give her my hand, and I slipped it over her wrist, and we went along all right. So we must accept grace fully, and it will keep us up. We must not take a little to lean on—we must take abundance. Let us take it abundantly, for there is plenty of it.

There is a story in Kings, one of the sweetest in the whole Bible. It would be a good thing if we knew our Bibles from back to back better than we do. There would not be so much talk of backsliding.

In the days of Elijah, one of the prophets died and left his wife in debt. He was something like one of the students in our theological seminaries might be. The law was very rigid in those days. This woman did not only lose her husband, but had a family of two boys, and I suppose her household goods were to be sold, and her boys sent to slavery. She knew the man of God, and went to Elijah and told him her story. When she got through, he might have said: "What have you got to pay the debt with?" "I haven't

got anything," was the answer. "Well, how many pots of oil have you in the house?" "There is only one pot of oil in the house, not another thing." "Go home, borrow all the vessels you can, borrow not a few." I like that phrase—"not a few." "Borrow these and put the oil into the empty vessels." The woman took him at his word. I can imagine her going to her next door neighbor and knocking, and when her neighbor came to the door, asking, "Have you got any vessels you can lend?" "How many do you want?" "Want all you've got." Well, I can just see her taking away those vessels, and her boys—some of the vessels as big as the boys—dragging them along to the house. Then she went to another house, and knocked at the door, and said: "How many vessels have you got to lend?" "Oh, I have a few, but some of them are not very clean." "Well, never mind that, I will wash them." And away they went to the house. I suppose in a short time she had a room packed full of vessels, and all the neighbors, if they liked gossip as well as people do in these days, were all turned out to see what was the matter. When she had got all the vessels in the neighborhood gathered there, she just said: "Now, my sons"—perhaps the two boys were named Johnny and Jimmy—"you just take up the pot of oil and fill those vessels." They fill one, and then they look into the pot, and find, to their amazement, it is as full as ever. The boys never saw such oil as that. And they kept filling the vessels with the oil, and it didn't seem to get any lower. When they had got through with all the vessels, the boys said: "Mother, that is the last one," and there was as much in the jar as ever. And she started out to the man of God and told him the story, and he said to her: "Go home and sell your oil and pay your debts." God not only comes down to us and forgives our sins, but He gives us grace. He did not come down here only to pardon us and then leave us in prison. He did not leave us to fight the battle alone. He gives us grace to overcome all our difficulties. God's grace is offered freely, and every man and woman can be saved if they will.

I remember hearing about a man who had a wayward boy in California, who ran away from home, and he never heard anything that was good about him. Two reports that came said he was dissipated, gambling, and drinking. He was a prodigal. Letters sent by the father were unheeded. But at last one of the neighbors was going out to the Pacific coast, and the father called on him and said, "If you find my boy tell him that my love for him is unchanged; tell

him to come home and all will be forgiven." The neighbor went out to California, and found him, after searching some time—found him one night past midnight in a gambling den. He took him aside and told the message from his father, and he said to him, "I have just come from your father, and he wanted me to find you and tell you that his love was as strong as ever; and if you will only come home, all will be forgiven." The boy was completely melted, and tears trickled down his cheeks. And that is the way with a great many sinners. They doubt that God is willing to save them, when His love is as strong as ever, in spite of their many transgressions. We have been praying for intemperate men at this afternoon's prayer-meeting. Some of you, perhaps, will think that God can not save you, but God's grace is able to give you victory, and, though a besotted drunkard, to snap your thirst for liquor.

I remember going into a young converts' meeting in Philadelphia, where I heard a story that thrilled my soul. A young man said he had been a great drunkard. He had lost one situation after another, till finally he came to the very dregs. He left Philadelphia, and went first to Washington, and then to Baltimore. One night he came back to Philadelphia. He had lost his key and could not get into his home. He was afraid to go into the house while the people were stirring, so he staid outside watching till all had retired. He knew that after that there would be at least one who would hear him and come to the door. He went, he knocked; when he heard the footsteps of his mother. "Oh, Edward," said she, "I am so glad to see you." She did not reprove him; did not rebuke him. He went up-stairs and did not come down for two days. When he came down, the servants were walking about the house very softly; everything was quiet. They told him that his mother was at the point of death. His brother was a physician, and he went to him and asked him if it was so. "Yes, Ned," said he, "mother can not live." He immediately went up-stairs, and asked his mother's forgiveness, and prayed to his mother's God to have mercy upon him. "And God," said he, "my mother's God, heard my prayers." And as the tears trickled down his face he said, "God has kept me straight these four years in the face of all trials." Oh, sinner, ask for His grace and might; do not turn Him away. Oh, to-night let Him save you.

XIV.

WORK FOR EVERY MAN.

MARK xiii. 34: "For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch."

THERE are quite a number of leaves coming out of my Bible at the places where I have preached from it the most. The third chapter of John is loose, and so is this thirteenth of Mark, "To every man his work." Now, by reading that verse carefully it don't read, "to every man some work," or "to every man a work," but "to every man his work." And I believe, if the truth was known, that every man and woman in this assembly has a work laid out for them to do; that every man's life is a plan of the Almighty, and way back in the councils of eternity God laid out a work for each one of us. There is no man living that can do the work that God has got for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if the work ain't done, we will have to answer for it when we stand before God's bar. For it says: "Every man shall be brought unto judgment, and every one shall give an account of the deeds done in the body." And it seems to me that every one of us ought to take this question home to-night: "Well, am I doing the work that God has for me to do?" God has got a work for every one of us to do. Now, in the parable the man who had two talents had the same reward as the man who had five talents. He heard the same words as the man who had five talents: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The men that take good care of the talents that God has loaned them, He always gives them more. But if we take the talent that God has given us and lay it away carefully in a napkin and bury it away, God will take even that from us. God don't want a man that has got one talent to do the work of a man that has got ten. All a man has got to answer for is the one that God has given each man. If we were all of us doing the work that God has

got for us to do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance? I believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it," and that is what the Church wants to-day. Every one of you has his own appointed task, and no minister, or deacon, or elder, or steward can possibly do it for you.

A great many Christians are weak and sickly, and all the time getting into Doubting Castle, because they don't have this text thoroughly fixed in their hearts. I sometimes think it would be a good plan to watch the records of the churches, and when anybody wants to join, to have the minister ask him, "What do you want to come in for? Is it to get out of trouble, and to sleep and take it easy? If that is the case, we don't want you; we have plenty of such members already." What a pity that there should be so many silent partners, or, as the English call it, sleeping partners, in this business of carrying on the salvation of souls. What a misfortune it would be if your child should not grow any for ten or fifteen years; but that is just the case with a great many of the Lord's children here in Chicago. I know some of them who are praying the same old prayers to-day that they were praying in 1856, when I first came out here; they haven't grown a bit in all that time. The reason of it is because they have not done their work.

What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out anything. You go every Sunday and hear good sermons, and think that is enough. You are all the time receiving these grand truths, but never give them out. When you hear it, go and scatter the sacred truth abroad. Instead of having one minister to preach to a thousand people, this thousand ought to take a sermon and spread it till it reaches those who never go to church or chapel. Instead of having a few, we ought to have thousands using the precious talents that God has given them.

You think it is a great misfortune if a child is dumb; but God has a great many dumb children; they can talk politics, or business, or gossip fast enough, but they tell their pastor not to call on them to pray or speak in meeting; they could not think of doing such a thing—have no gift of speech at all. About nine-tenths of the people are dwarfs, and cripples, and deaf and dumb, and a good many of them are almost dead.

There are many of us that are willing to do great things for the

Lord; but few of us are willing to do little things. The mighty sermon on regeneration was preached to one man. There are many who are willing to preach to thousands, but are not willing to take their seat beside one soul, and lead that soul to the blessed Jesus. We must get down to personal effort—this bringing one by one to the Son of God. We can find no better example of this than in the life of Christ Himself. Look at that wonderful sermon that He preached to that lone woman at the well of Samaria. He was tired and weary, but He had time and the heart to preach to her. This is but one of many instances in the life of the Master from which we may learn a precious lesson. If the Son of God had time to preach to one soul, can not every one of us go and do the same? If people, instead of coming to these meetings, folding up their arms and enjoying themselves, without personal effort, would wake up to the fact that they have a work to do, what a wonderful work could be done! It is not enough to come to these meetings; we want ten thousand workers in this city. We want ten thousand men and women that are willing to say, "Lord, here am I, use me." Ten thousand of such people would revolutionize this city in a little while. Look at the work of the mighty Wesley. The world never saw a hundred such men living at the same time. The trouble is, we are afraid to speak to men about their souls. Let us ask God to give us grace to overcome this man-fearing spirit. There is a wife, but she dare not speak to her husband about his soul. There is a father who is afraid to speak to a son about his soul. What we want to do is to speak to our neighbors about these things. We call it a little work, but let me say to you it is a great deal. If we would do this, we might turn ten thousand to the Son of God.

You know the old-country fashion of holding meetings in the school-houses at early candle-light. Well, when it begins to grow dark, a man comes and brings his candle; goes into the dark room and strikes a light. That one tallow-candle can't do much toward lighting up the school-house, but pretty soon another man comes and brings his candle, and then another, and another; and, by the time they have a hundred candles lighted, the place is pretty well lit up. Now, my friends, you can not all of you be light-houses, but every one of you ought to be at least a tallow-candle. I have heard people say, "Oh, I have only one talent; if I had ten talents, like somebody else, I might be of some use;" and that is nothing but pride. The text says, every man to his work. You don't need

talents to do somebody else's work, and every one of you has talent enough for his own work. I haven't any talent for singing: Mr. Sankey hasn't a very great talent for preaching. God has appointed to each of us his own work, and to every other man, woman, and child in the whole world.

Somebody invited me to go down to the dog market in London one day. He said they were going to have some preaching down there among those rough people. The streets were crowded with the roughest-looking set I ever saw. Almost everybody had something to sell: a pup, or a fighting-cock, or something in that line, which he wanted to sell to get liquor. The preachers came and tried to be heard, but the people paid no attention to them. By and by some one said, "Moody, you are from America; get up and tell them who you are, and they will listen to you."

So they did for awhile, for those people think that America is the next thing to Paradise. But as soon as I began to tell them about a better place than America, and invite them all to go to Heaven, they hurried away from me and went on with their dog-fighting and their cock-fighting. At last there came a rough man who had been converted right out from among that rough crowd; and when he got up on the chair and began to speak, all his old mates crowded around to hear him tell the story of the Cross. God had given him a work to do among those lost sinners which He had not given to any of the rest of us; there are plenty of people who would take things from you that they wouldn't take from the minister.

There was a man at the Washington Market in Philadelphia, who was converted in our meetings there, and after that he used to look up his friends and neighbors, and bring them into the meetings, go with them into the inquiry-rooms, and read the Bible and pray with them, one after another, till they found Christ, and then he would go and look up somebody else. After we got through I said to him: "I wish you would bring me a list of those people," for I knew he had kept one; and he brought me a paper with fifty-nine names and addresses on it of persons whom he had that winter led to the Saviour. There is a kind of work which every one of you can do.

There is another lesson I want you to learn, viz.: God will give us just as many talents as we make good use of, and if we use one talent well, He will give us two; if we make good use of five, He will give us ten. Don't you remember the Master asking the dis-

ciples what they had to feed the multitude with? They said five loaves and a few fishes. "It is enough," said the Master, "bring them to me." And then I can seem to see one of the disciples, Andrew, perhaps, taking one of the loaves, after the Master had blessed it, to go out and feed the people. May be he did not have very much faith, and so broke off a little piece to give to the first man, thinking to make the bread hold out; but there was no less after he had broken off the little piece, so he breaks off a bigger one, and it does not seem to reduce the size of the loaf any, and so his faith gets larger and he goes on, breaking off big pieces, giving the people as much as they need. One of the Scotch brethren said he had no doubt but every man in the whole camp of Israel believed that God could use him to go out and fight against Goliath, but David was the only man among them who believed that God would do it. What we want is to believe that God will use us, that He actually gives us a work to do for Him, a work that is our own, and which if not done by us will never be done at all, and then let us take hold of the work feeling perfectly sure that we can do it with God's help. What a mighty work of grace there would be going on among us if there were two or three thousand Christians watching for souls to lead to Christ.

When we were in Belfast, there was a man who heard about leading souls to Christ. He began by talking to his wife, and to his servant, and to his children, and just as we were leaving Belfast, they were very much interested, but not converted. He came down to Dublin—broke up his home, left his business, and came to Dublin. One night he came to me, very joyous, and he says, "My wife has been converted." A little while after he came and said, "My younger son has been converted;" and a little while after he said, "My oldest son has been converted." And now the whole family is in the ark. And he came over to Manchester, and he came up to London, and now, perhaps, in all Belfast, there is not one that works harder than that whole family. Look at this man's success. He found his work was right there in his own household; and if the fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, will try to bring the members of their families to Christ, and cry, "O God, teach me what my work is," the Spirit of God will surely tell them what their work is, and then, if they are ready to go and do it, there will be thousands converted in this city in a few days. Oh, may the Spirit of the Lord come upon us to-night, and may every one of us

be taught by the Holy Ghost what our work is, and may we be ready to do it.

Now, I am going to ask you this question: How many of you here will promise the Lord to select some one person among your acquaintance and make an honest effort this week to bring him to Christ? All of you who will do that, rise and stand on your feet while we pray.

PRAYER.

Our Father, we love Thee. We have come again to-night to receive the blessing. We expect to receive when we ask, because our faith will not let Thee go. We cling to Thee, our Father, and ask Thee for souls. We have come again to-night to continue this work. We thank Thee for what we have seen within these walls during the past weeks. We are glad that souls are coming to Christ. Surely, O Father, Thou art in this good work! We want all the men and women to know Thee, and learn of Jesus. We want these people as they come in here to embrace the Saviour. We want these boys and girls, and these young men and these young women, to be converted and drink of the stream of salvation. O Father, we know that if we but touch the border of Thy garment we shall be made whole. Help these people to see this to-night; and may scores and hundreds come to Christ. All this we ask through Immanuel our Saviour. Amen.

XV.

ON BEING BORN AGAIN.

JOHN iii. 3: "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God."

SUPPOSE I put the question to this audience, and ask how many believe in the Word of God, I have no doubt every man and every woman would rise and say, "I believe." There might be an infidel or skeptic here and there, but undoubtedly the great mass would say they believed. Then what are you going to do with this solemn truth, "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God," much less inherit it? There are a great many mysteries in the Word of God. There are a great many dark sayings of which we have not yet discovered the depth. But God has put that issue so plainly and simply that he who runs may read if he will. This third chapter of St. John makes the way to Heaven plainer than any other chapter in the Bible; yet there is no truth so much misunderstood, and the church and the world are so troubled about, as this. Let me just say, before I go any further, what regeneration is not. It is not going to church. How many men think they are converted because they go to church! I come in contact with many men who say they are Christians because they go to church regularly. It is a wrong idea that the devil never frequents any place but billiard-halls, saloons, and theatres; wherever the Word of God is preached, He is there. He is in this audience to-day. You may go to church all the days of your life, and yet not be converted. Going to church is not being born again. But there is another class who say, "I don't place my hopes in going to church. I have been baptized, and I think I was regenerated when that took place." Where do those persons get their evidence? Certainly not in the Bible. You can not baptize men into regeneration. If you could, I would go up and down the world and baptize every man, woman, and child; and if I could not do it when they were awake, I would do it while they slept. But the Word says, "Except a man

be born again"—born in the Spirit, born in righteousness from above—"he can not see the kingdom of God."

There is another class who say, "I was born again when I was confirmed. I was confirmed when I was five years old." But confirmation is not regeneration. A new birth must be the work of God, and not the work of man. Baptism, confirmation, and other ordinances are right in their place, but the moment you build hope on them instead of on new birth, you are being deceived by Satan. Another man says, "That is not what my hope is based upon; I say my prayers regularly." I suppose there was no man prayed more regularly than Paul did before Christ met him; he was a praying man. But saying prayers is one thing, and praying is another. Saying prayers is not conversion. You may pray from education; your mother may have taught you when you were a little boy. I remember that I could not go to sleep when I was a little boy unless I said my prayers, and yet perhaps the very next word I uttered might be an oath. There is just as much virtue in counting beads as in saying prayers, unless the heart has been regenerated and born again.

There is another class who say, "I read the Bible regularly." Well, reading the Bible is very good, and prayer is very good in its place; but you don't see anything in the Scriptures which says, "Except a man read the Bible he can not see the kingdom of God." There is still another class who say, "I am trying to do the best I can, and I will come out all right." That is not new birth at all; that is not being born of God. Trying to do the best you can is not regeneration. This question of new birth is the most important that ever came before the world, and it ought to be settled in every man's mind. Every one should inquire, Have I been born of the Spirit?—have I passed from death unto life?—or am I building my hopes of Heaven on some form? In the first chapter of Genesis we find God working alone; He went on creating the world all alone. Then we find Christ coming to Calvary alone. His disciples forsook Him, and in redemption He was alone. And when we get to the third chapter of John we find that the work of regeneration is the work of God alone. The Ethiopian can not change his spots; we are born in sin, and the change of heart must come from God. We believe in the good old Gospel.

What man wants is to come to God for this new heart. The moment he gets it he will work for the Lord. He can not help it; it

becomes his second nature. Some say, "I would like to have you explain this new birth." Well, I might as well be honest, and own right up that I can not explain it. I have read a great many books and sermons trying to explain the philosophy of it, but they all fail to do it. I don't understand how it is done. I can not understand how God created earth. It staggers me and bewilders me when I think how God created nature out of nothing. But, say the infidels, He did not do it. Then how did He do it? A man came to me in Scotland, and said he could explain it, and I asked him how those rocks are made. He said, "They are made from sand." "What makes the sand?" "Oh!" he replied, "rocks." "Then," I asked him, "what made the first sand?" He couldn't tell. Notwithstanding the philosophy of some people, we do believe that God did create the world. We believe in redemption. We believe that Christ came from the Father, and that He grew up and taught men. We believe He went into the sepulchre and burst the bands of death. You may ask me to explain all this; but I don't know how to do it. You ask me to explain regeneration. I can not do it. But one thing I know—that I have been regenerated. All the infidels and skeptics could not make me believe differently. I feel a different man than I did twenty-one years ago last March, when God gave me a new heart. I have not sworn since that night, and I have no desire to swear. I delight to labor for God, and all the influences of the world can not convince me that I am not a different man. I heard some time ago about four or five commercial travelers going to hear a minister preach. When they got back to their hotel, they began to discuss the sermon. A good many people just go to church for the purpose of discussing those things, but they should remember that they must be spiritually inclined to understand spiritual things. Those travelers came to the wise conclusion that the minister did not know what he was talking about. An old man heard them say they would not believe anything unless they could reason it out, and he went up to them and said: "While I was coming down in the train this morning I noticed in a field some sheep, some geese, some swine, and cattle eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that grass is turned into hair, feathers, wool, and horns?" "No," they answered, "not exactly." "Well, do you believe it is done?" "Oh, yes, we believe that." "But," said the old man, "you said you could not believe anything unless you understood it." "Oh," they answered, "we can not help

believing that; we see it." Well, I can not help believing that I am regenerated, because I feel it. Christ could not explain it to Nicodemus, but said to him, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." Can you tell all about the currents of the air? He says it is every one that is born of the Spirit. Suppose, because I never saw the wind, I say it was all false. I have lived nearly forty years, and I never saw the wind. I never saw a man that ever did see it. I can imagine that little girl down there saying, "That man don't know as much as I do. Didn't the wind blow my hat off the other day? Haven't I felt the effects of the wind? Haven't I felt it beating against my face?" And I say you never saw the effects of the wind any more than a child of God felt the Spirit working in his heart. He knows that his eyes have been opened; that he has been born of the Spirit; that he has got another nature, a heart that goes up to God, after he has been born of the Spirit. It seems to me this is perfectly reasonable.

We have a law that no man shall be elected President unless he was born on American soil. I never heard any one complain of that law. We have Germans, Scandinavians, foreigners coming here from all parts of the world, and I never heard a man complain of that law. Haven't we got a right to say who shall reign? Had I any right when I was in England, where a Queen reigns, to interfere? Has a foreigner any right to interfere here? Has not the God of Heaven a right to say how a man shall come into His kingdom, and who shall come? And He says: "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom." How are you going to get in? Going to try to educate men? That is what men are trying to do, but it is not God's way. A man is not much better after he is educated if he hasn't got God in his heart. Other men say, "I will work my way up." That is not God's way, and the only way is God's way—to be born again. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. You take an unregenerated man in Chicago and put him on the crystal pavements of Heaven, and it would be hell! A man that can't bear to spend one Sunday among God's people on earth, with all their imperfections, what is he going to do among those who have made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb? He would say that was hell for him. Take the unregenerated man and put him into the very shadow of the Tree of Life, and he wouldn't want to sit there. A man who is born of the Spirit becomes a citizen of

another world. He has been translated into new life, taken out of the power of darkness, and translated into the Kingdom of Light. Haven't you seen all around you men who had become suddenly and entirely changed?

Just draw a picture: Suppose we go down into one of these alleys—and I have been into some pretty dark holes down here in this alley that used to lie back of Madison street, and I have seen some pretty wretched homes. Go to one of those rooms, and you find a wife, with her four or five children. The woman is heart-broken. She is discouraged. When she married that man he swore to protect, love, and care for her, and provide for all her wants. He made good promises and kept them, for a few years, and did love her. But he got led away into one of these drinking saloons. He was a noble-hearted man by nature, and those are just the ones that are led astray. He has now become a confirmed drunkard. His children can tell by his footfall that he comes home drunk. They look upon him as a monster. The wife has many a scar on her body that she has received from that man's arm who swore to love and protect her. Instead of being a kind-hearted husband, he has become a demon. He don't provide for that poor woman. What a struggle there is! And may God have mercy upon the poor drunkard and his family is my prayer constantly! Suppose he is here in that gallery up there, or in the dark back there, and you can't see him. May be he is so ashamed of himself that he has got behind a post. He hears that he may be regenerated; that God will take away the love of strong drink, and snap the fetters that have been binding him, and make him a free man, and he says, "By the grace of God I will ask Him to give me a new heart." And he says, "O God, save me!" Then he goes home. His wife says, "I never saw my husband look so happy for years. What has come over him?" He says, "I have been up there to hear these strangers. I heard Mr. Sankey singing 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,' and it touched my heart. The sermon about being born again touched my heart, and, wife, I just prayed right there, and asked God to give me a new heart, and I believe He has done it. Come, wife, pray with me!" And there they kneel down and erect the family altar.

Three months hence you go to that home, and what do you find? All is changed. He is singing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," or that other hymn his mother once taught him, "There is

a fountain filled with blood." His children have their arms upon his neck. That is Heaven upon earth. The Lord God dwells there. That man is passed from death unto life. That is the conversion we are aiming at. The man is made better, and that is what God does when a man has the spirit of Heaven upon him. He regenerates them, re-creates them in His own image. Let us pray that every man here who has the love of strong drink may be converted. Unite in prayer with me now and ask God to save these men that are rushing on to death and ruin.

XVI.

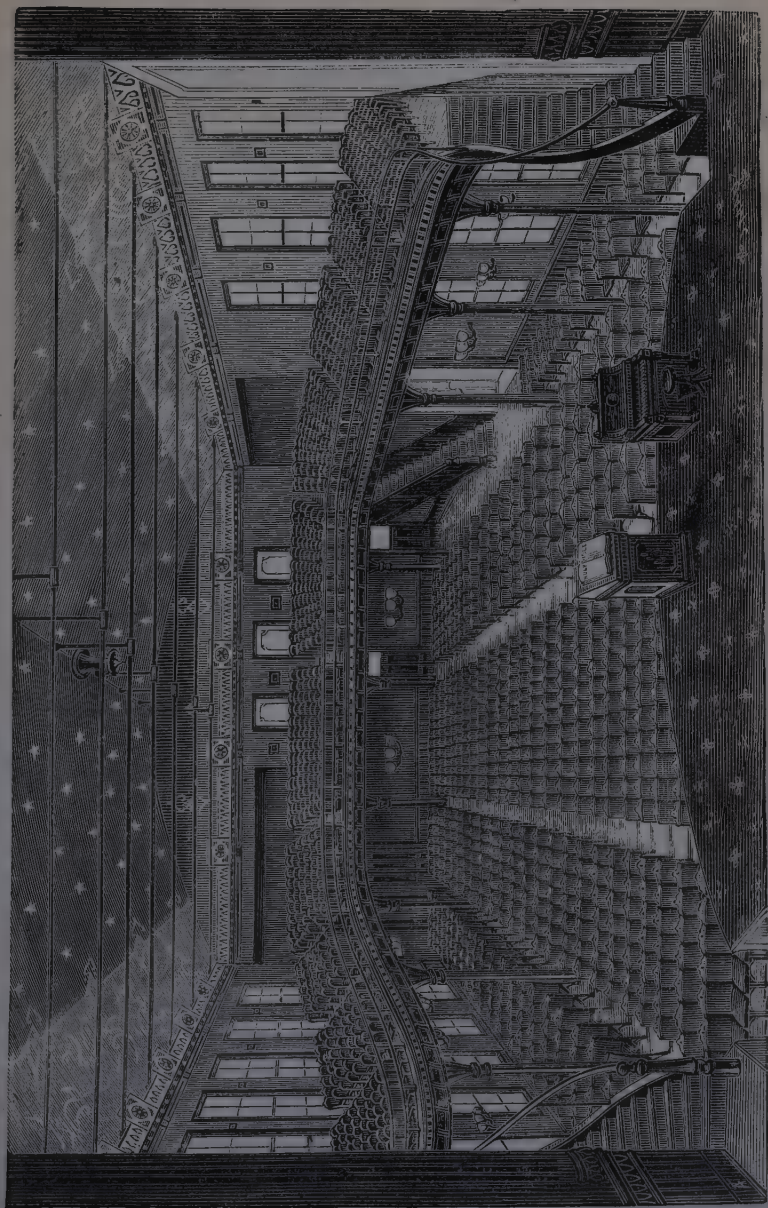
THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

JOHN iii. 14, 15: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

I DIDN'T get through with the subject—*Being born again*—and I will just continue it. I was trying to show from Scripture that a new birth is not a reformation—is not a turning over a new leaf, as some call it, is not a making up your mind to simply lead better lives. They must be born of the Spirit, and then they will live according to the Spirit. Unless they do this, reformation will be worthless. To be born again does not merely mean a resolve to be better. The fountain from which these resolves spring must be good—must be of the Spirit, and the tree will be good. If you have a fountain which contains bitter water, you can not expect sweet water to flow from it. Men try to make their lives sweet, and they have an undercurrent of bitter water. That undercurrent must be sweetened first if they have to lead pure lives, and that is the meaning of the text, "Except a man be born again." Now, I have found a good many men who believed that this passage referred to drunkards and harlots. "They need to be reformed, and that's what's meant by it," they say. Oh, they need to be regenerated. But who was this that Christ talked regeneration to? It was Nicodemus. We are told that he was a nobleman, a counselor, one of the chief rulers, and there were none higher among the Jews for integrity and honor than this same Nicodemus. He was at the very top round of the ladder. He had believed in the teachings of Moses, and lived according to them. He had heard of Jesus, and one night he came to Him and said, "We know that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest except God be with him." I don't know whether anything was said after that, but the next verse we see Jesus telling him, "Except a man be born again he can not enter the kingdom of God," and he met him with

a "how." I don't know if a man has ever come to Christ without first coming with a "how;" they want to know the how and the wherefore. And so Nicodemus asked him, "How can a man be born again when he is old?" and Christ goes on to tell him how he can be reborn. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and it will remain so till it crumbles away in the grave. We may try to patch up our old Adam nature, but it is of no use. It will be a failure. Men have tried to do it for six thousand years, and what God can not do, men need not try. By the birth Christ offers us He makes a new creation. He does not put a new piece upon an old garment; He does not put new wine into old bottles. He makes a new garment, and it is new wine into new bottles. Men may as well give up the idea of making the old into a new nature. God has said it is bad, and that it can never come into His sight unless there is a new birth.

When I was born of my parents, in 1837, I received my human nature from them, and it was a very bad nature too. The nature they received from their forefathers was bad also, and we might trace it right back to Adam. When I was born of the Spirit, in 1857, there was a struggle between the Adam nature and the new nature; a conflict between the Spirit and the flesh. And this takes place with every one who accepts the birth of the Spirit. It has to fight against lust, idolatry, and the other works of the flesh spoken of in the chapter we read in Galatians. When these works of the flesh are overcome, we put on a new man and walk into a new life. The child of God is one of the most remarkable of human beings. He has two natures. The one is love and the other is enmity toward God. Christ told Nicodemus he must be born again, and did not leave him in darkness on the subject. He showed him how he might be born again. He gave him a remedy to change his nature given him by Adam. You may say that the earth is a vast hospital. Every man and woman coming into it needs a physician. If you search you will find every one wounded. By nature we are sinners, and there is just one Physician who can come in, and that is Christ Himself. While in Belfast I learned of a surgeon who had a custom, when he went into the hospital and found a patient who had broken his arm or leg, or whatever the wound might be, of saying to that patient, "Now, take a good look at your wound," and after that was done he would say, "Now, take your eyes off the wound and look at me." And that is the way



INTERIOR VIEW OF FARWELL HALL, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, CHICAGO.

with the great Physician. He wants us to take a look at our wounds—at the badness of our heart—and then take our eyes off and fix them on Him. He has given us a remedy and directions how to take it. In the third chapter of John at the beginning He tells you what you have to get before you can enter the kingdom; and away down in the fourteenth verse He tells you how to get it: ‘And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.’ Here is the remedy, and, thank God, it is a universal remedy. We have not got to pick a man here and there—that man in the gallery there, or that woman yonder, and say, “You can be saved.” It is for all, all! Some one may say, “That is Universalism.” Call it what you like. God has offered the blessing to every wounded one, to every one who groans under the curse of the flesh, and thus I can prove that any man born on the earth has got a Saviour. “Ye must be born again,” and “He must be lifted up.” He has done His part—He has given us the remedy, and we must lift Him up.

A great many people complain of the justice of God. They say, “What a piece of injustice it is in God to condemn us because Adam sinned six thousand years ago; because somebody else sinned we are to be punished.” We hear this every day—we hear it in the streets of Chicago. “We don’t believe the Bible if it condemns us for the sins of a man who lived six thousand years ago.” Now if you hear this or say this, let me tell you if any of you are stumbling over this mistake, it is a lie. If you are lost it is because you are spurning the remedy—not because God don’t want to save you. Well, you will say, it is because of Adam’s sin that there is the necessity of being saved. I say it is, and I also say it ain’t. Ah, you will say, “That is a contradiction.” Let me give you an illustration. Suppose I am just living my last days on earth, and consumption is my disease. I have had the leading physicians around me, and they say I can not live thirty days. Well, somebody comes along and says: “Moody, you have consumption.” “Well, you needn’t tell me that,” I respond. “But, Moody, I’ve got a remedy,” he says. “There’s no remedy for me,” I tell him; “I have been to all the physicians of Europe and America, and they tell me there is no hope for me. They all say my lungs are clean gone, and it’s impossible for me to live.” “But I tell you you needn’t die,” this man says, “there’s a remedy. Ten years ago I

was on the verge of the grave. Doctors told me I couldn't live; that my lungs were gone, and all that, but a friend came to me and gave me the medicine and I took it. It cured me." "That is a very strange story," I might reply; "I have known you for a good many years, and if you were before a jury I would believe your testimony before almost any man I know; but when you tell me you were as far gone as I am, and that you were saved by that medicine, I can not believe you." Well, off he goes and brings a friend, and he testifies that he himself was as bad as I am and was cured. I have known the man for years and never doubted his word. Here are two instances. You can establish anything in court if you can get them to agree on any one point. Well, those two witnesses testify to me, but I don't believe them. So they go and get others to testify, and then the first one says: "Now, Moody, you have the testimony of these friends. The medicine cost me a great deal, but I would like to see you recover, and I give it to you for nothing." This is the way with salvation. It is as free as the air we breathe, and it cost God all that He could give. It cost Heaven its richest jewel. And so this friend says to me, "Moody, that medicine cost me everything I had; take it, it is free." I take the remedy, and, instead of using it, dash it to the ground, and die of consumption. The fact of my having consumption was not the reason of my death. It was because I spurned the remedy. If you men and women are lost it is because we have spurned the remedy, not because we are the sons of Adam and have inherited his nature. Salvation is a gift. Take God's Son as a Saviour. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Now He has been lifted up, and we have just to take salvation as a gift.

Let us look into the camp of Israel when Moses lifted up that serpent. There are three millions of people coming up out of Egypt, out of bondage. When they had come to a certain length they had disobeyed God. He brought them safely through the Red Sea, and now they turn aside from Him and He has brought judgment upon them, just as He has brought judgment upon this city. The people were dying everywhere, and a petition went up to God to have mercy upon them. You could hear the groans of the wounded and the dying from one end of the camp to the other. There is a mother bearing away her loved child to the grave and lamenting over her

lost one. At another corner we see a son mourning over the death of a mother. Again, we see a family group plunged in affliction. The father has died and left a widow and a large family, and they are bearing the body away to that grave in the wilderness. There is a young man who has just been cut down. He was in the bloom and flush of manhood, and here is a young lady who has received the fatal sting, and is being laid in her narrow bed, her friends mourning that they have to leave her in that desert forever. Not a family but who has lost some loved one; all is despair and desolation. And what a picture of the world to-day! Look over the audience. Yonder a father who has just lost a son who was the pride of his heart; here again is a young widow who is mourning over the loss of her husband; there a child who has just seen her mother or father laid at rest forever. There is mourning all over. Ah, there is many a dark and desolate home in the city to-night which but reflects the picture of the wilderness. These serpents were very busy, and the moment a man or woman was bitten, they were gone. There was no physician who could heal them. It was sure death, and when Moses lifted up that serpent as a remedy, how the news spread. I can see a mother whose boy has been bitten. Ah, I can imagine how that mother felt toward that boy. Mothers, you know how you love your only child. There she is leaning over her boy, and she says: "Oh, my son, those beautiful eyes will soon be closed in death and you will be gone forever." She sees the glaring film gathering over them; she feels the cold hand of death stealing over her darling; she hears the death-rattle in his throat, and all at once there is a great noise. Some one at that moment rushes past her tent, and she stops him and asks, "What is all that noise?" "Why," says the man, "God has provided a remedy, and all those who have been bitten by the fiery serpent can live if they but take the remedy." "Tell me what it is. Where is it?" eagerly inquires the woman. "Well," responds the man, "God has told Moses to make a brass serpent and lift it up with prayer, and that shout was the shout of all Israel when the serpent was lifted up." "Where is it?" she inquires with eagerness. "Right up yonder, on the hill." And she goes a little way and sees the serpent, and comes running back to her boy and says, "You haven't got to die, my boy, God has provided a remedy." "A remedy?" ejaculates the boy. "Yes," says the mother, "God has told Moses to make a brass serpent and put it up, and if the people who have

been bitten but look at it, they will be cured." "Is it true, mother?" asks the boy, with a little incredulity. "Why, certainly it is true, my dear; I saw some persons running about who had been bitten." "How I wish I could walk to it; but I can't; I am too weak." So the mother just takes the boy in her arms and runs with him to the foot of the hill, and turns his face to the serpent and tells him to look. There is a film almost over his eyes, and he says, "Mother, I can't see it." "Keep on looking, my boy," urges the mother, and he strains his eyes in the direction of the serpent, and at last he catches a faint glimpse of it, and leaps from his mother's arms perfectly well. He trusted his mother, and he took the remedy she told him of. He is a young convert now, and I can see him now running about and telling every one what the Lord had done for him. Said a Scotch woman, who had been converted, "The Lord will never hear the last of this," and so a convert can not keep his peace. He must run about and tell what he has found—try and share his joy with others. This boy was a convert, and tells every one he meets what has been done to him by looking on the serpent—how he has been healed. He hears of a man who has been bitten, and rushes to his tent and shouts, "I've got good news for you. You can be saved." "That's nonsense," says the man, "I never knew of a man who had been bitten but who died." "Oh, but God has provided a remedy," replies the boy. "God has told Moses to lift up a brass serpent, and tell every one who has been bitten to look on it and they will be saved. I was bitten as bad as you are and I have been saved." "Why," replies the man, "you don't think I am fool enough to believe that a man as near death as I am can be saved by merely looking at a brass serpent on a pole?" He couldn't believe it—he didn't see the philosophy of it. That is a type of a class of people here in Chicago. They want to know the philosophy of salvation. "If they had some remedy to take out the poison of the sting," says the man, "I might believe you; but the idea of looking at a brazen serpent on a pole is preposterous." "Well, I tell you," urges the boy, "twenty minutes ago I was as nearly dead as you are now. My mother came and told me of it, and I was too weak to go, but she carried me where I could catch a glimpse of it, and in a minute—yes, in the twinkling of an eye, I was made perfectly well." "You don't say," he responds, rather curiously. "Yes, I do say so," rejoins the boy. The man does not know what to make of this. And let me say

here that there is nothing that upsets an infidel or a scoffer more than a conversion. It is better than all books; better than scores of sermons on the subject. This man heard this young convert, but he wanted to know the philosophy of it—even after he tells him he had been bitten himself, and explains how he had been cured. The young convert urges him to come to the door of the tent and look, and but to look, and he will be cured. "Why, you don't think I am going to make such a fool of myself unless you can show me the philosophy of it?" Away the young convert goes and brings one of his friends to the man and says to him: "Wasn't you bitten as bad as this man?" The friend tells how he was only a few minutes from death, and how he only looked at that serpent and became as well as ever he was in his life. "I can hardly believe your cases were as bad as mine. There must be some mistake. I can't believe it!" But while they are speaking, this man's mother rushes in and tells how hundreds of men who were bitten have been cured by simply looking at the serpent set up by Moses. "Why," says the man, "that is just what these young men have been trying to tell me; but I can not believe it." "It's true," responds the mother; "just come to the door of the tent and you will be cured." "I can not do it," says the son. "It is hard to die in the camp and be put in a grave in the desert; but, mother, I can not understand this—I can't see the philosophy of it; I can't reason it out." And the young man dies in his unbelief. Now, whose fault was it? Tell me whose fault it was? God offered a cure to that young man, and he wouldn't take it. God has offered a remedy to us. He has offered salvation. The way of this young man is but the way of hundreds in Chicago. They are unwilling to take the salvation offered. They are unwilling to take it without adding something to it. They want to add something to the finished work of Jesus Christ. These young men were not saved by holding up the pole or looking at the pole. All the churches in Christendom never saved a Christian. They are but poles on which is seen salvation. Look, look clear to the top of the pole, look to the brazen serpent; look and live forever! Look to the top, for "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

There are a great many people who say, "I wish I could feel the bite more." If you don't feel the bite, it is evident that you are pretty severely bitten. If then you don't feel that the punishment is

hanging over you, you are pretty far gone; if you don't feel that you have committed a sin, you are pretty far gone. Some say to us: "I wish I had your faith"—you don't want our experience. Look toward your Saviour. He is offered free to all. I never preach upon the third chapter of John without telling an incident that occurred after the battles of Pittsburgh Landing and Murfreesboro. I had been talking one night to the soldiers, and telling them to drink of the waters of life, and they would never die. I was very tired, and when I went to bed, I soon fell asleep. Soon after I had retired, a soldier came and aroused me, and wished me to come to a man who was dying. I soon was at his bedside, and he said, "Chaplain"—he called me chaplain, although I was only a member of the Christian Commission—"Chaplain, I wish you would help me to die." "My friend, I would willingly carry you unto the kingdom of God, but I can not; Christ can only do that," and I preached Jesus to him. "But," said the soldier, "He won't help me; I've been fighting Him all my life. I had a praying mother, and I disregarded her prayers always; but I told her when I joined the army that if I got through the war I would become a Christian. But I am dying now." I looked at the man and said he was dying, and thought how anxious that mother must have been, and how happy it would make her if he could just get a sight of Heaven. So I quoted promise after promise; but he could not see them, and I got nearly discouraged. His condition seemed to grow darker and darker, and I didn't know what to do. At last the thought occurred to me to read the story of Nicodemus, and I said, "My friend, I am going to read you a story, and I want you to pay attention." When I commenced, I noticed how eagerly he listened, how greedily he seemed to devour every word. It seemed as if he drank in every letter of the verses. When I got to the verse, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," the dying man stopped. "What is that?" he asked. "Is that true? I want you just to read that again," and I read the two verses over carefully, and as I finished, he rose in his bed and shut his eyes, and said: "Bless God for that," and the cloud that had rested on his face gave place to a look of gladness. "Won't you please read that again?" I did so, and as I finished, he folded his arms across his breast and closed his eyes. When I had read it the third time, I went on to the next verse,

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” I read on through the whole chapter, and when I got through, he turned to me and said, “I understand it now; write to my mother and tell her I died trusting in Christ,” and in a whispering voice repeated the fourteenth and fifteenth verses; and out of that hospital he arose and took his seat in the kingdom of God. There is enough in those verses to save every one here, and all that you have to do is to look on Him and be saved.

XVII.

FAITH, AND HOW TO GET IT.

MAT. xv. 28: "Great is thy faith."

I WANT to call your attention to what many call a very dry subject. I can imagine some of you saying, "If I had known that, I wouldn't have come here." The subject is "Faith," and it is a very important subject, if it is dry, because we read that it is impossible to please God without it, and it is by it that we are really led to Christ. We never really will see the kingdom of God without it. In Hebrews xi. Paul tells us, if he wrote this epistle to the Hebrews:

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

"For by it the elders obtained a good report.

"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.

"By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.

"But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

"By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out not knowing whither he went."

And so it goes on through the chapter, and I think the word "faith" occurs fourteen times. It is by faith these men did so and so; by faith these men overcame the world; by faith they received courage, and, in fact, every successful man in the whole Bible has obtained his success by faith. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Many people don't rightly understand what faith is, and they want to get a correct definition of it. It is the dependence upon the veracity of another, and the dependence is composed of three things. The first is knowledge. The second is assent. Many have got these two, yet they are not saved men. They say "I believe"—they give their assent, but they are not Christians until they have the third, and that is laying hold. That is the kind of faith we want here to-night. Faith says, "God has got that, and I am going to have it;" unbelief says, "You sha'n't."

Faith is the foundation of all society. We have only to look around and see this. You and I could not live in this community if it weren't for faith; commercial relations couldn't exist. Let men lose confidence—which is faith—in one another, and there would be such a run upon the banks to-morrow that would cause general bankruptcy. Men have faith in one another. A great many people think that the faith spoken of in the Bible is not of the right sort—they don't think they have got the proper kind of faith, and they are waiting for some new kind of faith to come out of Heaven. The faith spoken of in the Bible is no miraculous kind of faith. It is the same kind of faith we have in one another. Faith has an outward look and an inward look. Many people never look any other way than inward. They are like a horse working a treadmill, going round and round and never get out of the circuit—never look beyond it. Faith says, Look to God—take Him at His word. They don't do this, and their path is shadowed by clouds; but the moment they take Him at His word the clouds of darkness disappear and they walk under an unclouded sky.

There is just one thought here I want to call your attention to. The reason so many men are doubtful about faith is because they have put confidence in men and have been deceived, and they put God in the same category. Now the Lord warns us about this: "Thus saith the Lord. Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not

see when good cometh ; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness in a salt-land and not inhabited." How true that is. If a man has not got faith in God, but in man, he gets no blessing, no good comes to him. Many in this assemblage will get the blessing, and others sitting by their side will get no blessing. And then the next verses are : "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green ; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." And it goes on to say : "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked ; who can know it ?" Or, in other words, don't trust in your heart. Do not listen to your own heart ; I would sooner trust to God than to the promptings of my own treacherous heart. If you like to speak honestly, you will indorse this. There is not a man here but who, if he is frank, can testify that his heart has led him into wickedness. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." It is a good deal better to put our trust in God than in ourselves, because He has never yet failed. I never knew a man who put faith in his own heart, who trusted to the arm of the flesh, but who failed. We don't want to put any trust in ourselves, but put our trust in God, and then we shall be established and receive strength from Him. The Psalmist says : "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth ; in that very day his thoughts perish. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." Now my experience has been this, that whenever I found a man or woman in any part of the world who put their trust in God and not in themselves, they were filled with peace and joy all the time ; but if they put their trust in any church, any creed, or any minister they were disappointed. If they put it in a minister and he dies, they say, we can not get any other preacher like him ; "We can not find one to fill his place ;" but if they have looked beyond the minister and put their trust in God, they were never disappointed. That is one reason why so many Christians are in sorrow. They have put their trust in preachers or in some institution of man.

In the days of the war a great many men started from Indiana, you recollect. Many of them had been propped up by some church,

or they were wrapped up in some minister, and how many of them fell simply because they hadn't learned that lesson to trust in the Lord. But those who had learned the lesson in the eleventh chapter of Mark, "Have faith in God," how firm they stood amid all temptation. The trust we put in God when we accept Him in faith—the moment we do it we stand before the face of hell—we triumph amid all difficulties. We are never disappointed. When Christ was here you know how sweet faith was to Him when He found it, and those who came to Him with it received whatever they asked. Mr. Morehouse said the other day at the noonday meeting that faith was everything for him; and if men could only get their eyes off themselves and put them on Him, all blessings would come. Now let us get our eyes off one another and fix them upon Christ, and have faith in Him and His works.

The eleventh chapter of Hebrews takes up Abel, and Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham, and goes on down the whole line. Paul commences the twelfth chapter by saying: "Wherefore, seeing we are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," we must look "unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." He says: "Take your eyes off Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham." These are very good men; but we can not afford to trust in them. We have got something better than them—"looking unto Jesus."

Now, a great many people tell us it don't matter what kind of a god man believes in, so long as he is sincere in his belief. My friends, there is no more delusive idea—no more pernicious doctrine ever came out of hell. Why, the most sincere men I ever heard of were the followers of Baal. How they cut themselves with knives and stones, and tore themselves to pieces, and how they jumped upon their altars and cried in their agony, "Baal, Baal!" They believed in their god, but he did not answer them. Any creed is good, as I say, with some people, if they only believe it. What folly that is—what foolish men. I remember reading about two men who intended starting in a balloon. One of the men had got into the car, and thought it was fastened at each side, so he cut one rope, and that was the only fastening, and he was swept up through the heavens, but the other remained on the earth. The man that went up was terribly in earnest as he cut that rope, but he was lost. And so a man may believe an error and be lost. We must believe the truth as given us. It isn't our error, or a lie.

And how many people go wandering about without any definite

belief—who don't know what they believe? I remember meeting a man in Europe, and I asked him, "What do you believe?" "Well," said he, "I go to the church and I believe what the church believes." He didn't know exactly what he did believe; and there are a great many people just like that man. If you ask them what they believe, they will say they believe as the church they attend believes, but they don't know really what that is. They never realize that it is of the utmost importance to know in whom we trust. We must be sure of what we have faith in. How are we going to get that faith? I don't know how many times I have been asked this question. I did not get faith in a minute—I was months in getting it. Why? Because I didn't understand the Word of God. We must first acquaint ourselves with Him, and faith will come to us. "Acquaint thyself with Him, and He will come after." When I first got acquainted with my friend Mr. Sankey, I had not large faith in him, because I was not acquainted with him. But at the end of the first year I had more faith in him, and at the end of the second year I had still more; and now five years have gone by, and I have a great deal of faith in him. Why? Because I find him a true man. If God had proved untrue to those who have trusted in Him in adversity, amid the billows of persecution, we might not trust Him. But all testimony goes to show that when men trusted God as the waves of trouble dashed against them with their fiercest fury, He never forsook them. God has never deceived; man has.

I contend that those infidels who assail us, have no weight with us, and have no right to speak about our faith, because they are talking about something they know nothing about. They have no knowledge upon the subject. Not forty-eight hours ago, a man came to me and began to talk against a public man I am acquainted with. I just said to him, "Did you ever know him?" "No." "Ever hear him speak?" "No." "Well," said I, "I contend you have no right to speak about him at all." He had a feeling of prejudice against that man, and he was willing to condemn him upon the strength of that feeling. And so it is about God. Infidels and scoffers who are filled with prejudice condemn God. If you want to know about God, read His blessed Word. The more you read about Him the more faith you will feel toward Him. When I was converted, twenty years ago, I felt a faith in God; but five years after I had a hundred times more faith, and five years ago I had

more than ever, because I became better acquainted with Him. I have read up the Word, and I see that the Lord has done so and so, and then I have turned to where He has promised to perform it, and when I see this I have reason to believe in Him.

Suppose a man in this audience made a hundred promises, and said to me: "I will fulfill those promises in ten years." At the end of nine years ninety-nine of those promises have been fulfilled, and one year remains for the fulfillment of the last promise. Well, I have known that man all those years, and he has fulfilled those ninety-nine promises and his disposition is unchanged. Have I any reason to believe that he will not fulfill that last promise during the remaining year? No. And no man who knows God and reads of the promises He has fulfilled can help having faith in Him. It is only those men who do not know Him that doubt Him. I remember, while in Mobile attending meetings, a little incident occurred, which I will relate. It was a beautiful evening, and just before the meeting some neighbors and myself were sitting on the front piazza enjoying the evening. One of the neighbors put one of his children upon a ledge eight feet high, and he put out his hands and told him to jump. Without the slightest hesitation he sprang into his father's arms. Another child was lifted up, and he, too, readily sprang into the arms of his father. He picked up another boy, larger than the others, and held out his arms, but he wouldn't jump. He cried and screamed to be taken down. The man begged the boy to jump, but it was no use; he couldn't be induced to jump. The incident made me curious, and I stepped up to him and asked, "How was it that those two little fellows jumped so readily into your arms and the other boy wouldn't?" "Why," said the man, "those two boys are my children and the other boy isn't. He didn't know me." My friends, can you draw the inference? These infidels will not trust God.

How are you going to get faith? Read your Bibles. Instead of trying to get faith by talking about it, read your Bibles. Take those people who read their Bibles—who know them back to back, and see how they stand—they are not shaken by doubts. They know in whom they believe. They have got their Bibles well read. They are not carried away by any doubt. My friends, take your Bibles and turn to John xx. 31, and read: "But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." These things are

written that ye might believe in Christ and have life through Him. The whole Gospel of John is written for one purpose—that man “might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name.” And in another part we read that He came unto His own, and as many as believed in Him gave He power to become the sons of God. There are several other passages in John where He speaks of believing. Now, if you want to have faith in Christ, read the Gospel of John. Read it carefully. There is not a book in the Bible from which you can derive greater faith than the Gospel according to John. Why? Because he knew Him who came to seek that which was lost better than any one else. And I do not know any book in the world that will scatter men’s disbelief in Christ, that will break down infidelity, like the book of John. A man came to me and said, “I want to be well read, well posted in the life of Christ. What would you advise me to read?” “Well,” I said, “I couldn’t advise you to read a better work than that written by his old friend John.” I think if people read it oftener—read it on their knees—they would have more faith in Christ.

I would like to direct your attention to the tenth chapter of Romans, and will commence at the ninth verse :

“That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

“For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

“For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.

“For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.

“For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

“How, then, shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

“And how shall they preach except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

“But they have not all obeyed the Gospel; for Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

"So, then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

"So, then, faith cometh by hearing the Word of God." That's how you get faith; and when we come to a promise in it and see that God says it, that should be enough for us. If He has said it, He will keep His word. Men have tried to prove that He has broken it; the devil and all hell have been in league for ages to try and get God to tell a lie, but they have failed, for, as John says in his gospel, 10th chapter, 35th verse, "The Scripture can not be broken." If you want evidence for your faith, go to the Word of God, and believe the evidence you see. There is a story told of Napoleon—Napoleon the First. His horse, a very high-spirited animal, became frightened, and away went the horse. A young man in the ranks saw the Emperor's peril—saw that his life was in danger, and, at the risk of his own life, caught the horse. When the Emperor saw the man, he asked him what he was, and he touched his hat and told him his rank. "I will make you captain of my body-guard," replied the Emperor. The man took him at his word. He didn't go back to the ranks, but took a position at the head of the column. The captain stationed there ordered him back. He smiled and replied: "I am a captain." "Who said so?" "The Emperor." That was enough. The Emperor's word was taken. So, if God says He will do anything or commands us to do anything, that ought to be enough. I fix my standard then against the devil and all hell combined.

He says "Come." Take Him at His word to-night. He is worthy of being trusted. Some people—a great many people they see it all—they hear the word "Come," but still they have a little doubt. That has been the condemning sin of the world. Christ found it on both sides of the cross. He had to contend with that all the time He was here. It is the thing that has kept back the blessing in the churches—the doubt, the unbelief of the heart of the people in the churches. You've got no reason to doubt the Word of God. Suppose you are working with a man, and you find him dealing with you with the utmost honesty, and you turn round and call him a liar. That's what you are doing. By your showing of disbelief you tell to every one, "God is a liar." Unbelief—doubt is the bane of the world. Oh, let it be swept out of this building to-night, and may every one, in the place of doubt and unbelief, have faith in the living God.

I have met many people who have said to me: "Mr. Moody, I am glad to see you with such faith; very glad to see you have that child-like trust in God—very; but I am not so constituted. I can not have it." You believe it, do you? I believe there is no man in the world so constituted but who can believe in God's Word. He simply tells you to believe in Him, and He will save you. Suppose a doctor said to me: "I want you to come to dinner with me to-morrow, Mr. Moody." "Well," I reply, "I would feel great pleasure in accepting your invitation, but I don't know how I will feel to-morrow." "What is the matter?" he asks. "Well, the fact is, I don't know how I will feel to-morrow," is my reply. "Why, you ain't sick, are you?" "No, but—ah, the fact is, I am so constituted I can not believe you mean to invite me." [Laughter]. You laugh at that; but you treat God's invitation in a similar way. You are under the power of the devil. You can believe it if you will. There's no ground for your doubting. What we want to do is each one of us just to take God at His word. He has offered salvation to every soul here; tell Him you will reach out your hand to-night and accept faith in Him.

There is another class of people who are always trying to find out the proper kind of faith. They want to search and discover a particular kind of faith. Any kind of faith that brings you to Christ is the proper kind of faith; is the right kind of faith. I remember Mr. Morehouse, while here four years ago, used an illustration which has fastened itself on my mind. He said, Suppose you go up the street and meet a man whom you have known for the last ten years to be a beggar, and you notice a change in his appearance, and you say, "Hallo, beggar, what's come over you?" "I ain't no beggar. Don't call me a beggar!" "Why," you say, "I saw you the other day begging in the street." "Ah, but a change has taken place," he replies. "Is that so; how did it come about?" you inquire. "Well," he says, "I came out this morning and got down here, intending to catch the business men and get all the money out of them, when one of them came up to me and said there was ten thousand dollars deposited for me." "How do you know this is true?" you say. "I went to the bank and they put the money in my hand." "Are you sure of that?" you ask; "how do you know it was the right kind of a hand?" But he says, "I don't care whether it was the right kind of a hand or not; I got the money, and that's all I wanted." And so people are

looking to see if they've got the right kind of a hand before they accept God by it. They have but to accept His testimony and they are saved, for, as John says, "He that hath received His testimony hath set his seal that God is true." Is there a man in this assemblage who will receive His testimony and set his seal that God is true? Proclaim that God speaks the truth. Make yourself a liar, but make God's testimony truthful. Take Him at His word.

Some time ago I remember reading an incident that occurred between a prince in a foreign land and one of his subjects. This man for rebellion against the government was going to be executed. He was taken to the guillotine block. When the poor fellow reached the place of execution he was trembling with fear. The prince was present and asked him if he wished anything before judgment was carried out. The culprit replied: "A glass of water." It was brought to him, but he was so nervous he couldn't drink it. "Do not fear," said the prince to him, "judgment will not be carried out till you drink that water," and in an instant the glass was dashed to the ground and broken into a thousand pieces. He took that prince at his word.

Oh, sinner, take God at His word. He has promised to save you—to save all who trust Him. Now let us put away every false refuge, and just take the Prince of Heaven at His word. Is there a man or woman in this assemblage who will take Him at His word?

XVIII.

TRACING THE SCARLET THREAD

HEBREWS ix. 22: "And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission."

THE subject will be "The Precious Blood." I want to call your attention, first, to the second chapter and sixteenth verse of Genesis: "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." There can not be a law without a penalty. There is not a law in our land but has a penalty attached to it. If our legislative representatives, or members in Congress, were to make a law and have no penalty appended to it, it would be worthless. We might make a law forbidding men to steal; but if we had no penalty to that law, I don't think we could go home without having our watches stolen from us. We could not live without law, and God put Adam into the garden under law, attached to which was a penalty. Well, we know how he disobeyed, and how he fell, and so the penalty of death came upon him. Many people stumble over this. I used to wonder how it was that the penalty of death fell upon him when he lived so many years after he broke the law; but when I understood my Bible better, I learned that it was death to the soul—not physical death, but spiritual death. When God came to seek him in the garden, we are told that he hid himself; he was ashamed of his iniquity, just like hundreds of his sons in Chicago; and then we find Him dealing with Adam by showing him grace. This was the very first thing He did. A great many people think God was very severe in His treatment of Adam; but He, whenever the offence was committed, whenever the law was broken, showed mercy, showed grace; and by this grace a way of escape was presented to them. Ah, that little hymn expresses it: "Grace, friend,

contrived a way " by which Adam could regain the life he had forfeited. And so we read that the Lord made "coats of skin" to clothe them, before He drove them out of Paradise. They received grace before, as we see in the twenty-fourth verse: "He drove out the man, and He placed at the east end of the Garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." There's grace and government; and from that day till the present, God has been dealing with us in that way. He rides, we may say, in a chariot with two wheels—one, grace, and the other, government. We can see in this world how it would be if we had no government. There would be no living in it. Adam broke the divine law, and so he had to suffer the penalty; but He gave him grace to be redeemed by. He showed Adam and Eve grace by killing the animals and then covering their nakedness with coats made from the skins. I can imagine Adam's turning to Eve and saying, "Well, in spite of what we've done, God loves us after all. He has clothed us; He has given us grace for our sin." And here we find the first glimpse of the doctrine of substitution—the substitution of the just for the unjust—the great doctrine of atonement and substitution foreshadowed in Genesis.

Then as we go on we find the story of Cain and Abel, and we are told that "in process of time it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, and the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and his offering He had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell." Now we find that Cain brought a bloodless sacrifice—"he brought of the fruit of the ground"—and Abel brought a bleeding lamb. Right on the morning of grace we see here that God had marked a way for men to come to Him, and that way was the way that Abel took, and Cain came to God with a sacrifice of his own—in his own way. So we find men and women in the churches of to-day coming to God with a sacrifice, not in God's way, but in their own—coming with their own good deeds, or their works, or their righteousness, and ignoring the Lamb altogether—ignoring the blood completely. They don't want to come that way; they want to come in their own fashion. Cain perhaps reasoned that he didn't see why the products of the earth, why the fruit shouldn't be as acceptable to God as a bleeding

lamb. He didn't like a bleeding lamb, and so he brought his fruit. Now we don't know how there was any difference between those two boys. Both must have been brought up in the same way; both came from the same parents; yet we find in the offering there was a difference between them. One came with the blood, and the other without the blood; and the one with the blood had the acceptable sacrifice to God.

We pass over to the second dispensation—to the eighth chapter of Genesis, where we find Noah coming out of the ark and putting blood between him and his sins. "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast and of every clean fowl and offered burnt-offerings on the altar." God had Noah bring those animals clear through the flood that he could offer them as a sacrifice when he came from the ark. He took a couple of each kind into the ark, and when he came out we find him making a blood-offering the very first thing. He was a man of God; he walked in the fear of the Lord, and so he made the offering of blood. The first thing in the first dispensation we see is blood, and the first thing in the second dispensation is blood.

In the twenty-second chapter of Genesis we find the story of Abraham and his only son, Isaac. Abraham was a follower of God; a man who loved and feared God, and He commanded him to make a blood sacrifice. We read in this chapter that He commanded Abraham to make the sacrifice of his only son. And we read that the next morning the old man saddled his ass and started. He didn't tell his wife anything about it. If he had she would likely have persuaded him to remain where he was. But he has heard the voice of God and he obeys the command; he has heard God's wish and he is going to do it. So early in the morning—he didn't wait till ten o'clock or twelve o'clock, but went early in the morning—he takes two of his young men with him and his son Isaac, and you can see him starting out on the three days' journey. They have the wood and the fire, for he is going to worship his God. As he goes on he looks at his boy and says, "It is a strange commandment that God has given. I love this boy dearly. I don't understand it; but I know it's all right, for the Judge of all the earth makes no mistakes." An order from the Judge of Heaven is enough for him. The first night comes and their little camp is made and Isaac is asleep. But the old man doesn't sleep. He looks into his face sadly and says, "I will have

no boy soon; I shall never see him on earth again; but I must obey God." I can see him marching on the next day, and you might have seen him drying his tears as he glanced upon that only son and thought upon what he had been called upon to do. The second night comes; to-morrow is the day for the sacrifice. What a night that must have been to Abraham. "To-morrow," he says, sadly, "I must take the life of that boy—my only son, dearer to me than my life—dearer to me than anything on earth." And the third day comes, and as they go along they see the mountain in the distance, when he says to the young men: "You stay here with the beasts." He takes the wood and the fire, and along with his boy prepares to ascend Mount Moriah, from which could be seen the spot where a few hundred years later the Son of Man was offered up. As they ascend the mountain Isaac says: "There's the wood and the fire, father, but where's the sacrifice?" thus showing that the boy knew nothing of what was in store. How the question must have sunk down into the old man's heart. And he answers: "The Lord will provide a sacrifice." It was not time to tell him, and they go on until they come to the place appointed by God, and built the altar, and lay the wood upon it. Everything is ready, and I can just imagine the old man take the boy by the hand, and leading him to a rock, sitting down there and telling him how God had called upon him to come out of his native land; how God had been in communion with him for fifty years; what God had done for him. "And now," he says, "my boy, when I was in my bed three nights ago, God came to me with a strange message, in which He told me to offer my child as a sacrifice. I love you, my son, but God has told me to do this, and I must obey Him. So let us both go down on our knees and pray to Him." After they have sent up a petition to God, Abraham lays him on the altar and kisses him for the last time. He lifts the knife to drive it into his son's heart, when all at once he hears a voice, "Abraham, Abraham! spare thine only son." Ah, there was no voice heard on Calvary to save the Son of Man. God showed mercy to the son of Abraham. You fathers and mothers, just picture to yourselves how you would suffer if you had to sacrifice your only son, and think what it must have caused God to give up His only Son. We are told that Abraham was glad. The manifestation of Abraham's faith so pleased God that He showed him the grace of Heaven and lifted the curtain of time to let him look

down into the future and see the Son of God offered bearing the sins of the world. From the peak of this very mountain might have been the very spot where died the Saviour of the world.

We find Abel the first man who went to Heaven, and he went by way of blood, and we find it in all the worships of God from the earliest times. Mr. Sankey sings solos upon the redeeming blood. I can imagine when Abel got there how he sang the song of redemption. How the angels gathered around him and listened to that song; it was the first time they had ever heard that song before; but six thousand years have gone and there's a great chorus of saints redeemed by the atoning blood. The first man that went to Heaven went by the way of blood, and the last man who passes through those pearly gates must go the same way. We find not only Abel and Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob, but all of them, went there through an atonement. Now, we find in the twelfth chapter and second verse of Exodus—the most important chapter in the Word of God: "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you," and then in the fourth verse, "And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb." Now it don't say, "if the lamb be too small for the household," but "if the household be too little for the lamb." You may have some pretty large households; your houses may be too small for them, but Christ has plenty of room. We don't start from the cradle to Heaven, but from the cross. That's where eternal life begins—when we come to Calvary; when we come to Christ and get grace. We don't come to Heaven when we are born into the natural world, but into the spiritual world. That's where we date our spiritual lives from. Before that our lives are a blank so far as grace is concerned. Adam dated from the time of the blood, and Noah, when he came from the ark, dated from the blood-offering, and so the children of Israel when they came out of Egypt. And even to-day when they take up their pens and date 1876 years, when do they date from? Why, from the blood of Christ. Everything dates from blood. In this chapter we see the command to sacrifice. They slew the lamb. God didn't say, "Put a lamb to your front door and I will spare you," but on the houses.

Some classes of people say preach anything but the death, preach

the life of Christ. You may preach that and you'll never save a soul. It is not Christ's sympathy—His life—we preach, it is His sacrifice. That's what brings men out of darkness. I can imagine some proud Egyptians that day who, when they heard the bleating of the lambs—there must have been over two hundred thousand lambs—saying, "What an absurd performance. Every man has got a lamb, and they have got the best lambs out of the flock, too, and they are going to cover their houses with the blood." They looked upon this as an absurd proceeding—a flaw in their character. You may find a good many flaws in your character, but you can not find a flaw in the Lamb of God. When the hour came you could see them all slaying their lamb, and not only that, but putting the blood on the door-posts. To those Egyptians, or to the men of the world, how absurd it looked. They probably said, "Why are you disfiguring your houses in that way?" It was not upon the threshold. God didn't want that, but they were to put it upon the lintels and door-posts—where God could see it that night so that (thirteenth verse) He might see it as a token. This blood was to be a substitution for death, and all who hadn't that token in the land of Egypt had their first-born smitten at midnight. There was a wail from Egypt from one end to the other. But death didn't come near the homes where was the token. It was death that kept death out of the dwelling.

Many people say, "I wish I was as good as that woman who has been ministering to the sick for the last fifty years. I would feel sure of Heaven." My friends, if you have the blood behind you, you are as safe as anybody on this earth. It is not because that woman has been living a life of sacrifice in her ministrations to the poor that she will enter the kingdom of God. It is not our life of good deeds or our righteousness that will take us to Heaven, but the atonement. And the question ought to come to every one to-night, "Are we sheltered behind the blood?" If not, death will come by and by, and you will be separated from God for eternity. If you have not a substitute you will die. Death is passed upon all of us. Why? Because of our sin. If we have not a substitute we have no hope.

Not only were they to have a token, but they were to do something else. We read in the eleventh verse: "And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste; it is the Lord's pass-

over." Now a great many people wonder why they haven't got more spiritual power, and have not the joy of the Lord with them all the time. It is because they haven't got the blood of the Lamb with them. These pilgrims had a long journey before them, and the Lord told them to eat the lamb. If we feed upon the Lamb we will get strength in proportion. My friends, be sure before you commence on your pilgrimage that you are sheltered behind the blood, for when He sees the blood, death will pass over you. And let me ask this assemblage to-night if every one of you have the token? I was speaking to a man some time ago, who, when I asked him if he had the token, said, "I have prayer," and when he got to Heaven he would pray, and he thought that would admit him. I said to him, "You won't get in that way. You must be cleansed by the blood of Christ. That is the only power that will open the gates of Heaven—the only countersign."

When I went East the other night the conductor came around and called for tickets. I pulled out my ticket and he punched it. He didn't know whether it was a white or a black man who presented it, I believe. He didn't care who it was; all he wanted was the token. So all that God wants is the token of our salvation. It doesn't depend upon our deeds, our righteousness, or upon our lives; it depends upon whether or not we are sheltered behind the blood. That is the question. It didn't matter in that land of Goshen whether the child was six months or six years old if it was behind the blood. It was not their moral character, nor their connections, but the blood that saved them. It is the atonement that saves, and that is the teaching all through your Bible.

There is another verse in the twenty-ninth chapter of Exodus I want to call your attention to: "Thou shalt slay the ram, and thou shalt take his blood and sprinkle it round about the altar." Now we see that Aaron, the high-priest, could not come to God with his prayers alone. He had to sprinkle the blood upon the altar. There was a time when I didn't believe in the substitution and in the blood, and my prayers went no higher than my head; but when I came to God by Jesus Christ—by the way of blood—it was different. I never knew a man who came to God really but who came this way. That great high-priest had to come this way too.

Then again, in the thirtieth chapter, tenth verse, we see: "And Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of it once in a year, with the blood of the sin-offering of atonements; once in the year

shall he make atonement upon it throughout your generations; it is most holy unto the Lord." Now, an atonement is the only thing that makes a sinner and God one—is the only thing that will bring God and the sinner together. I would like, if I had time, to give you all the passages touching upon atonement in the Old Testament, but it would take too long. Turn again to the eighth chapter of Leviticus. This book of Leviticus is one of the most valuable, because it relates all about the worship of God. I remember when I used to read this book, I wondered what it was all about—a verse like this, for instance: "And he slew it; and Moses took of the blood of it, and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." I would say, "What does this mean? 'Put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear.'" What for? I think I have got a little light upon the subject since those days. "Blood upon the ear?" So that a man might hear the voice of God, of course. And so a man who has accepted the atonement can hear the Word rightly. Blood upon the hand of a man, so that he who works for God can work rightly. Hundreds of men think they are working out their salvation, and they are only deceiving themselves. Bear in mind, then, that a man can not do anything until he is sheltered behind the blood. When a man is in this position, then he can go and be acceptable to God. Then blood upon the feet, so that a man can walk with God. You know when God came to Adam he hid himself. He hadn't the blood, and he couldn't walk with God. He put those people in question behind the blood, and he walked among them. When they came to the Red Sea the mighty waters opened, and God walked with them. In the wilderness they wanted water, and a rod struck the rock, and a crystal stream gushed forth. Why? Because they had had the substitution.

Many people say this is a very mysterious thing. We don't understand why God wants blood as an atonement. A man said to me: "I detest your religion; I hate your God." "Why?" I asked. "I detest a God who demands blood," he replied. Now, God is not an unjust God. He don't demand it without giving us a reason. He tells us in His Word that "the life of the flesh is in the blood." Take the blood out of me and I am a dead man. Life has been forfeited, the law has been broken, and the penalty must come upon us, and this blood He gives us is life; it is the life of our flesh. Three times we see "blood" mentioned in the twenty-third

and twenty-fourth verses, and the reason is that it is life. You and I have lost life by the fall, and what we want is to get back that life we lost, and we have it offered to us by the atonement of Christ. I have often thought I would far rather be out of Eden and have the blood than be in Eden without it. Adam might have been there ten years, and Satan might have come and got him. But some can't see why God permitted Adam to fall. They begin to discern the philosophy of it. They can't see why God ever permitted original sin to come into the world. The best answer to that was given by the Rev. Andrew Bonar, who said, "It was a great deal more wonderful that God should send His Son down to bear the brunt of it." Let us thank God we have a refuge, a substitute for the sin we are groaning under.

Turn to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. You hear a good many people saying, "I don't believe in the Old Testament, I believe in the New." My friends, both are inseparable. A scarlet thread runs through the two and binds them together. We, like sheep, have gone astray, but "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." My friends, in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, we see it prophesied seven hundred years before it took place, that He would die and be a substitute for you and me, that we might live. And now, my friends, let us accept Him. It seems base ingratitude not to praise God every hour of our lives that He has given such a Saviour. Let us take time. Many a young man thinks it noble to scoff at this; I think it the basest ingratitude. This atonement is the only hope of my eternal life. Take the doctrine of substitution out of my Bible, and I would not take it home with me to-night. Let us praise God that He loved us so as to give us His only Son so that we might be saved.

I remember some years ago reading about a New York family. A young man, during the gold fever, went out to the Pacific, and left his wife and little boy. Just as soon as he was successful he was going to send money. A long time elapsed, but at last a letter came enclosing a draft, and telling his wife to come on. The woman took a passage in one of the fine steamers of the Pacific line, full of hope and joy at the prospect of soon being united to her husband. They had not been out many days when a voice went ringing through the ship, "Fire! fire!" The pumps were set to work and

the buckets were brought into operation, but the fire gained upon them. There was a powder magazine on board, and the captain ordered all the boats to be instantly lowered. He knew whenever the fire reached the powder they would all be lost. The people scrambled into the boats, and the mother and boy were left on deck. As the last boat was being pushed off, the woman begged to be taken in. The majority insisted the boat was too full, and wanted to push off, but one man put in a word for her, and they said they could allow one more on board, but no more. What did the mother do? Did she go on board and leave her son? No. She put her boy into that life-boat, and told him if he ever lived to see his father to tell him, "I died to save you." And the boat pulled away from that ship, and left the mother standing there. The vessel went on burning. Presently an explosion was heard, and all was buried in the ocean. Suppose that young man was here to-night. Suppose you spoke to him about the act of his mother, and he turned around and scoffed at it. "Why," you would say, "that ungrateful wretch don't deserve to live." And this is what you are doing. He laid down His life for you. Now will you speak contemptuously about Him? Will you speak lightly of the blood laid down on Calvary for you? Let us rather all thank God we have such a Saviour. Let us live for Him when He died for us. Let us pray.

XIX.

THE BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW xxvi. 28: "For this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins."

I WANT to take up some passages referring to the subject of the Precious Blood in the New Testament. Soon after we came back from Europe to this country, I received a letter from a lady saying that she had looked forward to our coming back to this country with a great deal of interest, and that her interest remained after we had commenced our services until I came to the lecture on the blood, when she gave up all hope of our doing any good. In closing that letter she said: "Where did Jesus ever teach the perilous and barbarous doctrine that men were to be redeemed by the shedding of His blood? Never! never did Jesus teach that monstrous idea." Let us turn to the fourteenth chapter of Mark, twenty-fourth verse, and we will find: "And He said unto them, This is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many;" and also in Matthew xxvi. 28: "For this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." There are a good many passages, but it is not necessary to refer to more. If Christ did not teach it, and also the Apostles—if Christ did not preach it, then I have read my Bible, all these years, wrong. I haven't got the key to the Scriptures; it is a sealed book to me, and if I don't preach it—if I give it up, I've nothing left to preach. Take the blessed doctrine of the blood out of my Bible and my capital is gone, and I've got to take to something else.

I remember when in the old country a young man came to me—a minister came around to me, and said he wanted to talk with me. He said to me: "Mr. Moody, you are either all right and I am all wrong, or else I am right and you are all wrong." "Well, sir," said I, "you have the advantage of me. You have heard me preach, and know what doctrines I hold, whereas I have not heard you, and don't

know what you preach." "Well," said he, "the difference between your preaching and mine is, that you make out that salvation is got by Christ's death, and I make out that it is attained by His life." "Now, what do you do with the passages bearing upon the death?" and I quoted the passages, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission," and "He Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree," and asked him what he did with them, for instance. "Never preach on them at all." I quoted a number of passages more, and he gave me the same answer. "Well, what do you preach?" I finally asked. "Moral essays," he replied. Said I, "Did you ever know anybody to be saved by that kind of thing—did you ever convert anybody by them?" "I never aimed at that kind of conversion; I mean to get men to Heaven by culture—by refinement." "Well," said I, "if I didn't preach those texts, and only preached culture, the whole thing would be a sham." "And it is a sham to me," was his reply. I tell you the moment a man breaks away from this doctrine of blood, religion becomes a sham, because the whole teaching of this book is of one story, and this is that Christ came into the world and died for our sins.

I want to call your attention to the nineteenth chapter of John and the thirty-fourth verse: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." "Came thereout blood and water." Now, it was prophesied years before that there should open a fountain which should wash away sin and uncleanness, and it seems that this fountain was opened here by the spear of the soldier, and out of the fountain came blood and water. It was the breaking of the crown of hell and the giving of the crown to Heaven. When the Roman soldier drove out the blood, out came the water, and it touched that spear, and it was not long before Christ had that Roman government. It is a throne and a footstool now, and by and by it will sway the earth from pole to pole. This earth has been redeemed by the blessed blood of Christ. Peter says in his first Epistle i. 18: "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." You are not redeemed by such corruptible things as gold or silver, but by the precious blood of the Lamb—"the precious blood of Christ—as of a lamb without blemish." If silver and gold could have redeemed us, it would have been the easiest thing

to have made a pile of gold ten thousand times larger than the bulk of the earth. Why, the poorest thing is gold in Heaven. But gold couldn't do it. The law had been broken, and the penalty of death had come upon us, and it required life to redeem us. Now, it says we shall be redeemed. My friends, redemption is to me one of the most precious treasures in the Word of God—to think that Christ has bought me by His blood. I am no longer my own, I am His. He has ransomed me.

A friend of mine once told me that he was going out from Dublin one day, and met a boy who had one of those English sparrows in his hand. It was frightened, and just seemed to sit as if it pined for liberty, but the boy held it so tight that it could not get away. The boy's strength was too much for the bird. My friend said: "Open your hand and let the bird go. You will never tame him; he is wild." But the boy replied, "Faith, an' I'll not; I've been a whole hour trying to catch him, an' now I've got him I'm going to keep him." So the man took out his purse and asked the boy if he would sell it. A bargain was made, and the sparrow was transferred to the man's hand. He opened his hand, and at first the bird did not seem to realize it had liberty, but by and by it flew away, and as it went it chirped, as much as to say, "You have redeemed me." And so Christ has come down and offered to redeem us and give us liberty when we were bound with sin. Satan was stronger than we were. He has had six thousand years' experience. He did not come to buy us from Satan, but from the penalty of our sin.

Another thought about the blood. It makes us all one. The blood brings us into one family, into the household of faith. I remember during the war Dr. Kirk, one of the most eloquent men I ever heard, was speaking in Boston. At that time, you recollect, there was a good deal said about the Irish and the black man, and what an amount of talk about the war of races. He said while preaching one night: "I saw a poor Irishman and a black man and an Englishman, and the blood of Christ came down and fell upon them and made them one." My friends, it brings nationalities together; it brings those scattered with the seeds of discord together and makes them one. Let us turn to Acts xvii. 26, and we read: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." That's what the blood of Christ does. It just makes us one. I can tell a man that

has been redeemed by the blood; they speak all the same language. I don't require to be in his company ten minutes before I can tell whether or not he has been redeemed. They have only one language, and you can tell when they speak whether they are outside the blood or sheltered by it. The blood has two voices—one is for salvation and the other for condemnation. The blood to-night cries out for my salvation or for my condemnation. If we are sheltered behind the blood, it cries for our salvation, for we see in Galatians: "It cries for our peace." There is no peace till a man has been sheltered by that blood.

Again, I would like to call your attention to the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, twenty-eighth verse, where we find Christ speaking of His blood: "For this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for the remission of sins." This blood was "shed for the remission of sins." Then in Hebrews ninth and twenty-second, where it says, "Without the shedding of blood is no remission of sins." Men don't realize that this is God's plan of salvation. Said a man to me last night after the meeting: "Why, God has got a plan to save us." Certainly He has. You must be saved by God's plan. It was love that prompted God to send His Son to save us and shed His blood. That was the plan. And without the blood what hope have you? There is not a sin from your childhood—from your cradle—up till now that can be forgiven, unless by the blood. Let us take God at His word: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." Without the blood no remission whatever. I don't see how a man can fail to comprehend this. That's what Christ died for; that's what Christ died on Calvary for. If a man makes light of that blood what hope has he? How are you going to get into the kingdom of God? You can not join in the song of the saints if you don't go into Heaven that way. You can not sing the song of redemption. If you did, I suppose you would be off in some corner with a harp of your own, and singing, "I saved myself; I saved myself." You can't get in that way. You must accept the plan of redemption and come in through it. "He that climbeth up some other way the same is a thief and a robber."

Then, in the tenth chapter of Hebrews, we find Paul, if he wrote this, just taking up the very thought: "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses." You know when a man made light of the law under the Mosaic dispensation,

whenever two witnesses came into court and swore that he hadn't kept the law, they just took him out and stoned him to death. Take up the next verse: "Of how much surer punishment suppose ye, shall be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith He was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace." My friends, what hope is there if a man tramples the blood of Christ under his foot if he says, "I will have nothing to do with that blood?" I ask, in all candor, what mercy is there? What hope has he if he "hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith He was sanctified an unholy thing?" This is the only way to get to Heaven—no other way. Turn again to the eleventh verse of the same chapter, and we see: "But the Man after He had offered one sacrifice for sin"—mark that, He had settled the question of sin—"forever sat down on the right hand of God." The high-priests could never sit down; their work was never done. But our High-Priest had put sin away by one sacrifice and then ascended to God. And in this same chapter of Hebrews we see again: "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His flesh, and having a High-Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for He is faithful that promised.' I want to call your attention to the twentieth verse more particularly—"by a new and living way." Now Christ has opened a new and living way. We can not get to Heaven by our own deeds now. He has opened "a new and living way." We don't need a high-priest to go once a year and pray to God. Thank God, we are all kings and high-priests. We can go right straight to the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. When Christ died that veil was rent from the top to the bottom—not from the bottom to the top—and every poor son of Adam can walk right in and worship—right into the presence of God, if he only comes by the way of the blood. Yes, thank God, He has opened a new and living way whereby we can come to Him. Let us thank Him for a new and living way. We don't need any bishop, we don't need any pope, we don't need any priest or prophet now; but every one can be made king and priest and we

can come through this living way to His presence and ask Him to take away our sins. There's not a man in this assemblage but can come to Him to-night.

There's a good deal about the blood in Hebrews that I would like to bring up ; time passes, and I have just to fly through the subject. Now I don't know any doctrine I have preached that has been talked about more than the doctrine of blood. Why, the moment Satan gets a man to leave out this doctrine of blood, he has gained all he wants. It is the most pernicious idea to leave it out. A man may be a brilliant preacher, he may have a brilliant intellect, and may have large crowds of people ; but if he leaves this out, no one will be blest under his ministry, no one will be born in God's kingdom. If a man leaves out this blood he may as well go and whistle in the streets, and try to convert people that way, for all the good he will do in saving souls. It is said that old Dr. Alexander, of Princeton College, when a young student used to start out to preach always gave them a piece of advice. The old man would stand with his gray locks and his venerable face and say, "Young man, make much of the blood in your ministry." Now, I have traveled considerably during the past few years, and never met a minister who made much of the blood and much of the atonement, but God had blessed his ministry, and souls were born into the light by it. But a man who leaves it out—the moment he goes, his church falls to pieces like a rope of sand, and his preaching has been barren of good results. And so if you find a man preaching who has covered up this doctrine of blood, don't sit under his ministry ; I don't care what denomination he belongs to, get out of it. Fly from it as those who flew from Sodom. Never mind how you get out of it—leave it. It is a whited sepulchre. There is no life if they don't preach the blood. It is the only way we've got to conquer Satan—the only way we can enter Heaven, and we can not get there unless we have washed our robes in the blood of the Lamb. If we expect to conquer, we must first be washed by that blood. A man who has not realized what the blood has done for him, has not the token of salvation. It is told of Julian, the apostate, that while he was fighting, he received an arrow in his side. He pulled it out, and taking a handful of blood, threw it into the air, and cried, "Galilean, Galilean, thou hast conquered!" Yes, the Galilean is going to conquer, and you must bear in mind if you don't accept the blood—don't submit to it and let it cleanse you—the rock will fall on you, because the

decree of Heaven is that every knee shall bow to the will of Heaven. The blood is a call of mercy now. He wants you to come—He beseeches you to accept and be saved.

I heard of an old minister who had preached the Gospel for fifty years faithfully. "Ah!" many here will say, "I wish I was as safe to go to Heaven as him." When he was reaching his end he asked that his Bible should be brought to him. His eyes were growing dim in death, and he said to one of those about him, "I wish you would turn to the first epistle of John i. 7," and when it was found, the old man put his dying finger on the passage where it says: "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and he said, "I die in the hope of that." It was the blood in his ministry that cleansed him. And so it is the only way by which our sins can be washed away. Why, there was a question once asked in Heaven when a great crowd were gathering there, "Who are those?" and the answer was, "They are those who have come up through great tribulation, and have been washed by the blood of the Lamb."

Now, the question is, what are you going to do with that blood? I would like to ask you, what are you going to do about it? You must do either of two things—take it or reject it. Trample it under foot or cleanse your sins by it. I heard of a lady who told a servant to cook a lamb. She told him how to do it up and all about it, but she didn't tell him what to do with the blood. So he went to her and asked, "What are you going to do with the blood of the lamb?" She had been under conviction for some time, and such a question went like an arrow to her soul. She went to her room and felt uneasy, and the question kept continually coming to her, "What are you going to do with the blood of the lamb?" and before morning she was on her knees asking for the mercy of the blood of the Lamb.

Now the most solemn truth in the Gospel is that the only thing He left down here is His blood. His body and bones He took away, but He left His blood on Calvary. There is either of two things we must do. One is to send back the message to Heaven that we don't want the blood of Christ to cleanse us of our sin, or else accept it. Why, when we come to our dying hour the blood will be worth more than all the kingdoms of the world to us. Can you afford to turn your back upon it and make light of it? Dr.

King, when the war was going on, went down to the field with the Christian Commission. He used to go around among the soldiers, and during one of his visits he heard a man cry, "Blood! blood! blood!" He thought that, as the man had just been taken off the battle-field, the scene of carnage and blood was still upon his mind. The doctor went to him and tried to talk to the man about Christ, and tried to divert his mind from the scenes of the field. "Ah, doctor," said the man feebly, "I was not thinking of the battle-field, but of the blood of Christ;" and he whispered the word "blood" once more and was gone.

Dear friends, do you want all your sins washed away from you? It was shed for the remission of sins, and without the shedding of blood there would be no remission. There is blood on the mercy-seat. "I am not looking to your sins now," God says, "but come and press in, press in and receive remission." Thank God, the blood is still on the mercy-seat. It is there, and He beseeches you to accept it. What more can He do for your salvation? Now, my friends, don't go out of this Tabernacle laughing and scoffing at the precious offering made to you, but just bow your head and lift up your voice, "Oh, God of Heaven, may the blood of Thy Son cleanse me from all sin." The blood is sufficient.

Some years ago I was journeying to the Pacific coast, and nearly every stage-driver I met was talking about a prominent stage-driver who had just died. You know that in driving over those rocky roads they depend a good deal upon the brake. This poor man, when he was dying, was heard to say: "I am on the down grade and can not keep the brake." Just about that time one of the most faithful men of God, Alfred Cookman, passed away. His wife and friends gathered around his death-bed, and when his last moments arrived, it seemed as if Heaven had opened before him, as with a shout he cried, "I am sweeping through the gates washed by the blood of the Lamb." What a comfort this must have been to his friends; what a comfort it must have been to him, the blood of the atonement in his last hours.

My friends, if you want a glorious end like the end of that sainted man, you must come to the blood of Christ. Let us bow our heads in prayer; let us have a few moments of silent prayer, and let us ask the Lord to let us see this great truth.

Mr. Sankey sang the following hymn, as a song-translation of the story told by Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of his sermon:

I am now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood ;
I am watching, and I'm longing while I wait.
Soon on wings of love I'll fly
To my home beyond the sky,
To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gate.

Refrain—In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am ;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping thro' the gates.

Oh ! the blessed Lord of light,
I loved Him with my might ;
Now His arms enfold and comfort while I wait.
I am leaning on His breast,
Oh ! the sweetness of His rest.
And I'm thinking of my sweeping thro' the gate.

Burst are all my prison-bars,
And I soar beyond the stars ;
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo ! the morn eternal breaks
And the song immortal wakes,
Robed in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

XX.

HOW GOD LOVES MEN.

I JOHN iv. 16: "God is love."

IT is a text on fire, and I hope it will burn down into your souls. "God is love." Now, if you can not remember a word of the sermon, and your friends ask you what I preached about, just bear in mind that text—"God is love." I don't believe there is a truth in the Word of God that tells us so thoroughly that God will blot out our sins as the text. I remember the rebuilding of a church on the North Side, by a friend of mine, after the fire, and he was very anxious to make the people believe this truth. To do this he had the text put up in the church like this. One night a man going by—the door was ajar a little—happened to look in, and there he saw this text, "God is love." He said to himself, "I don't believe that; God don't love me;" and he tried to pass the words from his mind, but couldn't. He kept thinking of them and turning them over in his mind until it seemed as if they had burned into his soul. He went a few blocks away, and after a little hesitation, thought he would just go back and see what was going on in that church. At the conclusion of the services I found a man sitting away back in a pew weeping. "What is the matter?" I asked him. "Well," said he, "that text up yonder has broke my heart—God is love." I asked him if he was willing to accept His love, and spoke about it to him, and in a little time I had him on his knees, and he accepted the text. I hope there are some, I say some—I hope there are hundreds here who will believe this in spite of what the devil says, who is continually striving to make men believe it isn't true.

My friends, "God is love," and He wants you all to receive this truth. You may ask, "Why does God love me?" It is a mystery, and always has been, to me why He loves the rebellious sons of Adam; but, I suppose, it is upon the same principle as the shining of the sun—can not help it. The trouble is with us; we are all the time trying to measure God's love with our own. If a man proves

treacherous, if he proves a traitor to us, we turn our back upon him and cast him off. Our love may have been very strong toward this man, but whenever we find the bad traits in his character we throw him off. It is not so with the divine love. God's love is unchangeable. If a man goes down to hell, it is because he has turned from that love himself. God hates sin, mark you; but He loves the sinner. Keep this in your minds—it is sin that He hates with a perfect hatred, but He loves the sinner. “Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” He loved them that very night. He knew that one of those disciples would betray Him for thirty pieces of silver, and yet He loved them. If there is anything that makes hell unendurable to Judas Iscariot it is the knowledge that He loved him even when he betrayed Him—that He loved him even while he kissed Him. That very night when He knew Peter was to forsake Him—that very night when He was hastening to the cross, He loved him. He loved them all to the end. Let us not be guilty of measuring God's love with our own. God loves us when we do not love Him. God loves us when we are at enmity with Him—when we are at war with Him. Just turn to the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah and fifteenth verse: “Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet I will not forget thee.” Now what an illustration that is. How the prophet just draws on this scene with which we are so familiar in our homes. Can a mother forget the child of her bosom? There are unnatural mothers in Chicago, of course. They have drank so much whiskey that they have lost all love for their children. But they are very few. The most devoted love on earth is the love of a mother for her child; but what is it in comparison to God's love? Mothers “may forget, yet I will not forget thee.” This is what God was saying to Israel. My friends, just picture to yourself the love of a mother. Why, there is no love so strong as the love of a mother for her child. There are a great many things to separate a man from his wife, or one friend from another, but the mother's love is generally unchangeable. Her son may be a murderer; public opinion may be against him; the daily journals may write him down; his friends may forsake him; but that mother will take her stand in the court beside her

boy. The jury may give a verdict against him, and he may be sentenced to death; but you will find that mother going down to his cell, and she will love him through it all. She doesn't care for public opinion; she doesn't heed the sentiments of the press. Everything may be gone from her, but love for her son will remain. And when that son has been executed, and life has left his body, she will go down to his grave and water it with tears, and will cherish the memory of that boy as long as she lives. But all this is not to be compared with the love of God. God's love is not confined to one man; it is universal and is unfailing and unchangeable.

Let us turn to Jeremiah and we read: "His love is everlasting." He loves us with an everlasting love, and if you are lost, it is because you despise this everlasting love. It is not because He doesn't love you, for we see here He loves you with an everlasting love. It was sheer love which gave Christ for us, and every man and woman in this house can be a partaker of it. He said this to Israel when they were in a backslidden state. He gave them blessings. He gave them prophets. He led them through dangers and difficulties, and they had now forsaken His law, and He said to Jeremiah go and tell them that "His love is everlasting." But even after that they despised His love and affection, and ruin came upon them.

I can imagine some of you saying, "Well, if God loves with an unfailing love, with an unchangeable love, with an everlasting love, we are all right." Some men say, "I ignore the doctrines you have been preaching the last two nights—I don't believe in your blood doctrine; but I believe in the love of God. He is a God of love, and by His love He will save me."

I had a lady come to me while in England, and if ever I saw a woman whose heart was broken it was she. She told me a very sad story. She had a family of five children, and one of them was in exile in Australia. The parents loved that boy, it seemed, almost more than all the others; but they had to banish him from home. He had written to his parents to allow him to come home, but his father had replied, "No; if you only repent of your sins you may come home; but if not, you can not come." They told me that they yearned to have him home, but they couldn't have him. When he was beside them he made their house a perfect hell. If he came, it would ruin all the other children; and so, don't you see, if an unregenerated man came into the kingdom of Heaven, he would make a

perfect hell of it. There would be another war in Heaven. He is a God of love, but He can not let an unregenerated man into His kingdom. If He did, there would soon be no more joy in Heaven than there is on earth now. Before a man enters there, he must be regenerated. And so that Saviour offers you that salvation through His love; wants to bless you to-night; and I say again if you do not accept this love you will trample the mercy of God under your feet.

I was told by a prominent man in Boston of a young man in New York. He had put his mother into the grave by his conduct, and he was fast bringing his father to an untimely end. One night while he was going out his father met him in the hall, and said to him kindly, "You have not, my son, spent a night with me since your poor mother was buried. It is very lonely here now. There are none but the servants in the house; now won't you spend this night with me? I want to talk to you;" and the old man stood there with his gray hairs and appealed to his son. But the answer was, "No, I won't." "You have killed your mother through your conduct; these gray hairs will soon be lying beside her, and I must tell you of your peril. You shall not go; or if you will go to your ruin you must go over my body," and the old father lay down at the door and the young man leaped over his father—leaped to his ruin. The old man loved him, but he trampled his love under his feet. What are you doing, sinner? "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; turn ye, turn ye, oh House of Israel." God does not come down here without giving us a token of His love. Many people profess great love for us, but they give us no token. It isn't so with God. Find here in the thirty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, seventeenth verse: "Behold, for peace I had great bitterness, but Thou hast in love for my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption, for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back." Out of love for my soul He has cast all my sins behind His back. That is the way He shows His love by taking all our sins and casting them behind His back. Could you want them put in any safer place than behind His back? Not behind my back, where Satan might get at them, but behind God's back, where Satan can not get them. He says: "Thou hast cast all"—I like that little word all—"behind thy back." They are there for time and eternity, and I can go on my way shouting for glory. There are two or three ways of expressing the taking away of our sins by God. There is this one, and we are told that He puts them "into the sea of forgetfulness,"

and some others, but this one is the best of them all. He casts them all behind His back. Let us rejoice in such a Redeemer. He takes our sins right out of the way, and the road is clear for the sinner to come to Him.

Now, it is out of pure love for us that He takes ours sins and puts them away. A great many people are trying to put away their own sins, but they can't do it. Suppose you stole a thousand dollars from a man, and you said, "I forgive the man I stole that money from." You can not do that, for he has got something against you. It is he that has to forgive, because you have sinned against him. So men go on sinning against God; and if we want our sins canceled for time and eternity, we must accept God's forgiveness for time and eternity.

There is another verse in the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah, in which He shows His love for us, which I want to call your attention to: "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them; in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old. But they rebelled and vexed His Holy Spirit; therefore He was turned to be their enemy, and He fought against them." Now God loves every one of His children. None of them can be afflicted but He feels it, just as a mother feels for her child. How many times have you seen a mother sitting up with her child seven, eight, or nine weeks? She won't let a stranger come in her place. With loving care she ministers to her sick child, and if she could take the disease out of the bosom of that child and transfer it to her own, she would do it. God takes that place with us. In all their afflictions He was afflicted, "and the angel of His presence saved them; in His love and in His pity He redeemed them." Here is the God who pitied and redeemed Israel in spite of their transgressions, and yet they turn right round and condemn Him, charge back upon Him all their troubles. Just so with people here; they charge back their sins to God, and blame God for bringing them into the world at all, and some even blame Him for giving them salvation, and yet it is without price. They spurn His offers and they spurn His love.

Now let me touch upon this verse. He says, "in His pity." He pities us. When Adam fell from his high estate, it brought out God's love and pity, and He showed him mercy. A great many think that God does not love them because they have turned from His law. My friends, that is false; that is the very thing that is

shown in God's love. No sooner did the news reach Heaven of Adam's fall, than Heaven came down to reach him. A friend of mine, before the fire, went to Manchester, England, and used to tell the people of the greatness of Chicago—of its lumber, of its elevators, of its manufactures; but he said the people of Manchester didn't seem to take any interest in what he said. But one day a dispatch came over the cable saying that in Chicago a large fire was going on, and the people became a little interested. By and by, a telegram came saying that the city was burning, and that 10,000 people were homeless, and the people began to gather around the telegraph offices, and there was great interest. But after a little, a message came across saying the city was burned and that 100,000 people were homeless, and the people flocked to the rescue and gave their thousands. It was Chicago's calamity that brought out their love. So it was Adam's calamity that brought out God's love. And so, don't say that because a man is a sinner, He does not love him. He remembers our afflictions, and He comes and says: "If you will, I will take your affliction away; I will take your sorrow from you; I will take away all your suspense and troubles, and I will take you by the right hand and lead you through this dark world to my kingdom in the Heavens." Ho! ho! sinner! let the Lord take your right hand and lead you to Paradise. I don't know who you may be—I don't care whether you are a poor tramp who has been wandering about from door to door to-day, seeking a crust of bread—I tell you that God loves you. Say yes. He wants to save you. He wants to get His arm under your body and take you to His kingdom. Won't you have Him?

Many people say: "If I could get rid of my sins I would come." Come to "Him that loved us and then washed us in His blood." That's the plan of Christ's redemption. And so He takes sin from us and loves the sinner, and wants to wash you to-night in His blood. There is nothing to hinder you from being saved; you have just to come, as Paul says, "unto Him that loved and gave Himself for us." He does not love one man, but He loves the world. It was in His great love for us that He came down from Heaven. What we want to know is, that He is for each and every one of us—He is not a national Christ; He is a personal Saviour. Suppose England gave America \$100,000, and I wanted two or three thousand dollars, that money given to the American government would not help me any. What I want is a personal Christ, and I find this

in the passage of Galatians: "Unto Him that loved us and gave Himself for us." Let me tell you to-night that He is no respecter of persons; He loves every one, no matter what he has been. You may be despised by your father and mother. Your friends may throw you off; but Christ will not, for God loves you.

There is a story told of Mr. William Dawson, which I would like to relate. While preaching in London, one night at the close of his sermon, he said that there was not one in all London whom Christ could not save. In the morning a young lady called upon him and said: "Mr. Dawson, in your sermon last night you said that 'there was no man in all London whom Christ could not save.' I find a young man in my district who says he can not be saved, and who will not listen to me. Won't you go and see him? I am sure you could do more with him than I can." Mr. Dawson readily assented, and went with the young lady to the East End—up one of those narrow streets there, and at the top of a rickety staircase found a garret, in which a man was stretched upon straw. He bent over him and said, "Friend." "Friend?" said the young man, turning upon him; "you must take me for some other person. I have no friends." "Ah," replied the Christian, "you are mistaken. Christ is the sinner's friend." The man thought this too good. "Why," said he, "my whole family have cast me off; every friend I had has left me, and no one cares for me." Mr. Dawson spoke to him kindly, and quoted promise after promise—told him what Christ had suffered to give him eternal life.

At first his efforts were fruitless, but finally the light of the Gospel began to break on the young man, and the first sign was his heart went out to those he had injured. And, my friends, this is one of the first indications of the acceptance of Christ with the sinner. He said: "I could die in peace now if my father would but forgive me." "Well," replied the man of God, "I will go and see your father and ask him for his forgiveness." "No, no," was the sad answer of the young man, "you can not go near him. My father has disinherited me; he has taken my name from the family records; he has forbidden the mention of my name in the house by any of the family or servants in his presence, and you needn't go." However, Mr. Dawson obtained the address, and went away to the West End of London, ascended the steps of a beautiful villa, and rang the bell. A servant in livery came to the door and conducted him to the drawing-room. There was everything in that house for

comfort and luxury that money could purchase. He could not help contrasting the scene of poverty in that garret with the scene of luxurious elegance everywhere around him. Presently a proud, haughty-looking merchant came in, and as he stepped forward to shake hands with Mr. Dawson, that gentleman said, "I believe you have a son named Joseph?" and the merchant threw back his hand and drew himself up. "If you come to speak of him—that reprobate—I want you to go away. I have no son of that name. I disown him. If he has been talking to you he has been only deceiving you." "Well," replied Mr. Dawson, "he is your boy now, but he won't be long." The father stood for a minute looking at the Christian, and then asked, "Is Joseph sick?" "Yes," was the reply; "he is at the point of death. I only came to ask your forgiveness for him that he may die in peace. I don't ask any favor; when he dies we will bury him." The father put his hands to his face, and great tears rolled down his cheeks, as he asked, "Can you take me to him?" In a very short time he was in that narrow street where his son was dying, and as he mounted the filthy stairs it hardly seemed possible that the boy could be in such a place. When he entered the garret he could hardly recognize his son, and when he bent over him, the boy opened his eyes and said, "Oh, father, can you—will you forgive me?" and the father answered, "Oh, Joseph, I would have forgiven you long ago if you had wanted me to." That haughty man laid his boy's head on his bosom and the son told him what Christ had done for him; how He had forgiven his sins and brought peace to his soul; how that the Son of God had found him in that poor garret and had done all for him. The father wanted the servant to take him home. "No, father," said the boy, "I have but a short time to live, and I would rather die here." He lingered a few hours, and passed from that garret in the East End to the everlasting hills.

If there is a poor prodigal here to-night, God wants to bless you. The world may cast you off, the world may treat you with scorn, and I come to-night with the loving message of God: He wants to bless you. Oh, may the God of all grace draw you who are out of the kingdom to Himself; may He draw you to the throne of grace to-night. Let us bow our heads in silent prayer.

XXI.

GOD HATES SIN AND LOVES THE SINNER.

I JOHN iv. 16: "God is love."

I WOULD like to call your attention to Ephesians iii. 14:
"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

"Of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named,

"That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man;

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,

"May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height:

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

That ye may know "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height" of the love of Christ. That was Paul's prayer for the Christians in Ephesus that they might know the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of Christ's love. There is nothing, my friends, that brings out the love of God like the cross of Christ; it tells of the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of His love. If you want to know how much God loves you, you must go to Calvary to find out. A man going out of this hall last night was heard to say, "That's not true; God doesn't love me." Now, if a man doesn't know his Bible, that may account for such an expression; but if a man has his Bible open before him I don't see how he can say this. How a man can speak in this way if he has looked into the Scriptures is a mystery to me. This idea probably was the same in Paul's days as it is in ours, and that's why he bowed his knee so that they might comprehend the extent of God's love for them.

I am told that during the war in France—when France was fighting with Germany—when the trouble broke out in Paris, the Communists had a number of citizens in prison. Among the number there was an archbishop. In the window of his little cell he had a cross, and before he was led to execution he cut at the head of the cross, “height,” at the bottom, “depth,” and at each of the arms, “length” and “breadth.” Ah, he knew something about the love of God—he had discovered the great love of Christ. It reaches from north to south, from east to west; it reaches from Heaven to hell—to all the corners of the earth; it has height, it has depth, it has length, it has breadth. Oh, may God open our eyes to this truth—show us the greatness of this love, and may He not let a man go out of this building saying, “God does not love me,” for He does. I wish I had time to read to you all the passages in the Scriptures that speak of His love; to show you that He did not come down from Heaven to curse you, but to bless you; not to do you harm, but to do you good. He seeks to deal with you only for your happiness. I can imagine you saying as some one said to me lately, “If He loves us so much, why does He let us have so much sorrow?” He answers this in the Scriptures—“Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.” Did you ever hear of a man who loved his child neglecting to chasten it? If you spare the rod it is sure ruin to your child. Why, this very passage is proof of God’s love. Look at a father who has a child who lies and steals, and does everything that’s bad; if he don’t chasten that child it is a sure proof that the father doesn’t love that child. God loves us, and whenever He sees we require it, He chasteneth. Because you receive stripes, my friend, don’t listen to the devil’s whisper in your ear that God’s love is not for you. If we got everything we wanted in this world in the shape of property, my friends, it would be our ruin. It is prosperity that ruins more men than anything else. When affliction and misfortune come upon us we ought to thank God, for it is an evidence of His love. He doesn’t chasten us because He loves to do it, but because we have sinned before Him. And if there is a poor sinner here who has felt the chastisement of the Father, who is suffering affliction rather than murmur, we should kiss the rod, because it is a strong proof of His love.

I remember my little girl had a habit of getting up in the morning very cross. I don’t know whether your children are like that. She used to get up in the morning speaking cross, and it made the

family very uncomfortable. So I took her aside one morning and said to her, "Emma, if you go on that way I shall have to correct you; I don't want to do it, but I will have to." She looked at me for a few moments—I had never spoken that way to her before—and she went away. She behaved herself for a few weeks all right, but one morning she was as cross as ever, and when she came to me to be kissed before going to school, I wouldn't do it. Off she went to her mother, and said, "Mamma, papa refused to kiss me; I can not go to school, because he won't kiss me." Her mother came in, but she didn't say much; she knew the child had been doing wrong. The little one went off, and as she was going down-stairs I heard her weeping, and it seemed to me as if that child was dearer to me then than ever she had been before. I went to the window and saw her going down the street crying, and as I looked on her I couldn't repress my tears. That seemed to be the longest day I ever spent in Chicago. Before the school was out I was home, and when she came in, her first words were: "Papa, won't you forgive me?" and I kissed her and she went away singing. It was because I loved her that I punished her. My friends, don't let Satan make you believe, when you have any trouble, that God does not love you.

In Romans we read: "For all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." So, when you have crosses, affliction, and sorrow, and misfortune, remember that all those things "work together for good." I remember when the same child was taken with scarlet fever I was very anxious that the prescription should be filled carefully, and I went right to the head clerk of a drug store and he took first a little stuff from one bottle and a little from another until he had a lot of different medicine in one jar; and he stirred them all up, and it proved to be the right remedy. So God gives us a little sorrow and affliction and misfortune; it is only a remedy for us. If things work against you it is only for your good.

I can imagine Paul when he got on that platform, how he felt when his misfortunes came upon him. When they threw him into prison and gave him stripes he would shout, "All things work together for my good." When they took up great stones and stoned him and stripped him: "All things work together for my good—everything is for the Lord." Satan, while Paul was suffering, could not make him disbelieve that all this misfortune was for good; he believed that all things worked together

for good. That's what made him so mighty; it was this fact that made him carry everything before him; it was this knowledge that enabled him, instead of giving way to despair, to take up his pen in that prison, and write those great epistles—those epistles which have done so much good to man. Men who have received blessings from his teachings are constantly going there, and I can imagine them, when they reach the golden gates, meeting Paul and taking him by the right hand and saying: "Paul, I am glad you wrote that epistle to the Ephesians; I was saved by it." "Paul, I am glad you wrote that epistle to the Corinthians; I received salvation by it." "Paul, your epistle to the Hebrews was the means of giving me a crown of glory." The sermons he preached, most of them, have gone, but these epistles come down to us as living testimony of God's goodness to us. It was Paul's affliction that gave us them. So, if the world is dark around us, and we are surrounded, remember that "all things work together for our good," and be sure that you love Him.

God loves the Christian—"those that serve Him." I can hear some one saying: "I never served God; I never prayed to Him in my life; I never sought for a knowledge of God. He doesn't love me. He's angry with me." I know a great many people have got this idea. I suppose they got it from some of our preachers. I remember I used to do this too—say that God was angry with the sinner, and I thought it was true; but that time has passed away. This very text might have shown me I was wrong. If I have a son who is a drunkard, or a gambler, or a thief, I love him still—I am angry with his sin.

I will tell you how I got my eyes open to the truth that God loves the sinner. When I went over to Europe, I was preaching in Dublin, when a young fellow came up to the platform and said to me that he wanted to come to America and preach. He had a boyish appearance; did not seem to be over 17 years old. I measured him all over, and he repeated his request, and asked me when I was going back. I told him I didn't know, probably I wouldn't if I had known. I thought he was too young and inexperienced to be able to preach. In course of time I sailed for America, and hadn't been here long before I got a letter from him, dated New York, saying that he had arrived there. I wrote him a note and thought I would hear no more about him; but soon I got another letter from him, saying that he was coming soon to

Chicago, and would like to preach. I sent him another letter telling him if he came, to call on me, and closed with a few commonplace remarks. I thought that would settle him, and I would hear no more from him. But in a very few days after, he made his appearance. I didn't know what to do with him. I was just going off to Iowa, and I went to a friend and said: "I have got a young Irishman (I thought he was an Irishman because I had met him in Ireland), and he wants to preach. Let him preach at the meetings—try him, and if he fails I will take him off your hands when I come back." When I got home—I remember it was on a Saturday morning—I said to my wife: "Did that young man preach at the meetings?" "Yes." "How did they like him?" "They liked him very much," she replied; "he preaches a little different from you; he preaches that God loves sinners." I had been preaching that God hated sinners; that He had been standing behind the sinners with a double-edged sword, ready to cut off the heads of the sinners. So I concluded if he preached different from me I would not like him. My prejudice was up. Well, I went down to the meeting that night, and saw them coming in with their Bibles with them. I thought it was curious. It was something strange to see the people coming in with Bibles, and listen to the flutter of the leaves. The young man gave out his text, saying: "Let us turn to the third chapter of John, and sixteenth verse, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" He didn't divide up the text at all. He went from Genesis to Revelations, giving proof that God loved the sinner, and before he got through two or three of my sermons were spoiled. I have never preached them since. The following day (Sunday) there was an immense crowd flocking into the hall; and he said: "Let us turn to the third chapter of John, sixteenth verse, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;'" and he preached the fourth sermon from this verse. He just seemed to take the whole text and throw it at them, to prove that God loved the sinner, and that for six thousand years He had been trying to convince the world of this. I think I thought I had never heard a better sermon in my life. It seemed to be a new revelation to all. Ah, I notice there are some of you here who remember those times, remember those nights. I got a new idea of the blessed Bible. On that Monday

night I went down and the young man said, "Turn to the third chapter of John, sixteenth verse," and he seemed to preach better than ever. Proof after proof was quoted from Scripture to show how God loved us. I thought sure he had exhausted that text, but on Tuesday he took his Bible in his hand and said: "Turn to the third chapter of John, sixteenth verse;" and he preached the sixth sermon from that text. He just seemed to climb over his subject, while he proved that there was nothing on earth like the love of Christ, and he said, "If I can but convince men of this love, if I can but bring them to believe in the text, the whole world will be saved." On the Thursday he selected the old text, John iii. 16, and at the conclusion of the sermon he said, "I have been trying to tell you for seven nights how much God loves you, but I can not do it. If I could borrow Jacob's ladder and climb up to Heaven, and could see Gabriel there and ask him to tell me how much God loves me, he would only say, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

My friends, I hope none here will go down to hell who has heard this text of Scripture. If he does, he will have trampled it under his feet—he will have flung away God's goodness. His hell will be two hells if he remembers that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." How a man can go out of this Tabernacle after hearing this text, saying, "God does not love me," is a mystery to me.

I want to turn your attention to Romans v. 8: "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Men have an idea that He did not come to rid men of their sins. That is not true. He didn't come to call the righteous, to call the just to His kingdom, but sinners. If there had been no sin in the world He needn't have come here. It was the fact of sin being in the world that brought Him from the bosom of His Father—it was that that brought Him to Calvary—Christ's love for a perishing world. He wants to cover us with His love. Look at that beautiful passage in the song of Solomon: "His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me," and "His banner over me is love." Yes, His banner is love. There is a story told of a man who came to this country

from England, and who became naturalized. Soon afterward he became restless for a change, and went to Cuba. It was when the war broke out there in 1867. He had not been long in that island when he was arrested as a spy. He was tried and sentenced to be executed—ordered to be shot. He sent for the British and American Ministers, who looked into his case and found he was innocent. They went to the Spanish authorities and said: "Why, this man is innocent; you can not execute this man," but they replied that he had been tried under Spanish laws, and found guilty, and must die. They hadn't time (there was no cable in those days) to send to their government. The man was finally brought to be shot, and the Spanish soldiers were ordered to put an end to that young man. At that point a carriage drove rapidly up, and the two Ministers leaped out and flung the British flag and star-spangled banner before the man, and said to the soldiers, "Fire, if you dare!" and they didn't. Those flags gave that man the protection of the government; the governments of those countries represented were behind those flags. Ah, my friends, come under the banner of Heaven; the government of Heaven is behind it. His banner offers us His love—it is a banner of love. You will then be under the protection of high Heaven as you journey through the world. If you are assailed, He will send legions of angels, if necessary, to fight your way up to Heaven.

May the God of grace break your hearts, and may no man go out of this building saying, "God does not love me." It was the love of God that broke my heart years ago, and if I put it to the vote of the Christians in this assemblage to testify what brought them to Christ, they would turn to this text: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Will you take His love to-night? Bear in mind that He stands at the door of your heart with His locks wet with the dew of night. And what does He do? He knocks; just listen! Can you hear this loving Saviour calling you to Him? Can you hear a gentle knock? That is Christ knocking at the door of your heart. "Behold I stand at the door and knock, and if any man"—mark the language of the Scripture—"any man," he may be a drunkard, a thief, a gambler—"open the door I will come in and sup with him and he with Me." I have been in homes in Chicago where I couldn't

stay five minutes—they were so dark and gloomy, just like some of our hearts. Won't you pull back the bolts and open the door of your heart, and He will come in and reign and give you peace and joy all the rest of your days? Is there one here to-night who will let Him in? May the God of all grace lead to the cross any wanderer here to-night. Let us pray.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee that Thou wilt help each one of us, that we may know what to do with Thy Holy Son that Thou hast given us. May these men and women give up their wayward life, and may these that are old in a life of sin give up that life, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. And, our Saviour, may many feed on Thy Spirit as the bread of their life. May we have the joy of seeing many turning from their sins and enriched with Thy Holy Spirit. May we see many this night coming to God and acknowledge that the glorious Spirit of Christ saveth. May all in this meeting to-night be found lifting up their hearts to the Lord. And this night may there be no criticisms upon the work that is going on, but may all work together for the glory of God, and we will give Thee all the praise. And may Thy blessing rest on the songs we shall sing and the Gospel we shall preach. Amen.

XXII.

THE PROPHET DANIEL.

I WANT to talk about the life of the prophet Daniel. The word means "God with him," not the public with him; not his fellow-men, but God. Therefore he had to report himself to God, and hold himself responsible to Him. I do not know just what time Daniel went down to Babylon. I know that in the third year of King Jehoiakim, Nebuchadnezzar took ten thousand of the chief men of Jerusalem and carried them captive down to Babylon. I am glad these chief men who stirred up the war were given into the great king's hands. Unlike too many of the ringleaders in our great war, they got the punishment on their own heads. Among the captives were four young men. They had been converted, doubtless under Jeremiah, the "weeping prophet" that God had sent to the children of Israel. Many had mocked at him when he lifted up his voice against their sins. They had laughed at his tears and told him to his face, as many say of us, that he was getting up a false excitement. But these four young men listened, and had the backbone to come out for God.

And now, after they were come to Babylon, the king said a number of the children should be educated, and ordered the same kind of meat and wine set before them that were used in his own palace, and that at the end of a year they should be brought before him. Daniel and his three friends were among these. Now, no young man ever comes to the city but he has great temptations cross his path as he enters it. And just at this turning-point in his life, as in Daniel's, must lie the secret of his success. If you see success in statesmen, in lawyers, or men in any walk of life, you ask the secret of it, and you find it in this same time of youth. Jacob turned away from God, and David turned away from God, but only just in proportion as they had not fully and entirely given themselves up to Him when they were young men. Yes, that was the secret of this

young man Daniel's success; he took his stand with God right on his entering the gate of Babylon, and cried to God to keep him steadfast. And he needed to cry hard. A grave law of his and his nation's God was, that no man should eat meat offered to idols; but now comes the king's first edict that this young man should eat the meat he himself did. I do not think it took young Daniel long to make up his mind. The law of God forbade it, and he would not do it. "He purposed in his heart"—in his heart, mark that—"that he would not defile himself." He did not do it in his head, but love in his heart prompted him. If some Chicago Christians could have advised Daniel they'd have said, "Don't you do it; don't set aside the meat; that would be a species of Pharisaism. The moment you take your stand and say you won't eat it, you say in effect you are better than other people." That is the kind of talk too often to be heard now. Oh, yes, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do;" they would have insisted to the poor young captive that he might, and ought to, carry out the commandments of his God when he was in his own country, but not there where he was a poor slave; he could not possibly carry along his religion down there in Babylon. Thank God, this young man said he would not eat, and ordering the meat taken away, got the eunuch to bring him pulse. And behold, when he came before the king, the eunuch's fears were gone, for the faces of Daniel and the rest of the dear boys were fairer and fatter than any that the king looked down upon. They hadn't noses, like too many in our streets, as red as if they were just going to blossom. It is God's truth, and Daniel tested it, that cold water, with a clear conscience, is better than wine.

And the king one day had a dream, and all the wise men were called. But they all said, We can not interpret it; it is too hard. The king in wrath threatened them, and, still getting no answer, made an edict that all the wise men should be put to death. And the officers came to Daniel with the rest of the wise men, but Daniel was not afraid. I can imagine he prayed to God, falling low on his knees with his face to the earth, and asked Him what to do; and then he crawled into bed and slept like a child. We would hardly sleep well under such circumstances. And in his sleep God told him the meaning of the dream. There must have been joy among the wise men that one of their number had found it, and that the king would save their lives. And he is brought

before the king, and cries out, "O king, while thou didst lie with thy head on thy pillow, thou didst dream, and in thy dream thou sawest a great image." I can imagine at these opening words how the king's eyes flashed, and how he cried out with joy, "Yes, that is it, the whole thing comes back to me now." And then Daniel, in a death-like stillness, unfolded all the interpretation, and told the king that the golden head of the great image represented his own government. I suppose Babylon was the biggest city ever in the world. It was sixty miles around. Some writers put the walls from sixty-five to eighty-five feet high and twenty-five feet wide; four chariots could ride abreast on the top of them. A street fifteen miles long divided the grand city, and hanging gardens in acres made the public parks. It was like Chicago—so flat that they had to resort to artificial mounds; and, again like Chicago, the products of vast regions flowed right into and through it. This great kingdom Daniel told the king was his own; but he said a destroying kingdom should come, and afterward a third and fourth kingdom, when at the last the God of Heaven should set up His kingdom. And Daniel himself lived to see the first overthrown, when the Medes and Persians came in, and centuries after came Alexander, and then the Romans. I believe in the literal fulfillment, so far, of Daniel's God-given words, and in the sure fulfillment of the final prophecy of the "stone cut out of the mountain without hands," that by and by shall grind the kingdoms of this world into dust, and bring in the kingdom of peace. Then will be the millennium and Christ will sway His sceptre over all the earth. Well, the king was very much pleased. He gave him a place near the throne and he became one of the chief men of the world, and all his three friends were put in high office. God had blessed them signally, and He blessed them still more, and that was perhaps a harder thing—in keeping them true to Him in their prosperity. Their faith and fortunes waxed strong together.

Time went on, and now we reach a crisis indeed. "Nebuchadnezzar, the king," we read, "made an image of gold, one hundred and ten feet high and nine feet wide." It was not gilded, but solid gold. When Babylon was pillaged the second time a single god was found in the temple that was worth between two and three million pounds sterling. The king's monstrous image was set up in the plains of Dura, near to the city. I suppose he wanted to

please his kingly vanity by inaugurating a universal religion. When the time came for the dedication, I do not suppose Daniel was there. He was perhaps in Egypt or some other province on affairs of the empire. Counselors, satraps, high secretaries, and the princes of the people were ordered to hasten to the dedication, and when they should hear the sound of the cornet, flute, and psaltery announce that the great idol was consecrated, they were to bow down and worship it. Perhaps they called the ceremony the unveiling of the monument, as we would say; but one command is certain, that at the given signal all the people were to fall to the earth in worship. But in the law of God there is something against that: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." God's law went right against the king's. Oh, would all of us have Daniel's three friends to do the right thing at all hazards? Would none of us, without backbone, have advised him to just bow down a little so that no one would notice it, or to merely bow down, but not worship it? The hour came, and Daniel's friends refused to bow down. They refused utterly to bend the knee to a god of gold. How many cry out in this city, "Give me gold, give me money, and I will do anything." Such may think that men in Nebuchadnezzar's time should not bow down to a golden idol, but they themselves are every day doing just that very thing. Money is their golden image, or position, or golden ambition. Well, the informers came to the king and told him that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego had stood with unbended knee, and straightway they were hurried before him, the old king speechless with rage and gesturing his commands. I can imagine that one last chance was given them, after the king finally regained his voice, and that one of them, probably Meshach, spoke up in a respectful, but firm voice that they must obey God rather than man. At once the raging king cried out: "What is your God that He can deliver you out of our hands?" And in the same breath screamed a command to bind them hand and foot and cast them into the fiery furnace, and make it seven times hotter than ever. The command was instantly executed, and the flames leaped out from the door and consumed the officers who cast them in. But Jesus was with His servants as the flames wreathed about them, and soon word was brought to the king that four men walked about in the flames. Yes, they walk there with Jesus—they didn't run—as in a green pasture and beside still waters. And directly the king rushed up

and cried, "Ye sons of the living God, come forth." And behold even the hair of their heads was not singed. Then made the king a royal edict that all in his realm should reverence the God of Meshach, Shadrach, and Abednego.

These glorious heroes braved even death because God was with them. Oh, friends, we want to be Christians with the same backbone, men and women who stand up for the right and never mind what the world may say. I believe before God there would be ten thousand conversions in Chicago in the next twenty-four hours had we only a perfect consecration. God grant it us, out of the abundance of His grace. The next thing that comes before us is that the king is in trouble again. He has had another dream. He called in the wise men of Babylon and told them what he had dreamt about, but they were not able to interpret what it meant. But the prophet is brought in, and he at once told him the dream. He says: "O king, this is your own kingdom. God has made it to extend to the four corners of the earth, and now since God has exalted you, you have become proud, and have not given Him the glory; but if thou wilt humble thyself He may spare thee." Now Daniel preached to him a good sermon. It may be he told him of Nineveh, and how the Lord had spared it when its people repented. We find the king saying, one year afterwards: "Is not this the great kingdom I have built up by my power?" We're told that a voice from Heaven said, "O king, thy glory is departed from thee." He left the throne, was next driven from among men, and dwelt with the beasts of the field. At the end of seven times—some think that means seven years—his reason returned, and the last glimpse we catch of the mighty monarch is in the fourth chapter of Daniel, where he sends out his last decree. Now he has got home to himself. The language of this touches the king on his throne; it sounds as if it came from a man who has met the God of all grace, and his heart has been changed. He says: "Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and honor, and extol the King of Heaven." We have very good reason to believe that he was a saved man. We have very good reason to suppose that Daniel was successful, by his faithfulness, in winning him to the God of the Hebrews. For fifteen years we lose sight of the mighty prophet. Another takes the throne. We do not find out who that second ruler was, but now we find Belshazzar, who reigns next, had a feast. There he is, with his

thousand lords, come up from different parts of the empire. No doubt he thought, like every sinner, that he was perfectly secure. They are praising their gods of gold, silver, and brass. While the banquet is going on, the king orders the vessels that had been taken from the temple to be brought in. All at once, in that banqueting hall, every voice is hushed. The king trembles from head to foot. What is the matter? Every eye is directed yonder, to the wall. There is seen a handwriting there, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." There was not any of his wise men could read the writing. No uncircumcised eye could read God's writing. Daniel was sent for. With one look he can see it without any trouble. It was his Father's writing. It read, "Thy kingdom is numbered, thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting, thy kingdom is given to the Medes and Persians." He thought not that while this was going on the Medes and Persians were already at work—that very night they were marching up the streets of Babylon. They battered down the gates of the palace, and soon the king's blood flowed with the wine of the banquet. He blazed forth for one single night, and this is the first and the last we ever hear of him. Now, Darius the Mede takes the throne.

We find that Daniel was put over the presidents and made the chief man in all the realm. He was put there to see that no damage was done to the king. He held the position for a long time, but at last there was a conspiracy raised against him. No man can be true to God but some one rises up that wants him to be got out of the way. If they could only just get one of their own number in his place, what would they not gain? After talking it over, they could find no occasion against Daniel but touching the love of his God. Oh, thank God for such a man. Would to God we had more like him. He had put no friends into office that had swindled the government. Though he had been chief secretary, they could find nothing against him. At last one of them said: "I have got a plan." I can imagine the one hundred and twenty princes all together one night, and one of them gets up and says: "Do you know that this man Daniel won't worship any one but the God of the Hebrews? Now, if we could get Darius to sign a decree that no man shall be worshiped for thirty days but himself! Just make a lion's den, and make it the penalty for any man who refuses to obey the decree, and we shall soon get him out of the way." But they said: "Look here, this must be a profound

secret. We must not go out of the council chamber to-night until we get the king's signature." They very carefully drew up the document. Next morning some of them called on the king, saying: "O king, live forever. We have been thinking how we can increase your popularity, and we've made up our minds that if you should sign a decree, that not one in your empire should worship any god but yourself, it would make you the most popular monarch that ever ruled." It can not but touch the king's vanity. He liked it very much. They showed him the document. "Well," he said, "I can see no objection to that." The king takes his signet, down comes the stamp, and he signs it. As he does so, one of them cries: "The law of the Medes and Persians altereth not." There also was a penalty put in the decree. I can imagine one of Daniel's friends runs and tells him. I can imagine what Christians of the present day would say: "Now these men want to plunder the government. Hadn't you better go off to some remote part of the country for the thirty days? If you don't, they will catch you and throw you into the lions' den." Or, "Daniel, if you pray, don't pray with your window open towards Jerusalem. If you will pray, put down the blinds and pray in secret. Put something in the keyhole so they can't be peeping in." How many men are trying to serve God in that way. How many young men I have heard of whom when they hear the footsteps of their comrades will at once get off their knees. Do you think Daniel is going to turn to the right hand or the left in his old days? Thank God, Daniel had time to pray. If there had been a daily prayer-meeting in Babylon he would have attended it regularly. Now, these princes watch him. He knelt down as aforetime. He prayed that God might direct Darius in the affairs of his kingdom, but he didn't pray to Darius. When they told the king, I can imagine him stretching himself and saying, "Who is he?" "Why, that man you put over us, that Hebrew." The king was troubled when he heard it, and set his heart for the delivery of his friend Daniel, but the laws could not be altered. He and every peasant knew he was the best man they had in the whole country. Darius loved him very much, but he couldn't save him. He didn't love him as much as Jesus loved us. Our Darius died Himself that the law might be kept. And now, there is the old man moving on to that den like a conqueror. He knows if God wants him to go to Heaven from the den, it is all the

same. These princes thought the lions would make short work of him. Ah, down comes an angel and shuts every mouth. I can imagine he even uses one as a pillow. He would rather be there with a clear conscience than Darius on his throne with a guilty one. Now I can hear about daybreak the king's chariot going over the streets of Babylon. In great haste he comes to the den and cries, "O Daniel, is that God whom thou servest able to deliver thee from the mouth of the lion?" "Yes, my God is able to deliver me, Darius." He takes him out; they embrace each other, and I can imagine they breakfast together that morning. Daniel ever after was greatly beloved. Let us pray.

XXIII.

THE SINNER'S EXCUSES SWEEPED AWAY.

LUKE xiv. 19: "I pray thee have me excused."

CHRIST had been invited to dine with a rich Pharisee, and it seemed as though this man had gathered his friends together in a kind of conspiracy to catch Christ. They watched Him. A man who had had dropsy was placed before Jesus, as though they wanted to see what He would do. Christ read their hearts, and so before He healed the man He asked them if it was lawful to heal on the Sabbath day. But they didn't want to answer, for fear they'd betray themselves, and so they held their peace. Then Christ put the question to them in another way, and asked them if any of them had an ox or an ass fall into a pit, should he not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day, and then he healed the man, as the Pharisees and lawyers weren't able to answer Him. Then he told them about the feast, and told them to be humble. When a man prepares a feast, men rush in; but when God prepares one they all begin to make excuses, and don't want to go. The first excuse was that made by Adam, "The woman Thou gavest me, she gave me to eat." These men that excused themselves made manufactured excuses; they didn't really have any. The drunkard, the libertine, the business man, the citizen, the harlot, all had their excuses. If God were to take men at their word about these excuses, and swept every one into his grave who had an excuse, there would be a very small congregation in the Tabernacle next Sunday, there would be little business in Chicago, and in a few weeks the grass would be growing on these busy streets. Every man who was nursing a sin had an excuse, as though God had asked them to go into a plague-stricken city, or a hospital, or to hear a dry lecture, or something repelling and objectionable, something that wasn't for their greatest good.

Take the excuses. There wasn't one that wasn't a lie. The devil made them all; and if the sinner hadn't one already, the devil

was there at his elbow to suggest one, about the truth of the Bible, or something of that sort. One of the excuses mentioned was that the man invited had bought a piece of ground, and had to look at it. Real estate and corner lots were keeping a good many men out of God's kingdom. It was a lie to say that he had to go and see it then, for he ought to have looked at it before he bought it. Then the next man said he'd bought some oxen, and must prove them. That was another lie; for if he hadn't proved them before he bought them he ought to have done, and could have done, it after the supper just as well as before it. But the third man had the silliest, the worst excuse of all; he said he had married a wife, and couldn't come. Why didn't he bring her with him? She would have liked the supper just as well as he, and would have enjoyed a supper, as almost any young bride would.

These seemed to be foolish excuses, but they were not any more so than the excuses of to-day. Indeed, the excuses of men are getting worse and worse all the time. They say they can't believe the Bible; it's so mysterious. Well, what of it? Infidels, skeptics, pantheists, deists, said they didn't believe the Bible. Had they ever used it? Did they read it as carefully as they read any other book? This was their excuse. If everybody could understand everything the Bible said, it wouldn't be God's book; if Christians, if theologians had studied it for forty, fifty, sixty years, and then only began to understand it, how could a man expect to understand it by one reading? A child the first day at school couldn't even know the alphabet, and yet it wasn't a sign that it was a poor school because he didn't learn the first day all about grammar, arithmetic, and geometry. Another said God was a hard Master. No; that was one of Satan's lies. The devil's the hard master. In the Tombs in New York there is over the door the remark, "The way of the transgressor is hard." God's yoke is easy, His burden light. Ask prisoners, ask gamblers, ask sinners, if Satan's yoke is easy. It's the hardest of all. God's service a hard one! How will that sound in the judgment? Many said it wasn't that, but there is such a struggle. Wasn't all life a struggle? Some said they were wicked. Those are just the kind Jesus came to save. They weren't too wicked to be saved. They were so worldly-minded, so hard-hearted; that was another falsehood. Look at what God did for Bunyan and John Newton and many others who were the wickedest, and even the thief on the cross. God is already

reconciled; He doesn't need the sinner to be reconciled to Him. The Lord prepares the sinner.

Yet you hear people say they can't understand that; they can not imagine but *they* have to do something to satisfy God. But I tell you that God is satisfied, God is reconciled. You have the word of Paul that God is reconciled to us. Yes, thank God, He is reconciled to the world. Can *you* reconcile God? Christ has done that. The moment a sinner takes this to heart, and comes to Jesus, that moment he is saved. Perhaps a story will illustrate this as well as anything. In England I was told about an only son—these only sons are hard to bring up properly; they have every whim and caprice gratified; they generally grow up headstrong, self-willed, and obstinate, and make it miserable for any one to have anything to do with them. Well, this son had a father something like himself in disposition. And one day a quarrel arose between them, and at last, as the son would not give in and own he was wrong, the father, in a fit of anger, said that he wished his son would leave his house and never come back again. "Well," rejoined the boy (as angry as his father), "I will leave, and I never will enter your house again until you ask me." "Well, then, you won't come back in a hurry," replied his father. The boy then left. The father gave up the boy, but the mother did not. Perhaps these men here won't understand that, but you women do. A great many things will separate a man from his wife, a father from his son, but nothing in the wide, wide world will ever separate a mother from her child. A jury can bring in a verdict against her son; the hisses may go up against him; he is condemned to be hanged; there is not a friendly paper to write an article in his favor. But if his mother be there, the boy has at least one eye to rest upon him, one heart to beat in sympathy with him. He is taken to the cold, damp cell and left to his fate. All forsake him but his mother. She comes there; she puts her arms around his neck; she kisses him; she would spend all the time with him if the officers would allow it. She can not save him. The day before his execution she sees him for the last time; she has not the courage to see him in the shadow of the gallows. The supreme moment at length arrives; he is led forth, and in a few moments he dangles a corpse. Does the mother then forget him? No; even now she goes to his grave, strews flowers upon it, and waters them with her tears. A mother's love is next to God's love. Death is stronger than everything else; yes, but with the

exception of one thing—a mother's love. Death and decay may wreck this city, buildings may cease to exist, everything yields before them but a mother's love. To refer to the illustration again: When the father had given the boy up, he thought he would never come back. The mother was taken very sick. She had been trying by every means in her power to effect a reconciliation between the father and son. When she found she could not recover from her illness she again renewed her efforts with all the power of a mother's love. She wrote to her son, imploring him to ask his father's forgiveness. He sent word back that he would not write to his father unless his father first wrote to him. "I will never come home until he asks me," he said. The mother began to get lower and lower. Her husband at this time came to the bedside and asked if there was anything he could do for her. "Yes, yes," she cried, "there is one thing—you can send for my boy. That is the only wish I have on earth that is not gratified. If you do not care for him while I am alive, who will care for him when I am gone? I can not bear to die and leave my child among strangers. Just let me see him and speak to him and I will die in peace." The father said he could not send for him. He could, but he wouldn't. He did not want to. The mother has but a few hours now to live. She again beseeches her husband that he will send for their son. The father said he would send a dispatch to him, but in her name. "No, no; that would not do." Well, he can stand it no longer, and he signs his own at the foot of the telegram. It was sent, and the moment the boy received it he took the first train home. The father was standing by the side of the bed when the son arrived. But when he saw the door open he turned his back upon him and walked away. The mother grasped the hand of her boy and pressed it again and again, and kissed him fervently. "Oh! just speak to your father, won't you? Just speak the first word." "No, mother, I will not speak to him until he speaks to me." The excitement was too much and she was rapidly sinking. She told her husband she was dying. She now took his hand in hers, and held the hand of her boy in the other, and sought and strove to bring about a reconciliation. But neither would speak. With her last strength she then placed the hand of the son into the hand of the father and sank down into the arms of death, and was borne by the angels into the kingdom of God. The father looked at the wife and then at the boy, he caught his eye; they fell upon each other's necks, and there stood weeping

by the bed of the departed. That is the illustration I have given, but it is not a fair illustration in this respect: God is not angry with us. With that exception it is a good illustration of reconciliation. Christ brought the hand of the Father clear down to the world; He put the hand of the sinner into the hand of His Father and died that they might be reconciled. You have nothing to do then to bring about a reconciliation. God is already reconciled to us and is ready to save us. "Blessed is he who shall be at the marriage supper of the Lamb." I have missed a good many appointments in my life, but there is one I will not miss. I would rather be at the marriage feast than have the whole world rolled at my feet. I want to be there and sit down with Isaac and Jacob, and Abraham, at that supper. It is an invitation for joy and gladness that comes from the King of kings, from the Lord of glory, to every man and woman in this assembly—the invitation to be at the marriage supper of the Lamb. It is not a personal invitation, but a universal one—"Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Bid them come, "the poor and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind," to the marriage feast prepared at great expense by our blessed Redeemer.

People began to make excuses very early in the history of Christianity, and they are still at it. Nineteen hundred years have nearly rolled away, and still there are excuses. One of the excuses that we very often hear people giving is, that they don't want to become Christians because it will make them gloomy—they will have to put on long faces and button their coats up, cut off all joy and walk through the world till they get to Heaven, where they will have pleasure forevermore. We look forward to that happy future, but, thank God, we have some pleasure here; indeed, no man in the world should be so happy as a man of God. It is one continual source of gladness. He can look up and say, "God is my Father," "Christ is my Saviour," and "the Church is my mother." All who think otherwise than that a Christian life is one of unceasing joy are deceiving themselves. I was going by a saloon the other day and saw a sign, "Drink and be merry." Poor, blind, deluded fellows, if they think this will make them merry. If you want to be merry, you must come to the living fountain that bursts from the throne of God; then you will have true pleasure. A man away from God can not have true pleasure. He is continually thirsting for something he can not get—thirsting for something that can

quench his thirst—he can not get it until he comes to the living fountain. My friends, that is just another wile of the devil to keep men from grace. It is false. The more a man is lifted up to Heaven, the more joy and peace and gladness he has. He is lifted away from gloom. Look at a man on his way to execution. Suppose I ran up to him, holding out my hand and saying: “There is a pardon that has been signed by the Governor,” and I give it him. Would he be gloomy and joyless? That is Christ. He comes down with a pardon to us poor men and women, on our way to execution. Yonder is a man starving. I go to him and give him bread. Is that going to make him gloomy? A poor man comes along crying with thirst, and I give him a glass of ice water; would that make him gloomy? That’s what Christ is doing for us. He has a well of living water, and He asks every thirsty soul to drink freely. Don’t you believe for a moment that Christianity is going to make you gloomy.

I remember when I was a boy I thought I would wait till I died and then become a Christian. I thought if I had the consumption, or some lingering disease, I would have plenty of time to become one, and in the meantime I would enjoy the best of the pleasures of the world. My friends, I was at that time under the power of the devil. The idea that a man has more pleasure away from church is one of the devil’s lies. Do not believe it, but accept of this universal invitation to the marriage feast.

I can imagine some men saying, “Mr. Moody has not touched my case at all. That is not the reason why I won’t accept Christ. I don’t know if I am one of the elect.” How often am I met with this excuse—how often do I hear it in the inquiry-room! How many men fold their arms and say, “If I am one of the elect I will be saved; and if I ain’t, I won’t. No use of your bothering about it.” Why don’t some of those merchants say, “If God intends to make me a successful merchant in Chicago, I will be one whether I like it or not; and if He doesn’t, I won’t.” If you are sick, if a doctor prescribes for you, don’t take the medicine; throw it out of the door; it don’t matter, for if God has decreed you are going to die you will, and if he hasn’t you will get better. If you use that argument you may as well not walk home from this Tabernacle. If God has said you’ll get home, you’ll get there—you’ll fly through the air, if you have been elected to go home. These illustrations are just the same as the excuse. You can not go up there and give

that excuse. The water of life is offered freely to every one. No unconverted man in the wide, wide world has anything to do with the doctrine of election any more than I have to do with the government of China. That epistle of Paul was written to godly men. Suppose I pick up a letter and open it, and it tells me about the death of my wife. Dear me—my wife dead. But I look on the other side of the letter and find that it is directed to another man. And so a great many people take Paul's letter to the churches and take it as a personal letter. This is what you have to take up: "Whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life freely." He came down sixty years after His resurrection and said to John, put it so broad that no one will mistake it—put it so broad that no one in Chicago can be stumbling over it—so that all men may see it plainly—"Whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life freely." If you will, you will; if you won't, you won't. Do you think that God would come down here to give you salvation without giving you the power to take it, and then condemn you to eternity for not taking it? With the gift comes the power, and you can take it and live if you will. Don't stumble over election any more. You have to deal with that broad proclamation: "Whosoever will, let him drink of the waters of life freely." I can imagine some one in the gallery clear up there saying, "I never have bothered my head about election; I don't believe men are gloomy when they become Christians. If I was alone I would tell you my reason, but I do not like to get up in this large assemblage and talk here. The fact is, there are hypocrites in the churches. I know a man, a prominent man in the church, who cheated me out of twenty-five dollars. I won't accept this invitation because of those hypocrites in the churches." My friend, you will find very few there if you get to Heaven. There won't be a hypocrite in the next world, and if you don't want to be associated with hypocrites in the next world, you will take this invitation. Why, you will find hypocrites everywhere. One of the apostles was himself the very prince of hypocrites, but he didn't get to Heaven. You will find plenty of hypocrites in the church. They have been there for the last eighteen hundred years, and will probably remain there. But what is that to you? This is an individual matter between you and your God. Is it because there are hypocrites you are not going to accept the invitation?

"Ah, well, Mr. Moody, that is not my case. I am a business man,

and I have no time. Since the Chicago fire I have had as much as I could attend to in recovering what I lost." If I stood at the door and asked any one who went out to accept the invitation, I believe hundreds of you would say, "Mr. Moody, you will have to excuse me to-night; time is very precious with me, and you'll have to excuse me." What have you been doing the last twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years that you haven't had a moment to devote to the acceptance of this invitation? That is the cry of the world to-day: "Time is precious; business must be attended to, and we have no time to spare." Some of you women will say, "I can not wait; I have to go home and put the children to bed; this is more important." My friends, to accept this invitation is more important than anything else in this world. There is nothing in the world that is so important as the question of accepting the invitation. How many mechanics in this building have spent five years learning your trade, in order to support your families and support yourselves a few years—forty or fifty years at the longest? How many professional men have toiled and worked hard for years to get an education that they might go out to the world and cope with it, and during all these years have not had a minute to seek their salvation? Is that a legitimate excuse? Tell Him to-night that you haven't time, or let this be the night—the hour—cost you what it will, when you shall say, "By the grace of God I will accept the invitation and press up to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

"Oh, but that is not my case," says another, "I have time. If I thought I could become a Christian I would sit here all night and let business and everything else go, and press into the kingdom of God. I am not fit to become a Christian; that's the trouble with me." He says: "Go into the highways and hedges," and "bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind"—just invite them all, without distinction of sect or creed, station or nationality; never mind whether they are rich or poor. If the Lord don't complain about your fitness, you shouldn't look to see if you have the right kind of clothes. I had to notice during the war, when enlisting was going on, sometimes a man would come up with a nice silk hat on, patent-leather boots, nice kid gloves, and a fine suit of clothes, which, probably, cost him a hundred dollars; perhaps the next man who came along would be a hod-carrier, dressed in the poorest kind of clothes. Both had to strip alike and put on the regimental uniform. So when you come and say you ain't fit,

haven't got good clothes, haven't got righteousness enough, remember that He will furnish you with the uniform of Heaven, and you will be set down at the marriage feast of the Lamb. I don't care how black and vile your heart may be, only accept the invitation of Jesus Christ and He will make you fit to sit down with the rest at that feast. How many are continually crying out, "I am too bad; no use of me trying to become a Christian." This is the way the devil works. Sometimes he will say to a man, "You don't want to be saved; you are good enough already; and he will point to some black-hearted hypocrite and say: "Look at him and see how you appear in comparison; you are far better than he is." But, by and by, the man gets a glimpse of the blackness of his heart, and his conscience troubles him. Then says the devil: "You are too bad to be saved; the Lord won't save such as you; you are too vile; you must get better before you try to get God to save you." And so men try to make themselves better, and instead, get worse all the time. The Gospel bids you come as you are. Seek first the kingdom of Heaven—make no delay; come just as you are. I heard of an artist who wanted to get a man to sit for a painting of the prodigal son. He went down to the almshouses and the prisons, but couldn't get one. Going through the streets one day, he found a poor, wretched man, a beggar, coming along, and he asked him if he would sit for the study. He said he would. A bargain was made and the artist gave him his address. The time for the appointment arrived, and the beggar promptly arrived and said to the artist: "I have come to keep that appointment which I made with you." "An appointment with me?" replied the artist; "you are mistaken: I have an appointment with a beggar to-day." "Well," said the man, "I am that beggar, but I thought I would put on a new suit of clothes before I came to see you." "I don't want you," was the artist's reply, "I want a beggar." And so a great many people come to God with their self-righteousness, instead of coming in their raggedness. Why, some one has said, "It is only the ragged sinners that open God's wardrobe." If you want to start out to get a pair of shoes from a passer-by, you would start out bare-footed, wouldn't you? I remember a boy to whom I gave a pair of boots, and I found him shortly after in his bare feet again. I asked him what he had done with them, and he replied that when he was dressed up it spoiled his business; when he was dressed up no one would give him any-

thing. By keeping his feet naked he got as many as five pairs of boots a day. So, if you want to come to God, don't dress yourself up. It is the naked sinners God wants to save. Come to Him after you have cast off your self-righteousness and the Son of God will receive you.

I remember, some years ago, of a man who had gone to sea. He led a wild, reckless life. When his mother was alive she was a praying mother. Ah, how many men have been saved by their mothers after they have gone up to Heaven, and perhaps her influence made him think sometimes. When at sea, a desire of leading a better life came over him, and when he got on shore, he thought he would join the Freemasons. He made application, but upon investigation, his character proved he was only a drunken sailor, and he was black-balled. He next thought of joining the Odd Fellows, and applied, but his application met with a like result. While he was walking up Fulton street, one day, a little tract was given him—an invitation to the prayer-meeting. He came and Christ received him. I remember him getting up in the meeting and telling how the Freemasons had black-balled him, how the Odd Fellows had black-balled him, and how Christ had received him as he was. A great many orders and societies will not receive you, but I tell you, He will receive you, vile as you are—He, the Saviour of sinners—He, the Redeemer of the lost world—He bids you come just as you are.

Ah, but there is another voice coming down from the gallery yonder: "I have intellectual difficulties; I can not believe." A man came to me some time ago and said: "I can not." "Can not what?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I can not believe." "Who?" "Well," he repeated, "I can not believe." "Who?" I asked. "Well-I-can't-believe-myself." "Well, you don't want to." Make yourself out false every time, but believe in the truth of Christ. If a man says to me, "Mr. Moody, you have lied to me; you have dealt falsely with me,"—it may be so, but no man on the face of the earth can ever say that God ever dealt unfairly, or that He lied to him. If God says a thing, it is true. We don't ask you to believe in any man on the face of the earth, but we ask you to believe in Jesus Christ, who never lied—who never deceived any one. If a man says he can not believe Him, he says what is untrue.

"Ah, well, all those excuses don't apply to me," says another, "I can't feel." That is the very last excuse. When a man comes

with this excuse he is getting pretty near the Lord. We are having a body of men in England giving a new translation of the Scriptures. I think we should get them to put in a passage relating to feeling. With some people it is feel, feel, feel all the time. What kind of feeling have you got? Have you got a desire to be saved?—have you got a desire to be present at the marriage supper? Suppose a gentleman asked me to dinner, I say, “I will see how I feel.” “Sick?” he might ask. “No; it depends on how I feel.” That is not the question—it is whether I will accept the invitation or not. The question with us is, Will we accept salvation—will you believe? There is not a word about feelings in the Scriptures. When you come to your end, and you know that in a few days you will be in the presence of the Judge of all the earth, you will remember this excuse about feelings. You will be saying, “I went up to the Tabernacle, I remember, and I felt very good, and before the meeting was over I felt very bad, and I didn’t feel I had the right kind of feeling to accept the invitation.” Satan will then say, “I made you feel so.” Suppose you build your hopes and fix yourself upon the Rock of Ages, the devil can not come to you. Stand upon the Word of God and the waves of unbelief can not touch you; the waves of persecution can not assail you; the devil and all the fiends of hell can not approach you if you only build your hopes upon God’s word. Say, “I will trust Him, though He slay me—I will take God at His word.”

I haven’t exhausted all the excuses. If I had, you would make more before to-morrow morning. What has to be done with all the excuses is to bundle them all up and label them “Satan’s lies.” There is not an excuse but is a lie. When you stand at the throne of God no man can give an excuse. If you have got a good excuse, don’t give it up for anything I have said; don’t give it up for anything your mother may have said; don’t give it up for anything your friend may have said. Take it up to the bar of God and state it to Him; but if you have not got a good excuse—an excuse that will stand eternity—let it go to-night, and flee to the arms of a loving Saviour. It is easy enough to excuse yourself to hell, but you can not excuse yourself to Heaven. If you want an excuse Satan will always find one ready for you. Accept the invitation now, my friends. Let your stores be closed till you accept this invitation; let your households go till you accept this invitation. Do not let the light come, do not eat, do not drink, till you accept the

most important thing to you in this wide world. Will you stay to-night and accept this invitation? Don't make light of it. I can imagine some of you saying, "Well, I never get so low as to make light of religion." Suppose I got an invitation to dinner from a citizen of Chicago for to-morrow and I don't answer it; I tear the invitation up. Would not that be making light of it? Suppose you pay no attention to the invitation to-night; is not that making light of it? Would any one here be willing to write out an excuse something like this: "The Tabernacle, October 29. To the King of Heaven: While sitting in the Tabernacle to-day I received a very pressing invitation from one of your servants to sit at the marriage ceremony of the Son of God. I pray you have me excused." Is there a man or woman in this assembly would take their pen and write their name at the bottom of it? Is there a man or woman whose right hand would not forget its cunning, and whose tongue would not cleave to their mouth, if they were trying to do it? Well, you are doing this if you get up and go right out after you have heard the invitation. Who will write this: "To the Lord of lords and King of Glory: While sitting in the Tabernacle this beautiful Sabbath evening, October 29, 1876, I received a pressing invitation from one of your servants to be present at the marriage supper. I hasten to accept." Will any one sign this? Who will put their name to it? Is there not a man or woman saying down deep in their soul, "By the grace of God I will sign it;" "I will sign it by the grace of God, and will meet that sainted mother who has gone there;" "I will sign and accept that invitation and meet that loving wife or dear child." Are there not some here to-night who will accept that invitation?

I remember while preaching in Glasgow an incident occurred which I will relate. I had been preaching there several weeks, and the night was my last one, and I pleaded with them as I had never pleaded there before. I urged those people to meet me in that land. It is a very solemn thing to stand before a vast audience for the last time and think you may never have another chance of asking them to come to Christ. I told them I would not have another opportunity, and urged them to accept, and just asked them to meet me at that marriage supper. At the conclusion I soon saw a tall young lady coming into the inquiry-room. She had scarcely come in when another tall young lady came in, and she went up to the first and put her arms around her and wept. Pretty soon an-

other young lady came and went up to the first two and just put her arms around them both. I went over to see what it was, and found that although they had been sitting in different parts of the building the sure arrow of conviction went down to their souls and brought them to the inquiry-room. Another young lady came down from the gallery and said, "Mr. Moody, I want to become a Christian." I asked a young Christian to talk to her, and when she went home that night, about ten o'clock—her mother was sitting up for her—she said, "Mother, I have accepted the invitation to be present at the marriage supper of the Lamb." Her mother and father laid awake that night talking about the salvation of their child. That was Friday night, and next day (Saturday) she was unwell, and before long her sickness developed into scarlet fever, and a few days after I got this letter :

"Mr. MOODY—Dear Sir: It is now my painful duty to intimate to you that the dear girl concerning whom I wrote you on Monday has been taken away from us by death. Her departure, however, has been signally softened to us, for she told us yesterday she was 'going home to be with Jesus,' and after giving messages to many, told us to let Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey know that she died a happy Christian."

When I read this I said to Mr. Sankey, "If we do nothing else we have been paid for coming across the Atlantic. There is one soul we have saved, whom we will meet on the resurrection morn."

"My dear sir, let us have your prayers that consolation and needed resignation and strength may be continued to us, and that our two dear remaining little ones may be kept in health if our Father wills. I repeated a line of the hymn—

" ' In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,—

"When she took it up at once and tried to sing,

" ' There the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.' "

"This was the last conscious thing she said. I should say that my dear girl also expressed a wish that the lady she conversed with on Friday evening should also know that she died a happy Christian."

Oh, my dear friends, are there not some here to-night who will decide this question? Do accept this invitation; let sickness come, let sorrow come, you will be sure of meeting at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Blessed is he who shall be found at that marriage feast.

XXIV.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

LUKE iv. 18: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

WE are told that after He had read this verse He closed the book and sat down. This, we might say, was Christ's inaugural sermon. It was the first sermon He preached after He had been baptized in the Jordan by John, and it was to His own townsmen in the synagogue at Nazareth that He spoke. He had been away from Nazareth for a few weeks, and strange rumors had reached that place of what had taken place on the banks of the Jordan; and the proclamation that John had made, that He was the Lamb of God, the true Messiah, had excited their curiosity. I don't know on what day He arrived. It might have been late on Friday evening when the Jewish Sabbath was just coming on. On the following day, the Sabbath, He went into the synagogue, where He found the townsmen gazing at Him curiously to see whether He was the same one as the one they knew to be the son of Joseph the carpenter. And when He had gone in—it was probably nothing unusual for Him to go into the synagogue—they handed Him the book of the prophet Isaiah to read. He might have turned to the first chapter, but that would have stirred up their Jewish pride; He might have read that chapter where He is called the Prince of Peace and the Everlasting Father, but that might have made them mad, to think that He was the Wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God spoken of there, and He didn't. He passed over the ninth chapter. He might have read the thirty-fifth, where it tells of the ransomed of the Lord returning to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. That meant the millennium, and the time was not yet come. Calvary had to have a victim first. He might have turned to the fifty-fifth chapter, but

the crucifixion had to take place before that chapter could be literally true. And so He turned to the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah and read, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." Now, if you will turn to the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah you will find that He closed right in the middle of the sentence, and left out the remaining part—"the day of vengeance is at hand." He didn't read that because it hadn't come. When the prophet Isaiah wrote that he might have gone on and written all about the two comings, but he only mentioned the day of vengeance, which meant the second coming. Nearly nineteen hundred years have rolled away since the first coming, and the day of vengeance has not come yet. But it will come. No man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh. When He comes again He will not come with grace, but He will open the book at the place where He left off, and then there will be no more hope for those who have sat and listened to the preaching of the Gospel. Thank God, this day has not yet come. We can still preach grace as the means by which God saves sinners, as the means by which He forgives the wanderer.

You will find that there are seven things which Christ came to do, six of which He read to those men of Nazareth before He closed the book. And how sweet those six things are. The world ought to rejoice in them. When the Spirit came to Moses, the plagues came upon Egypt, and he had power to destroy men's lives; when the Spirit came upon Elijah, fire came down from Heaven; when the Spirit came upon Gideon, no man could stand before him; and when it came upon Joshua, he moved around the city of Jericho; and the whole city fell into his hands; but when the Spirit came upon the Son of Man, He gave life; He healed the broken-hearted, He set at liberty those that were bruised. The only man who ever suffered before Christ was that servant who had his ear cut off. But most likely in a moment afterward he had it on, and very likely it was a better ear than ever, because whatever the Lord does He does well. No man ever lost his life with Him when the Spirit came upon Him, but received it from Him. He came to heal, give liberty, and proclaim the Gospel.

I want to call your attention to the word Gospel. I said about grace that there was, probably, not another word in the English language so little understood. There is one exception, and that is the word Gospel. I don't think there is another word about which so little is known. I was a partaker of it for more than ten years before I understood its meaning. I think if I picked many out here they would blush if I asked them to state in this building what it means. If the correct definition of it was known in Chicago to-night, ten thousand men would believe it. A great many people think the Gospel means death; and when you go to them they say, like the poor man at the tombs: "Why do you come to torment me before my time?" The Gospel means "God spares," it means good tidings. When that angel came down from Heaven and said, "I bring you good tidings, for unto you this day is born a Saviour," no better news ever fell upon the ears of men. No news ever reached men, no news so sweet ever came out of Heaven as the Gospel of the Son of God. It is the Gospel of good tidings. If men will only believe it, instead of looking so sad and melancholy, their faces will be lit up with joy and gladness. When I preach before an assemblage I can tell by the faces of those before me whether they believe it or not. Some look as cross as if they were going to be led to an execution. They can not hear good things; they can not believe good news when they hear it. Suppose, while I am talking, a boy comes running in with a telegraph message and delivers it to that gray-haired man yonder. It tells him that a prodigal son, who had gone to California years ago, has repented, and is coming home, and asks that father to meet him at the train. I can see how that father's face would light up with joy at the prospect of soon meeting that boy. He goes home elated, and hands the message to his wife. The news is too good to keep all to himself; no man can keep good news, and that is the way with young converts. They must go and spread it, publish it to all men. But if the dispatch reads that a son is dead, how the man is cast down. People—many of them—just look when we preach the Gospel as if we were reading them some bad news, because they can't believe it; but how do those who believe it look? Their faces are aglow with pleasure; they drink in every word, because they rejoice to hear the Gospel of the Son of God. Just let every one here to-night believe what God says is good news—believe what the angel said to the shepherds: "It brings good tidings," the best tidings you can ever

hear, for "unto you is born a Saviour," to save you from your sins. And, my friends, this is the only way out of our sins—the way of Christ. How are we going to get to Heaven if not by Christ? No angel from Heaven ever preached another Gospel. If a man tells you he is going to get to Heaven without Christ don't you believe him. That is man's gospel. Paul tells us Christ died for our sins, and that is Paul's doctrine—that is the good news of the Gospel, and just let us believe it.

I will tell you why I like the Gospel. It has taken four of the bitterest enemies out of my path that I had, and if you accept it, it will take them out of your path—simply receive Him. You will all admit that death is a great enemy. You hear some men in a boastful way say that they don't fear it—let it come when it may. But if you notice when death comes near and takes a good look at them, they are not so boastful. Men are not so fluent and flippant when they are coming near God. When danger comes to them they take it very different from what they do when it is far away. I have been out at sea when the storm was raging and the ship was tossing wildly. Some men looked very different than they did in a calm day. They didn't know how soon they might go to the bottom. How many times have you read of sailors who, when out of danger, were swearing men, in an instant during a storm they have become praying men. I remember while in New England it was the custom to toll the bell of the village church when any one died. When the bell tolled for an old man or woman I used to listen and think that death was far away; but when it came down to the teens, I used to think it was coming very near. I recollect acting as one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of one of my young friends, and how solemn it made me feel. It used to make me afraid that something would happen and take me away as that young friend was taken away. But that terror has passed away, and I look forward to death as one of the most beautiful features of this earthly pilgrimage. If you take the sting out of a hornet or a wasp you are not afraid of it. Christ has taken the sting out of death. He has pursued him into the grave and cast him into the bottomless pit, so that a man can shout, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" and a voice comes down from Heaven, "Buried in the bosom of the Lord." Yes, my friends, there is no fear of death to a man who has accepted the Son of God.

There is a portion of Scripture in the Twenty-third Psalm that is

as often misquoted as any in the Bible, and that is where, "I walk through the *dark valley*"—man put that word dark in; it isn't in the Scripture—"of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." You have stood in the shadow of a man cast in the sunlight; that is all that death can do to us—can just throw his shadow upon us, and if you want to get victory over death you must believe in the Gospel—believe in Christ, that He came to give you liberty—that He died for your sins.

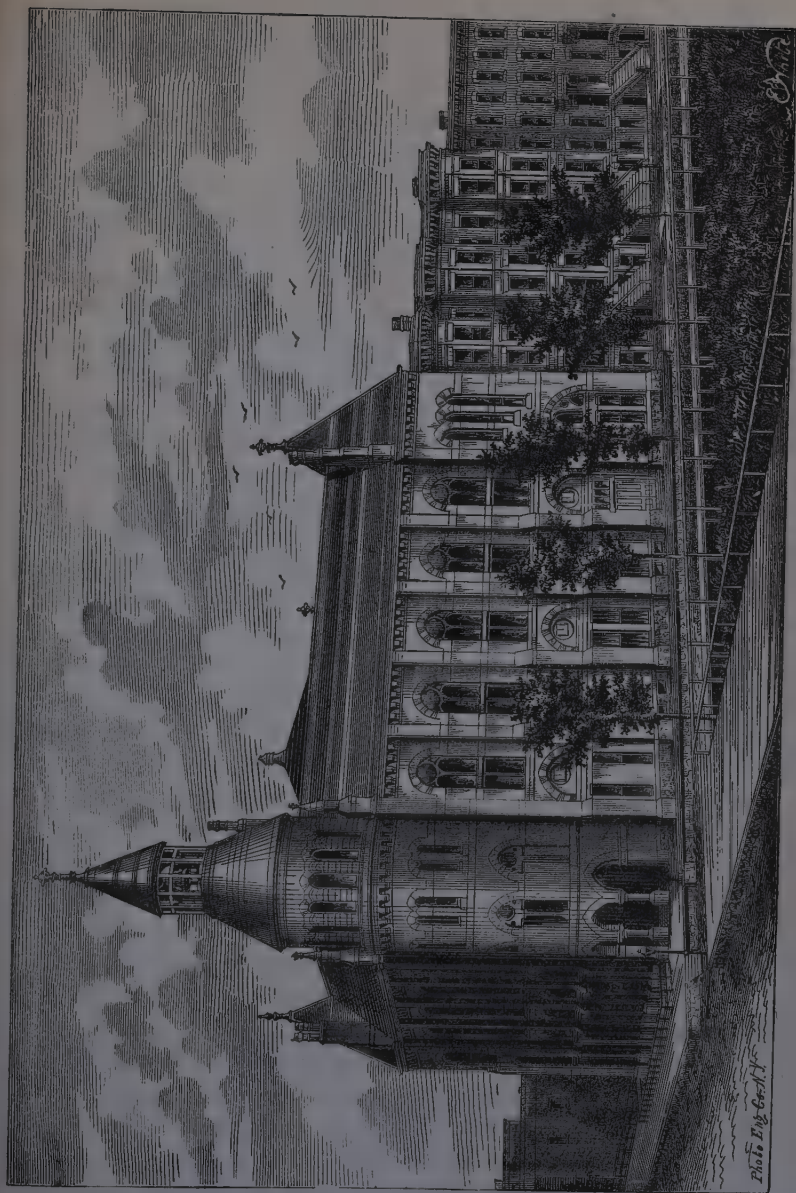
Another thing is sin. That is the story of death. As I told you the other night, the blessed Gospel tells us that sin is out of the world. If a man is in Christ he is perfectly safe. Out of love to me He has taken my sins and put them behind His back. You have seen at night a great cloud in the sky, but in the morning that cloud was gone. You can't find it—you don't know where it has gone. Our sins are blotted out as a cloud; after we have accepted Christ they are gone—we can not find them. How that used to trouble me. But I have found, since I accepted Christ, that they have been taken from me, and He has put them behind His back. By the death of Himself He has taken them all away, and, therefore, I can shout in my liberty, for if He has taken them He is not going to bring them up against us. They are swept out of our way forever.

I used to think the grave was a terrible thing. To think of lying one day in that cold, narrow house of earth, and the worms creeping through me, used to fill my heart with terror. When I used to stand at a grave and hear the earth rattling on the coffin-lid, and think of the time when I would be lying there, it seemed as if death had every terror. But now, if my friend dies, I know that there is a glorious hope. "I will raise him up at the last day." He will come forth from the grave and shout, "I am he that died and is alive forevermore." All that death can get from me is that old clay temple when I die. I shall rise again, by and by, with a new body—a body that can not be drawn away from Jesus Christ; I shall be transformed into His own image.

And the last thought. The fourth thing that used to trouble me was the judgment day. I used to think I may slip and fall; didn't know whether I would be accepted when I came to be judged or not. I suppose I got this idea from Christians, and a great many people here have got this idea from the same source. They don't know whether they will stumble before they get there, and when

they stand before the Great Judge they don't know whether their place will be on the right hand or the left. I used to wonder whether I would be among those whom He would tell to "Depart from Me, ye cursed." But that is passed. Christ was judged for me. He was condemned for me—and by His death on the tree, ransomed me. God is not going to demand double payment for me. That judgment is not a judgment of our sin; it is already passed. Not one of the sins of the believer will come up against him. My friends, don't think for a moment that you are to be at the throne to be judged—it is to judge the world. You are among the chosen—your place is by the Lamb. This thought, as I go toward Heaven, makes me shout and triumph over death and the grave; I am filled with joy that my sins are behind His back, and that the judgment is already passed, and my course to Heaven is clear. We haven't got to wait till we reach Heaven to know whether we are a child of God or not. When we accept this Gospel we all become sons and daughters of God, and are safe from all danger.

You know when men go out hunting, the long grass of the prairies being dry and parched, very often catches fire, and when there is a high wind the flames will roll twenty feet high sometimes, and the fire will travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The fastest horse can not run as fast. What do these frontiersmen do? They set fire to a portion of the grass near them. After it has been burned they get inside of this spot, and when the fire comes rushing toward them, although they hear the roar of the flames all around, they stand perfectly secure. There is one spot on earth that the Lamb of God has cleared for mankind, and that is Calvary; and if we but stand here, we are safe for eternity. Let us proclaim this glorious truth of the Gospel. I don't blame that man who said he wished every hair of his head was a man, so that he could send them out to proclaim this glorious Gospel. How can men say that God is not willing to save them, when the Gospel tells us that Christ tasted death for every man, and all we have to do is to take this truth. There is a young man, I think, in the meeting to-night, who called on me, while I was getting my tea this evening, at the hotel. He said he had been trying for a long time to become a Christian. "My friend," said I, "probably you have been working too hard. Just receive it as a gift. If it is a gift we can not get it by our tears. We can not get it by efforts of our own. Cease your efforts and just accept Him, and He will come to you if you will accept His gift."



MR. MOODY'S NEW CHURCH AT CHICAGO.

The will had a terrible battle at first with that young man. I don't believe any man ever comes to Christ without having a fight with his will. But, by and by, he said he would accept, and down we went on our knees, and victory was won. The hardest thing, I will admit, ever a man had to do, is to become a Christian, and yet it is the easiest. This seems to many to be a paradox, but I will repeat it—it is the most difficult thing to become a Christian, and yet it is the easiest. I have a little nephew in this city; when he was about three or four years of age, he threw that Bible on the floor. I think a great deal of that Bible, and I did not like to see this. His mother said to him, "Go pick up uncle's Bible from the floor." "I won't," he replied. "Go and pick up that Bible, directly." "I won't." "What did you say?" asked his mother. She thought he didn't understand; but he understood well enough, and had made up his mind that he wouldn't. She told the boy that she would have to punish him if he didn't, and then he said he couldn't, and by and by he said he didn't want to. And that is the way with people in coming to Christ. At first they say they won't; then, they can't; and then, they don't want to. The mother insisted upon the boy picking up the Bible, and he got down and put his arms around it and pretended he couldn't lift it. He was a great, healthy boy, and could have picked it up easily enough. I was very anxious to see the fight carried on because she was a young mother, and if she didn't break that boy's will, he was going to break her heart by and by. So she told him again if he didn't pick it up she would punish him, and the child just picked it up. It was very easy to do it when he made up his mind. So it is perfectly easy for men to accept the Gospel. The trouble is, they don't want to give up their will. If you want to be saved you must just accept that Gospel—that Christ is your Saviour, that He is your Redeemer, and that He has rescued you from the curse of the law. Just say, "Lord Jesus Christ, I trust you from this hour to save me," and the moment you take that stand, He will put His loving arms around you, and wrap about you the robe of righteousness. May God help you to believe that Gospel. It is so simple, that men can not believe they can be saved for nothing.

I remember hearing, a few years ago, a story about a young man away off in Russia. He was a wild, reckless, dissipated youth. His father, thinking that if he could get him away from his associates, a reform would be worked, procured a commission in the army for

him. And this is a mistake a great many Christian people fall into in dealing with their sons. It is not a change of place they require, it is a change of heart. A change of place will not take them away from the tempter. Well, off to the army this young man went, and, instead of reforming, he gambled, and borrowed, and took to drinking as vigorously as ever. At length he had borrowed all the money he could, and, as we say here, he "had come to the end of his rope." A certain sum of money had to be paid the next day, and he did not see how it could be done without selling his commission, and if he did that he would be compelled to leave the army and go home to his father disgraced. The laws were very rigid in Russia upon the matter of debt, and if he couldn't pay he knew he would have to go to prison. That night, as he sat in his barracks, heart-broken at the prospect before him, he thought he would take up paper and figure up his debts, and see how he stood. And here, let me say, it would be well if the sinner would pause occasionally, try and figure up his sin, and see where he stood with God. Well, this young man put down one debt after another until they made a long column. The total completely disheartened him; and he just put at the bottom of the figures, "Who is to pay this?" He laid his head upon his desk wearied, and fell asleep. That night the Czar, according to his custom, was walking through the barracks while the soldiers slept, and happened to come to that spot where the young soldier slept. He saw upon the desk the column of debts, and when he came to the bottom saw the question: "Who's to pay them?" and wrote underneath the name "Nicholas." When the young man awoke he took up the paper and found written at the bottom the signature of the Czar of all the Russias. What did it mean? Had an angel dropped down and canceled the debt? It was too good to be true. He couldn't believe it. But by and by the money came from the Emperor himself. This story may be true or not. I don't care whether it is or not; but there is one thing I do know is true, and that is, that the great Emperor of Heaven is here to-night, and if you put down all your sins and multiply them by ten thousand, He will pay it and shelter you underneath the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin. Thank God for the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ; thank God that every man and woman in this assembly can be saved. As the rain is coming down on this building, so God will shower His blessings upon us if we will only receive the truth. Let us pray.

XXV.

THE FRIEND OF THE SORROWING.

LUKE iv. 18: "He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted."

I WANT to take up this one thought—that Christ was sent into the world to heal the broken-hearted. When the Prince of Wales came to this country a few years ago, the whole country was excited as to his purpose. What was his object in coming here? Had he come to look into our republican form of government, or our institutions, or was it simply to see and be seen? He came and he went without telling us what he came for. When the Prince of Peace came into this dark world He did not come in any private way. He tells us that He came not to see and to be seen, but to "seek and to save that which was lost," and also "to heal the broken-hearted." And in the face of this announcement it is a mystery to me why those who have broken hearts will rather carry them year in and year out than just bring them to the great Physician. How many men in Chicago are just going down to their graves with a broken heart? They have carried their hearts weighted with trouble for years and years, and yet when they open the Scriptures they can see the passage telling us that He came here for the purpose of healing the broken-hearted. He left Heaven and all its glory to come to the world—sent by the Father, He tells us, for the purpose of healing the broken-hearted.

You will find, my friends, that there is no class of people exempt from broken hearts. The rich and the poor suffer alike. There was a time when I used to visit the poor, that I thought all the broken hearts were to be found among them; but within the last few years I have found there are as many broken hearts among the learned as the unlearned, the cultured as the uncultured, the rich as the poor. If you could but go up one of our avenues and down another and reach the hearts of the people, and get them to tell you their whole story, you would be astonished at the wonderful history of every family. I remember a few years ago I had been

out of the city for some weeks. When I returned I started out to make some calls. The first place I went to I found a mother, her eyes red with weeping. I tried to find out what was troubling her, and she reluctantly opened her heart and told me all. She said, "Last night my only boy came home about midnight drunk. I didn't know that he was addicted to drunkenness, but this morning I found out that he has been drinking for weeks, and," she continued, "I would rather have seen him laid in the grave than have had him brought home in the condition I saw him in last night." I tried to comfort her as best I could when she told me her sad story. When I went away from that house I didn't want to go into any other house where there was family trouble. The very next house I went to, however, where some of the children who attended my Sunday-school resided, I found that death had been there and laid his hand on one of them. The mother spoke to me of her affliction, and brought to me the playthings and the little shoes of the child, and the tears trickled down that mother's cheeks as she related to me her sorrow. I got out as soon as possible, and hoped I would see no more family trouble that day. The next visit I made was to a home where I found a wife with a bitter story. Her husband had been neglecting her for a long time, "and now," she said, "he has left me, and I don't know where he has gone. Winter is coming on, and I don't know what is going to become of my family." I tried to comfort her, and prayed with her, and endeavored to get her to lay all her sorrows on Christ. The next home I entered I found a woman crushed and broken-hearted. She told me her boy had forsaken her, and she had no idea where he had gone. That afternoon I made five calls, and in every home I found a broken heart. Every one had a sad tale to tell, and if you visited any home in Chicago you would find the truth of the saying that "there is a skeleton in every house." I suppose while I am talking you are thinking of the great sorrow in your own bosom. I do not know anything about you, but if I came round to every one of you, and you were to tell me the truth, I would hear a tale of sorrow. The very last man I spoke to last night was a young mercantile man, who told me his load of sorrow had been so great that many times during the last few weeks he had gone down to the lake and had been tempted to plunge in and end his existence. His burden seemed too much for him. Think of the broken hearts in Chicago to-night! They could be numbered by hundreds—yea, by thou-

sands. All over this city are broken hearts. If all the sorrow represented in this great city was written in a book, this building couldn't hold that book, and you couldn't read it in a long lifetime. This earth is not a stranger to tears, neither is the present the only time when they could be found in abundance. From Adam's days to ours tears have been shed, and a wail has been going up to Heaven from the broken-hearted. And I say it again, it is a mystery to me how all those broken hearts can keep away from Him who has come to heal them. For six thousand years that cry of sorrow has been going up to God. We find the tears of Jacob put on record when he was told that his own son was no more. His sons and daughters tried to give him comfort, but he refused to be comforted. We are also told of the tears of King David. I can see him, as the messenger brings the news to him of the death of his son, exclaiming in anguish, "Oh, Absalom, my son, would that I had died for thee." And when Christ came into the world the first sound He heard was woe—the wail of those mothers in Bethlehem, and from the manger to the cross He was surrounded with sorrow. We are told that He often looked up to Heaven and sighed. I believe it was because there was so much suffering around Him. It was on His right hand and on His left—everywhere on earth; and the thought that He had come to relieve the people of the earth of their burdens, and so few would accept Him, made Him sorrowful. He came for that purpose. Let the hundreds of thousands just cast their burdens on Him. He has come to bear them as well as our sins. He will bear our griefs and carry our sorrow. There is not a burdened son of Adam in Chicago who can not but be freed if he will only come to Him. Let me call your attention to this little word "sent"—"He hath sent Me." Take your Bibles and read about those who have been sent by God, and one thought will come to you—that no man who has ever been sent by God to do His work has ever failed. No matter how great the work, how mighty the undertaking; no matter how many difficulties had to be encountered, when they were sent from God they were sure to succeed. God sent Moses down to Egypt to bring three million people out of bondage. The idea would have seemed absurd to most people. Fancy a man with an impediment in his speech, without an army, without generals, with no record, bringing three million people from the power of a great nation like that of the Egyptians. But God sent

him, and what was the result? Pharaoh said they should not go, and the great king and all his army were going to prevent them. But did he succeed? God sent Moses and he didn't fail. We find that God sent Joshua to the walls of Jericho, and he marched around the walls, and at the proper time these walls came tumbling down and the city fell into his hands. God sent Elijah to stand before Ahab, and we read the result. Samson and Gideon were sent by God, and we are told in the Scriptures what they accomplished; and so all through the Word we find that when God sent men they have never failed. Now, do you think for a moment that God's own Son, sent to us, is going to fail? If Moses, Elijah, Joshua, Gideon, Samson, and all those mighty men sent by God succeeded in doing their work, do you think the Son of Man is going to fail? Do you think, if He has come to heal broken hearts, He is going to fail? Do you think there is a heart so bruised and broken that can't be healed by Him? He can heal them all, but the great trouble is that men won't come. If there is a broken heart here to-night just bring it to the Great Physician. If you break an arm or a leg, you run off and get the best physician. If you have a broken heart you needn't go to a doctor or minister with it; the best physician is the Great Physician. In the days of Christ they didn't have hospitals or physicians as we have now. When a man was sick he was taken to the door, and the passers-by prescribed for him. If a man came along who had had the same disease as the sufferer, he just told him what he had done to get cured. I remember I had a disease for a few months, and when I recovered if I met a man with the same disease I had to tell him what cured me; I could not keep the prescription all to myself. When He came there and found the sick at their cottage doors the sufferers found more medicine in His words than there was in all the prescriptions of that country. He is a mighty Physician who has come to heal every wounded heart in this building and in Chicago to-night. You needn't run to any other physician. The great difficulty is that people try to get some other physician—they go to this creed and that creed, to this doctor of divinity and that one, instead of coming directly to the Master. He has told us that His mission is to heal the broken hearts, and if He has said this, let us take Him at His word and just ask Him to heal.

I was thinking to-day of the difference between those who know

Christ when trouble comes upon them and those who know Him not. I know several members of families in this city who are just stumbling into their graves over trouble. I know two widows in Chicago who are weeping and moaning over the death of their husbands, and their grief is just taking them to their graves. Instead of bringing their burdens to Christ, they mourn day and night, and the result will be that in a few weeks or years at most their sorrow will take them to their graves when they ought to take it all to the Great Physician. Three years ago a father took his wife and family on board that ill-fated French steamer. They were going to Europe, and when out on the ocean another vessel ran into her and she went down. That mother, when I was preaching in Chicago, used to bring her two children to the meetings every night. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever looked upon to see how those little children used to sit and listen, and to see the tears trickling down their cheeks when the Saviour was preached. It seemed as if nobody else in that meeting drank in the truth as eagerly as those little ones. One night when an invitation had been extended to all to go into the inquiry-room, one of these little children said: "Mamma, why can't I go in too?" The mother allowed them to come into the room, and some friend spoke to them, and to all appearances they seemed to understand the plan of salvation as well as their elders. When that memorable night came, that mother went down and came up without her two children. Upon reading the news, I said: "It will kill her," and I quitted my post in Edinburgh—the only time I left my post on the other side—and went down to Liverpool to try and comfort her. But when I got there I found that the Son of God had been there before me, and instead of me comforting her, she comforted me. She told me she could not think of those children as being in the sea; it seemed as if Christ had permitted her to take those children on that vessel only that they might be wafted to Him, and had saved her life only that she might come back and work a little longer for Him. When she got up the other day at a mothers' meeting in Farwell Hall, and told her story, I thought I would tell the mothers of it the first chance I got. So if any of you have had some great affliction, if any of you have lost a loved and loving father, mother, brother, husband, or wife, come to Christ, because God has sent Him to heal the broken-hearted.

Some of you, I can imagine, will say, "Ah, I could stand that

affliction; I have something harder than that." I remember a mother coming to me and saying, "It is easy enough for you to speak in that way; if you had the burden that I've got, you couldn't cast it on the Lord." "Why, is your burden so great that Christ can't carry it?" I asked. "No, it isn't too great for Him to carry, but I can't put it on Him." "That is your fault," I replied, and I find a great many people with burdens who, rather than just come to Him with them, strap them tighter on their backs and go away staggering under their load. I asked her the nature of her trouble, and she told me, "I have an only boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth. I don't know where he is. If I only knew where he was I would go round the world to find him. You don't know how I love that boy. This sorrow is killing me." "Why can't you take him to Christ? You can reach Him at the throne, even though He be at the uttermost part of the world. Go tell God all about your trouble, and He will take away his sin, and not only that, but if you never see him on earth, God can give you faith that you will see your boy in Heaven." And then I told her of a mother who lived down in the southern part of Indiana. Some years ago her boy came up to this city. The boy was a moralist. My friends, a man has to have more than morality to lean upon in this great city. He hadn't been here long before he was led astray. A neighbor happened to come up here and found him one night in the streets drunk. When that neighbor went home, at first he thought he wouldn't say anything about it to the boy's father, but afterward he thought it was his duty to tell. So in a crowd in the street of their little town, he just took that father aside, and told him what he had seen in Chicago. It was a terrible blow. When the children had been put to bed that night he said to his wife, "Wife, I have bad news. I have heard from Chicago to-day." The mother dropped her work in an instant, and said, "Tell me what it is." "Well, our son has been seen on the streets of Chicago drunk." Neither of them slept that night, but they took their burden to Christ, and about daylight the mother said: "I don't know how, I don't know when or where, but God has given me faith to believe that our son will be saved, and will never come to a drunkard's grave." One week after, that boy left Chicago. He couldn't tell why—an unseen power seemed to lead him to his mother's home, and the first thing he said on coming over the threshold was, "Mother, I have come home to ask you to pray for me;" and soon after, he came back to Chicago

a bright and a shining light. If you have got a burden like this, fathers, mothers, bring it to Him and cast it on Him, and He, the Great Physician, will heal your broken hearts.

I can imagine, again, some of you saying, "How am I to do it?" My friends, go to Him as a personal friend. He is not a myth. What we want to do is to treat Christ as we treat an earthly friend. If you have sins, just go and tell Him all about them; if you have some great burden, "Go bury thy sorrow," bury it in His bosom. If you go to people and tell them of your cares, your sorrows, they will tell you they haven't time to listen. But He will not only hear your story, however long it be, but will bind up your broken heart. Oh, if there is a broken heart here to-night, bring it to Jesus, and I tell you upon authority He will heal you. He has said He will bind your wounds up—not only that, He will heal them.

During the war I remember of a young man not twenty, who was court-martialed, down in the front, and sentenced to be shot. The story was this: The young fellow had enlisted. He was not obliged to, but he went off with another young man. They were what we would call "chums." One night this companion was ordered out on picket duty, and he asked the young man to go for him. The next night he was ordered out himself; and having been awake two nights, and not being used to it, fell asleep at his post, and for the offence he was tried and sentenced to death. It was right after the order issued by the President that no interference would be allowed in cases of this kind. This sort of thing had become too frequent, and it must be stopped. When the news reached the father and mother in Vermont it nearly broke their hearts. The thought that their son should be shot was too great for them. They had no hope that he would be saved by anything they could do. But they had a little daughter who had read the life of Abraham Lincoln, and knew how he loved his own children, and she said: "If Abraham Lincoln knew how my father and mother loved my brother he wouldn't let him be shot." That little girl thought this over, and made up her mind to see the President. She went to the White House, and the sentinel, when he saw her imploring looks, passed her in, and when she came up to the door and told the private secretary that she wanted to see the President, he could not refuse her. She came into the chamber and found Abraham Lincoln surrounded by his generals and counselors, and when he saw the little country girl he asked her what she wanted. The little maid

told her plain, simple story—how her brother, whom her mother and father loved very dearly, had been sentenced to be shot. How they were mourning for him, and if he was to die in that way it would break their hearts. The President's heart was touched with compassion, and he immediately sent a dispatch canceling the sentence and giving the boy a parole so that he could come home and see that father and mother. I just tell you this to show you how Abraham Lincoln's heart was moved by compassion for the sorrow of that father and mother; and if he showed so much, do you think the Son of God will not have compassion upon you, sinner, if you only take that crushed, bruised heart to Him? He will heal it. Have you got a drunken husband? Go tell Him. He can make him a blessing to the Church and to the world. Have you a profligate son? Go take your story to Him, and He will comfort you, and bind up and heal your sorrow. What a blessing it is to have such a Saviour. He has been sent to heal the broken-hearted. May the text, if the sermon doesn't, reach every one here to-night, and may every crushed, broken, and bruised heart be brought to that Saviour, and they will hear His comforting words. He will comfort you, as a mother comforts her child, if you will only come in prayer and lay all your burdens before Him.

XXVI.

DELIVERANCE FOR CAPTIVES.

LUKE iv. 18: "To preach deliverance to the captives."

I NOW take up the words, "To preach deliverance to the captives." That is what I want to call your attention to. He not only came to preach the Gospel and heal the broken-hearted, but He came to preach deliverance. There is a verse, I think it is in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, which shows us our necessity of deliverance. "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered." Now, every man who has broken the law of God is a lawful captive; he has been taken into captivity, and the question is, can he deliver himself? Can a man who has broken the law of God save himself? If a man breaks the laws of our land, can he save himself? If a man commit murder, can he save himself from punishment? He requires some power outside of himself. So if a man has broken the law of God, he must be saved by some means outside of himself, and this text states the way this power has to be got. He comes to proclaim liberty to the captive.

Suppose I come here and say there is no hope to-night for a man who has broken the law of God—all who have disobeyed God must perish; there is no hope. How many of you would stay in this building and listen to me—how many of you would just rise up and go out? Why, every gambler and drinker would say, "He has no right to stand up and preach this. We know better than that." Thank God, we don't need to tell you that. We can preach Christ to you as a deliverer. I remember hearing a story of Mr. George Stewart. One day, the Governor of Pennsylvania came to him and said, "Mr. Stewart, I want you to go to such a prison and tell that man for whose execution I signed the warrant the other day, that there is not a ray of hope for him. When the day and hour comes he must be executed. His mother has been tormenting the life out

of me, and all his friends have been running after me day and night, and they are giving the poor fellow a false hope." "That is a very disagreeable thing to do, Governor," answered Mr. Stewart. "Well, I want you to go and tell him, so that he can be settled in his mind." The story goes, that when the doors of the cell were opened, that prisoner seized Mr. Stewart's hands, and in his joy cried, "You are a good man. I know you have come with a pardon from the Governor." But when Mr. Stewart told him the Governor had sent him to say there was not a ray of hope for him, upon the day and hour he must be executed, the man completely broke down and fainted away. The thought that at such a day and such an hour he was going to be ushered into eternity, was too much for the poor fellow. Suppose I come to you to-night and tell you there is not a ray of hope—that you have broken the law of God, and have not one ray of hope for pardon. How many would say, "I know a great deal better; the blackest sinner on earth, Christ can save to the utmost. He says so." But, my friends, there is no hope without the deliverance to be free from the bondage of sin, because He says you are "lawful captives." Who are you going to be delivered by? Why, you must be by Christ. He was the only one who ever preached this. No other one ever announced himself a deliverer. If you read your Bibles carefully you will find that was what He came to do—what He preached all His life, that He came to deliver men from the captivity of sin. And you will find, too, that He was the most extraordinary preacher that ever was on the earth. He didn't come to preach fine sermons; He didn't come to preach up the greatness and goodness of man—you have enough of that kind of preaching in the churches; but He came to give a groaning world assistance and power to be saved; He came to tell men to come out of their sins, and show them the way. It was not to preach in eloquent words—not to preach sermons on science, and with literary skill that He came; it was to proclaim liberty to the captive, and every burdened sinner will be free if he only comes to Him. For six thousand years, all along the stream of time—from Adam's till our own day—Satan has been at men, binding them hand and foot. That's what he has been doing to some of you. He has just been binding you hand and foot until you can't move from him. He commences, to be sure, in a very little way. The bond is so small and delicate at first that you might blow it away with a breath. But by and by it becomes a little thread no bigger than a spider's

web—you can hardly see it. “Oh,” you say, “that is nothing; that can’t have any hold on me.” It grows a little stronger and becomes a thread. “I can break that any time,” you say; “I can snap that whenever I like.” But it grows stronger and stronger and stronger, and then you find that you have been taken captive, like Samson, by Satan, and then he laughs at you. How many men are there in Chicago who have been bound hand and foot in this way?

Mr. Spurgeon, a number of years ago, made a parable. He thought he had a right to make one, and he did it. He said, “There was once a tyrant who ordered one of his subjects into his presence, and ordered him to make a chain. The poor blacksmith—that was his occupation—had to go to work and forge the chain. When it was done he brought it into the presence of the tyrant, and he was ordered to take it away and make it twice the length. He brought it again to the tyrant, and again he was ordered to double it. Back he came when he had obeyed the order, and the tyrant looked at it and then commanded the servants to bind the man hand and foot with the chain he had made, and cast him into prison. And,” Mr. Spurgeon said, “that is what the devil does with men. He makes them forge their own chain, and then binds them hand and foot with it and casts them into outer darkness.” My friends, that is just what these drunkards, these gamblers, these blasphemers—that is just what every sinner is doing. But, thank God, we can tell you of a Deliverer. The Son of God has power to break every one of these fetters if you will only come to Him.

Now I notice there is not a hope for a man to be delivered till he knows that he has become a captive and that he needs a deliverer. If a man thinks he can deliver himself, of course he will not call upon God for assistance. But a man can’t—every one here knows that. If you doubt it, just ask this, ask yourselves this question, “How many times have I determined to break off this and that sin, and resolved to become better, and the resolution has only lasted for a short time?” Young man in the gallery yonder, haven’t you said a hundred times I will stop doing this and that evil habit? It may be you are a great swearer—a great blasphemer; haven’t you made up your mind to stop swearing, and after a little time you found you could not keep back the oaths as they rose to your lips? You sit there with your arms folded, as much as to say you can break the habit. Well, suppose you can. I will take it on that ground. Suppose every man can break himself away from his sin. What are

you going to do with your sin? Nature won't deliver you from the sins you have committed, even if you can break yourself from them. The mightiest man that ever lived could not deliver himself from his sins. If a man could have saved himself, Christ would never have come into the world. If man could save himself, there would have been no need of a deliverer. Now I just want to tell you, swearing men, you, blasphemers, if you want to stop, I will tell you of a way by which you can be delivered and by which your habit can be broken. Just come to the Great Deliverer; ask Him to save you, and He will put a new tongue into your mouth. I tell you as soon as Christ comes into a man he is a changed man every way. Temper, language, disposition is all changed. I remember before I came to Christ how I used to get into a passion at nothing at all, and how I used to wish myself dead—which is just murder in the sight of God—whenever anything displeased me. But since I came to Christ He has kept me—kept me for twenty years from my evil temper. I tell you if a man or woman here is troubled with a bitter temper the Lord will deliver you from it. He came to deliver us from our sinful dispositions and create in us pure hearts, and when we have Him with us it will not be hard for us. Then the service of Christ will be delightful to us. A man to get salvation must come to Him; he can not deliver himself. I hope every one in this meeting to-night will give up all hope of saving themselves. If you stop here to-night, right where you are, and just cry, "Oh, God, deliver me from my sin; deliver me from this terrible temper; deliver me from this awful sin of blasphemy; deliver me from the passion of strong drink; Almighty God, reach out Thy hand and deliver me"—just send up this cry, and see how quick God will be by your side. Why, He calls Himself our elder brother. We ought to be proud of such an elder brother. Why, look at the two boys coming from school. One is a big boy and he wants to fight the little one. The little fellow knows he will be beaten, so he says: "Just wait till I get my big brother," and he runs away to get him; but when he comes back the big boy is gone. He was no match for the big fellow, and so we are no match for Satan; but when we bring our big brother to him, he runs away. There is not a poor slave of Satan here but can be delivered if he will.

A great many of you will say, "I am no slave of Satan." Are you a child of God? If you are not, then you are a slave of Satan; not only that, but you are a lawful slave. The fact is, we are born

under Satan's power. In sin my mother conceived me. By nature man is born away from God; therefore we have to be born of God before we can be delivered from that sin. We divide the people of the world into different classes—the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the refined and the rude, the cultured and the uncultured; but God has only got men placed into two classes. Christ on Calvary divided the world eighteen hundred years ago into two sets. On one side of the cross were the believers, on the other side were the unbelievers. And from that day to this the world has stood—those with Him and those against Him, and Satan controls every man and woman in this assembly who is not with Christ. You may believe it or not. But I tell you that you must be either a child of disobedience or a child of God; and unless you are born of God, you are not free from the slavery of sin, and can not come into the kingdom of God. I can not decide on which side you will be. That is a matter between you and God. If you are a child of God, you are no longer under the slavery of sin; you have been delivered. If you haven't been born of Him, oh let Him reach you to-night—just go with your burdens to Him and He will deliver you.

Satan holds men to his kingdom by various means. He will let you go to hell through wealth, through position, through pleasure. He will let you go to hell through one of the pews of our Christian churches. He will give you anything to get you into his kingdom; and unless you are a child of God, and one led by a supernatural power—by the power of Him who preached deliverance to the captive—you will be dragged into Satan's army, and he will take good care not to let you get out. He will give you everything and bind you tighter and tighter. A great many persons say, "How am I to do this?—how am I to get the deliverance?" As I said the other night, it is the easiest thing to do. Suppose I was interested in this contest very much, and was a member of one of the parties, and all at once I awoke to the fact that if my party got into power it would be sure ruin to the country, wouldn't I go to the other party without delay? All at once, I become interested in that party, and go to all my friends, and all my associates, and use every power I know to induce them to leave my original party. Now, there are two powers in the world—the power of God and the power of Satan—the power of good and the power of evil. If you are under the power of evil, and want to get under the power of God, cry to Him to bring you over to His service; cry to Him to take you into

His army. He will hear you; He will come to you, and, if need be, He will send a legion of angels to help you to fight your way up to Heaven. God will take you by the right hand and lead you through this wilderness over death, and take you right into His kingdom. That's what the Son of Man came to do. He has never deceived us; just say here, "Christ is my Deliverer." A great many people think that churches are the true deliverers. Mark me, all the churches in Christendom never saved a soul. I am not speaking without consideration when I say this. I repeat it, all the churches in Christendom never saved a soul. They haven't the power to do it; and the moment a man puts his faith in churches, he has taken the wrong road to get deliverance. Every soul delivered from sin must be delivered by the Master. All the ministers, all the learning, all the friends you have can not save you. That is the reason so many are stumbling all the time. They are continually looking to this man and that man, this church and that church, and when the tempter comes they are overcome. The moment a man puts his trust in Christ, and He enters into his heart, that moment he finds a power given him to resist temptation. I not only want my sins forgiven, but I want power to resist sin. That's what I want. If there is a poor one here who wants to get victory over the tempter, all that you have to do is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. By just coming to Him you will receive a power such as man never felt before—a power by which victory shall succeed victory with you, and day by day you will walk in your strength. If you go to this man and that man for deliverance, you will just stumble. Man can not save you. Sin will overtake you. Only one man ever overcame the lion of hell, and that was the Lion of Judea. Amid the waves of opposition, amid the waves of persecution, He stood erect. You have been down at the lake, and you have seen the great wave gathering in its strength, and come rolling on, and dashing on a rock, and it was just broken into pieces; another comes on in all its fury and dashes on that rock, and its power is smashed; another and another comes rolling on in all their fierceness, and spend their fury on that rock, and the old rock has stood for ages, and for centuries that sea has been trying to batter it down. Look at those friends, in the lost world, as they linger around that cross, and the billows of persecution and fury dash against it; hear the jibes and the sneers hurled at Him, when all at once He cried, "It is finished." He had overcome the lion of hell, and from that tree

He went and took His seat at the right hand of God, and now calls to us, "I will deliver you from all the sins inherited from Adam—but come to Me and I will save you." My friends, cry to-night to Him and He will come to you. I don't know if I ever saw a man get down on his knees who was not saved. I never saw a poor captive crying, "My God, my God, save me!" but the deliverance came. If there is one here to-night—I don't care who he is—who wants deliverance, the Son of God is here to give it you to-night. Sometimes it appears to me in this Tabernacle—where we have had many better meetings than ever we had anywhere on opening—sometimes it seems as if we could almost hear the footsteps of the Son of God, the stately stepping of Jesus. And He is here to-night.

There is a story told of an incident that occurred during the last Indian mutiny. The English were besieged in the city of Lucknow, and were in momentary expectation of perishing at the hands of the fiends that surrounded them. There was a little Scotch lassie in this fort, and, while lying on the ground, she suddenly shouted, her face aglow with joy, "Dinna ye hear them comin'; dinna ye hear them comin'?" "Hear what?" they asked. "Dinna ye hear them comin'?" And she sprang to her feet. It was the bagpipes of her native Scotland she heard. It was a native air she heard that was being played by a regiment of her countrymen marching to the relief of those captives, and these deliverers made them free. Oh, my friends, don't you hear Him crying to you to-night? I remember when General Grant was at Richmond it was my privilege to be there. Libby Prison was crowded with captives. All at once the bands came marching into the place playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Those poor prisoners heard their native air, and it was sweet music to them—it filled the hearts of those poor fellows with joy, and they knew that the iron bolts of their prison doors would soon be drawn and they would be captives no longer. They knew that by the music they heard that their countrymen had come to give them liberty. Christ has come to set you free. You may be bound by the chains of sin, and you have tried in vain to set yourselves free. Christ can do it. It is as easy for Him to do it as it is for me to put my hand on the Bible. How many of you are just being drawn down by passion, by lusts, by drink—just being dragged down to the pit, and you feel yourself powerless. The Son of Man can deliver you. He will deliver you. Thank God for this sweet Gospel; thank God for this doctrine of deliverance. Thank

God, we can preach it. I want to tell you, again, that Christ came for this purpose—to set the poor captives free.

Look at that prison. See that poor prisoner who has been sentenced to be hung. His friends have been to the Governor to obtain a pardon, but the Governor has refused. Every means has been tried and he knows that he is a doomed man. The last day comes and he says: "To-morrow I am going to die; to-morrow I must go into the presence of Almighty God; to-morrow I must stand before my Creator." He hears those carpenters busy with their hammers erecting the scaffold on which he has to die. I can see that poor man tremble at the sound. He doesn't sleep any that night. In the morning he can not eat. The hour comes and he hears the town bell tolling his death-knell. By and by he hears foot-falls near his door and he now knows that his time has come. He thinks it is the sheriff who has come to lead him forth. The door is unlocked and a man says to that prisoner: "You can go free." "What! what's that?" exclaims the criminal. "You can go free." "What do you mean?" inquires the culprit. "Why, the Governor has not only saved your life, but given you freedom." My dear friends, that is the Gospel; that's the Gospel of Christ. He opens the prison doors of sin and sets the captive free and pardons his sins. If there is a poor soul here to-night, Christ will break your captivity, if you only open the door of your heart and let Him in. Is there a poor drunkard, is there a poor blasphemer, is there one of you who are in sin who wants to get victory to-night? The Son of God has come to preach deliverance of the captives. He will set your captive soul free; He will snap the fetters which bind you. May God help you to-night to seek Christ; lay your burdens before Him, and He will deliver you. Let us pray.

XXVII.

THE BLIND WHOM CHRIST WOULD HEAL.

LUKE iv. 18: "And recovering of sight to the blind."

THE Lord Jesus tells us that He came to give sight to the blind. Paul says in his Epistle to the Corinthians, fourth chapter and third verse: "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." "If the Gospel be hid;" "In whom the god of this world hath blinded." Now you may see this world is just one large blind asylum—it is full of blind people. I tried to tell you that the world was full of broken hearts; that the world was full of captives, bound hand and foot in sin, and now I tell you that it is full of blind people. Not only blind people, but they are bound and broken-hearted. You might say that nearly all those in the world come under the three heads. Now just look at the contrast between Satan and Christ. Satan breaks men's hearts, but Christ binds them up; Satan binds the people of this earth hand and foot, but Christ breaks the fetters and sets them free; Satan makes us blind, but Christ opens our eyes. He came to do this, and just see how He was received. He went into that synagogue at Nazareth and preached this glorious Gospel, and commenced by telling them that the Spirit of the Lord was upon Him, and went on to tell them that He had come to save them, and what did they do? They thrust Him out of the city, and took Him to the brow of the hill, and would have hurled Him into hell if they could. And men have been as bitter toward the Gospel all along these eighteen hundred years. Why, some men would tear the preachers of it limb from limb if it wasn't for the law. Then we find when He goes to Bethany, and raising up the mother of

Martha and Mary, and binding up broken hearts as He went along, and preaching mercy, they want to kill Him. We find Him in the third chapter of Mark setting the captive free. Here we find a man possessed of demons, whom no one could cure, set at liberty by the Son of Man; and in the healing because they lost a few swine they told Him to depart from their coasts. Then we find Him just a few days before His death, almost on His way to Calvary, giving sight to that blind man. And for all this they take Him to that mount and nail Him to a cross. Oh, what blindness!

We are told there are three million people in the world who are called blind. Every one calls them blind because they haven't their natural sight. But do you ever think how many are spiritually blind in this world? Why, if there are three million people in the world who have not their natural sight, how many do you suppose are spiritually blind? We sympathize with those who have lost their sight. Nothing appeals to our sympathy so readily. I believe I could raise thousands of dollars among you by telling you about some blind one who is suffering for the necessities of life through their affliction. How many of you wouldn't put your hands in your pockets and give liberally? How it moves our compassion—how it moves our hearts as we see the blind men, women, and children in the streets. How your heart goes out to those poor unfortunates. I was at a meeting in London, when I was there, and I heard a man speaking with wonderful power and earnestness. "Who is this man?" I asked, my curiosity being excited. "Why, that is Dr. —. He is blind." I felt some interest in this man, and at the close of the meeting I sought an interview, and he told me that he had been stricken blind when very young. His mother took him to a doctor, and asked him about his sight. "You must give up all hope," the doctor said. "Your boy is blind, and will be forever." "What, do you think my boy will never see?" asked his mother. "Never again." The mother took her boy to her bosom and cried, "Oh, my boy, who will take care of you when I am gone—who will look to you!" forgetting the faithfulness of that God she had learned him to love. He became a servant of the Lord, and was permitted to print the Bible in twelve different languages, printed in the raised letters, so that all the blind people could read the Scriptures themselves. He had a congregation, my friends, of three million people, and I think that blind man was one of the happiest beings in all London. He was naturally blind, but he had eyes to

his soul, and could see a bright eternity in the future. He had built his foundation upon the living God. We pity those who have not their natural sight; but how you should pity yourself, if you are spiritually blind. If we could get all the blind, spiritually, in this city! You talk about those great political meetings—they would be nothing to the crowd you would collect. Why, just look at all the men in this city who are blind, and many of them are in the churches. This has been the trouble with men always. Christ couldn't get men to understand they were blind—He couldn't even get His disciples to open their eyes until after He went up to Heaven. And then they received the spiritual truth.

I think to-night I might pick up some of the different classes who are blind. I am somewhat acquainted with the rich men of this city, and I don't think it would take long to prove that the leading men of this city are blind—blind to their own interests. Take a man just spending all his strength and energies to get money. He is money blind. He is so blind in his pursuit that he can not see the God of Heaven. Money is his god. His cry is continually, "Money, money," and it is the cry of many here in Chicago. They don't care about God, don't care about salvation, don't heed their eternal condition so long as they get money, money, money. And a great many of them have got it. But how lean their souls are. God has given the desire of their heart, but He has given them leanness of soul. I heard of a man who had accumulated great wealth, and death came upon him suddenly, and he realized, as the saying is, that "there was no bank in the shroud," that he couldn't take anything with him; we may have all the money on earth, but we must leave it behind us. He called a lawyer in and commenced to will away his property before he went away. His little girl couldn't understand exactly where he was going, and she said, "Father, have you got a home in that land you are going to?" The arrow went down to his soul. "Got a home there?" The rich man had hurled away God and neglected to secure a home there for the sake of his money, and he found it was now too late. He was money mad, he was money blind. It wouldn't be right for me to give names, but I could tell you of a good many here in Chicago who are going on in this way—just spending all their lives in the accumulation of what they can not take with them. This is going on while very many poor people are suffering for the necessities of life. These men don't know they are blind—money is their god.

There is another class who don't care so much for money. We might call them business blind. It is business, business, business with them all the time. In the morning they haven't time to worship. They must attend to business; must get down to the store. Down they run, and haven't time to get home to dinner. They mustn't let any one get ahead of them; and they get home late at night and their families have gone to bed. They scarcely ever see their children. It is all business with them. A man told me not long ago, "I must attend to my business. That is my first consideration, and see that none get ahead of me." That is his god. I don't care if he is an elder or a deacon in the church. That is his god. The god of business has blinded him. Look at the merchant prince who died the other day. Men called him a clever, shrewd man. Call that shrewdness—to pile up wealth for a lifetime and leave no record behind so that we know he has gone to Heaven? He rose above men in his business; he devoted his whole soul to it, and the world called him a power among men; the world called him great. But let the Son of God write his obituary; let Him put an epitaph on his tomb-stone, and it would be, "Thou fool." Man says, "I must attend to business first;" God says, "Seek first the kingdom of God." I don't care what your business may be; it may be honorable, legitimate, and all that, and you think you must attend to it first; bear in mind that God tells every man to seek His kingdom first.

There is another class of people who are blind. They don't care so much about riches; they are not very ambitious to become rich; they don't spend their lives in business matters. They are politically blind. They are mad over politics; they are bound up in the subject. There will be a great many broken hearts in a week hence. They have got their favorite candidate to attend to, and they can not find time to worship God. How little prayer there has been about the election. There has been a good deal of work, but how much praying has been done? We want a prayer to go up all over our land that honest men may rule us. But they are so excited over this election that they have no time to pray to the God of Heaven. They are politically blind. How many men within our recollection who have set their hearts upon the Presidential chair have gone down to the grave with disappointment? They were poor, blind men, and the world called them great. Oh, how foolish; how blind. They didn't seek God; they only sought one

thing—greatness, position, and office. They were great, brilliant, clever men, but when they were summoned into the presence of their God, what a wreck. Men so brilliant might have yielded an influence for the Son of God that would have lived in the hearts of the people for generations to come, and the streams of their goodness might have flowed long after they went to Heaven. But they lived for the world and their works went to dust.

But a great number of people don't care for business or politics; they only want a little money so as to get pleasure. How many men have been blinded by pleasure. A lady told me in the inquiry-room she would like to become a Christian, but there was a ball coming on, and she didn't want to become a Christian till after the ball. The ball was worth more to her than the kingdom of God. For this ball she would put off the kingdom of God until it was over, forgetting that death might come to her in the meantime and usher her into the presence of God. How blind she was, and many are just like her. The kingdom of God is offered to them without money and without price, and yet for a few days of pleasure they forfeit Heaven and everything dear to their eternity. I was talking to a lady who, with the tears running down her cheeks, upon my speaking to her, said, "The fact is, if I become a Christian I have to give up all pleasure. I can not go to a theatre; I can not read any novels; I can not play cards. I have nothing else to do." Oh, what blindness! Look at the pleasure of being taken into the Lord's vineyard, and the joy and luxury of working for Him and leading souls to Christ. And people with their eyes wide open would rather bend down to the god of pleasure than become a Christian.

Then there is a god of fashion. How many women just devote their lives to it. They want to see the last bonnet, the last cloak, the last dress. They can't think of anything else. Said a lady to me, "I am always thinking of fashion; it don't matter if I get down on my knees to pray, I am always thinking of a new dress." You may laugh at this, but it's true. Pleasure in the ball-room and fashion is the god of a great many people. Oh, that we may lift our eyes to something nobler. Suppose you don't have so many dresses and give something to the poor, you will have something then which will give you joy and comfort that will last you always. I pity the man or woman who lives for the day like the butterfly—those whose minds are fixed upon fashion and pleasure,

and have no time to look to their perishing soul. A good many people don't know they are hid. Look at that young man. You call him a fast young man. He has got a salary of \$1,000, and it costs him \$3,000 to live. Where does he get the money? Where does it come from? His father can not give it to him, because he is poor. The employer begins to get suspicious. "I only give him \$1,000 a year and he is living at the rate of \$3,000." By and by he looks into his account and finds it overdrawn. Thus he is ruined—character blasted. Oh, how many are of this stamp in Chicago! It is only a question of time. How many young men have we got just living beyond their income—taking money out of their employer's drawer. They say, "Well, I am going to the theatre to-night, and I will just take a dollar; will put it back next week." But when next week comes, he hasn't put it back, and takes another dollar. He has taken two dollars now. He keeps on drawing, drawing, drawing, when by and by it all comes out. He loses his place; don't get any letters of recommendation, and the poor man is ruined. My friends, this is not a description of an isolated case. This class is all over the country. I wish I could send you the letters I get about just such cases. I got one the other day from a young mother with a family of beautiful children. She told me how happy they had lived—husband, wife, and children—and how one night her husband came home excited, his face white with terror, and said, "I've got to fly from justice. Good-bye." He has gone from her, and she said it seemed as if she could die; her husband disgraced and starving; couldn't get anything to do. Her cry seemed to be, "Help, help me." Is not the country full of such cases? Is it not blindness and madness for men to go on in this way? If any one is here to-night following in the way of these men, I pray God your eyes may be opened before you are led to death and ruin.

I noticed a young man while I was coming down to-night pretty blind. I will just read what Solomon says about him:

"My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee.

"Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye.

"Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thy heart.

"Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister, and call understanding thy kinswoman.

"That they may keep thee from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words.

"For at the window of my house I looked through my casement.

"And beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding,

"Passing through the street near her corner: and he went the way to her house.

"In the twilight in the evening, in the black and dark night,

"And behold, there met him a woman with the attire of a harlot, and subtle of heart.

"(She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house;

"Now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner.)

"So she caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him,

"I have peace offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows.

"Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee.

"I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt.

"I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon.

"Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning; let us solace ourselves with loves.

"For the good man is not at home, he is gone a long journey.

"He hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the day appointed.

"With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him.

"He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks;

"Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not it is for his life.

"Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth.

"Let not thy heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths.

"For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her.

"Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

My friends, I don't know a much quicker way down to ruin than that; I don't know a much quicker way down to hell than that. How many young men in this city—in this audience—have been led astray by the harlot. A young man comes up from the country who has left a mother and sister pure as angels, and by and by news reaches them that he is on his way to hell by this road. I beg of you, young men, don't take this way. May God give you strength and power to say, "By the grace of God I will not."

How many young men are there who spend their time in the saloons of this city. I always dread an election day—I generally see so many young men beastly drunk. They are led away, and that is another quick road down to hell. May the young men see the folly of this, and on that day stand firm. May God open your eyes. How many young men are there whose characters have been blasted by strong drink. How many brilliant men in the Chicago bar have gone down to death by it. Some of the noblest statesmen, some of the most brilliant orators and men of all professions have been borne down to the drunkard's grave. May God open your eyes to show the folly of tampering with strong drink. Now, many men say, "I am not going down to the grave of a drunkard." They think they have strength to stop when they like. When it gets hold there is nothing within us by which we can save ourselves. He alone can give you power to resist the cup of temptation; He alone can give you power to overcome its influence, if you only will believe Him. The god of this world has been trying to make you believe that man can do it himself, and Christ will have nothing to do with him. The god of this world is a liar. I come with authority to tell you—I don't care how far gone you are; don't care how bestial you may be—that the Son of God can and will save you if you only believe Him. If there is one here to-night under the power of strong drink, come to-night. We lift up our voice to warn you.

Look at that man in a boat on Niagara River. He is only about a mile from the rapids. A man on the bank shouts to him, "Young man, young man, the rapids are not far away, you'd better pull for the shore." "You attend to your own business; I will take care of myself," he replies. Like a great many people here, and ministers, too, they don't want any evangelist here—don't want any help, however

great the danger ahead. On he goes, sitting coolly in his boat. Now he has got a little nearer, and a man from the bank of the river sees his danger, and shouts: "Stranger, you'd better pull for the shore; if you go further you'll be lost. You can be saved now if you pull in." "Mind your business, and you'll have enough to do. I'll take care of myself." Like a good many men, they are asleep to the danger that's hanging over them while they are in the current. And I say, drinking young man, don't think you are standing still. You are in the current, and if you don't pull for a rock of safety, you will go over the precipice. On he goes. I can see him in the boat laughing at the danger. A man on the bank is looking at him, and he lifts up his voice and cries, "Stranger, stranger, pull for the shore; if you don't you will lose your life," and the young man laughs at him—mocks him. That is the way with hundreds in Chicago. If you go to them and point out their danger they will jest and joke at you. By and by he says: "I think I hear the rapids—yes, I hear them roar;" and he seizes his oars and pulls with all his strength, but the current is too great, and nearer and nearer he is drawn on to that abyss, until he gives one unearthly scream, and over he goes. Ah, my friends, this is the case with hundreds in this city. They are in the current of riches, of pleasure, of drink, that will take them to the whirlpool. Satan has got them blindfolded, and they are on their road to the bottomless pit.

We hear men say in a jesting way, "Oh, we are sowing our wild oats; we will get over this by and by." I have seen men reap their wild oats. It's all well enough sowing, but when it comes to the reaping it's a different thing. I remember I went home one night and found all the people in alarm. They had seen a man coming running down the street, and as he approached the house he gave an unearthly roar, and, in terror, they had bolted the door. He came right up to my door, and, instead of ringing the bell, just tried to push the door in. They asked him what he wanted, and he told them he wanted to see me. They said I was at the meeting, and away he ran, and they could hear him groan as he disappeared. I was coming along North Clark street, and he shot past me like an arrow. But he had seen me, and turned and seized me by the arm, saying eagerly, "Can I be saved to-night? The devil is coming to take me to hell at one o'clock to-night." "My friend, you are mistaken." I thought the man was sick. But he persisted that the devil had come and laid his hand upon him, and told him he might have

till one o'clock, and said he: "Won't you go up to my room and sit with me?" I got some men up to his room to see to him. At one o'clock the devils came into that room, and all the men in that room could not hold him. He was reaping what he had sown. When the angel of Death came and laid his cold hand on him, oh, how he cried for mercy—how he beseeched for pardon. Ah, yes, young men, you may say, in a laughing and jesting way, you are sowing your wild oats, but the reaping time is coming. May God show you, to-night, what folly it is—what a miserable life you are leading. May we lift our heart here to the God of all grace, so that we may see our lost and ruined condition if we do not come to Him. Christ stands ready and willing to save—to save to-night all those who are willing to be saved. Let us pray.

XXVIII.

ON SEEKING AND FINDING THE LORD.

ISAIAH lv. 6, 7 : "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near : Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

I HAVE been talking about God—as to how God is seeking for the sinner. To-night I want to turn the question, and talk of man's state. Under this text man is told to seek the Lord. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near." Now, I have learned this in dealing with men, that there isn't much hope of being saved until they seek the Lord with all their heart. One reason that men do not find the Lord is that they don't seek for Him with all their heart. Very often you meet people who say, "Well, I don't know as I have any objections to be saved." Well, I don't know as I ever knew of any one that found Christ that had that spirit. You have got to have something beyond that. I said to a man some time ago, that I could tell him the day he was going to be converted. I said to him, "I can tell you when you will be converted, although I ain't a prophet, and although I don't pretend to be a prophet." "Well," he said, "I would like to have you tell me that, for I would like to know myself." "Well," I said, "you shall find Him when you seek for Him, and search for Him with all your heart." In the twenty-ninth chapter of Jeremiah, thirteenth verse, it says, "And ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for wealth. I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for position in this world. Man prepares his feast, and there is a great rush to see who will get there first. God prepares His feast, and the excuses come in, "I pray thee have me excused." Suppose I should state that last night a man came into this place and lost a very valuable present ; something he valued a great deal more than the value of the

present, because it was the gift of his dying mother. Suppose he should send up a note to me saying, "Mr. Moody, I lost last night a very valuable diamond, and I am willing to give any one that can find that diamond twenty thousand dollars." I am sure there would be a great search. How many do you suppose would be seeking for that diamond? I would not give much for my sermon. A man might say, "I am poor, and if I could find that diamond, wouldn't that take me out of poverty and out of want?" You wouldn't wait until I got through my sermon, but you would be looking down at your feet and under the benches. My friend, isn't the salvation of your soul worth more than all the diamonds that the world has seen? Isn't it worth more than the whole world itself, and isn't it the best thing you can do to seek the Lord?

Not only that, but it is a command to seek the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near. It is just as much a command for you to seek the Lord as it is that you sha'n't swear. It is just as much a command as it is that you sha'n't steal. It is a command. There are a great many commandments. Some people have got an idea that there are only ten commandments in the Bible. There are thousands of them, and this is one of them. It is the voice of the Lord Himself. Seek Him with all your heart. Now just see how men seek for wealth. When the California fever—the gold fever—broke out, men left their wives, and left their children, and left their parents and their homes and luxury, and went out to the Pacific coast and slept out in the open air and under tents, and endured want. What for? That they might get wealth. They could not make too great a sacrifice to get wealth, and when I was out there in business I was amazed when news came that gold was found one hundred miles away. They would pack up, men, women, and children, and away they would go. A whole town would move just to seek wealth. Then they went out to Australia in the time of the gold fever in that country. They were willing to make almost any sacrifice. Look and see how these politicians work. Let one of them be nominated for alderman or some position under the government, and how they will seek your vote. They will come around to your house early in the morning just to seek your vote. They don't sleep at night; they are willing to do everything to accomplish their purpose.

Let us go and learn a lesson from that. If there is no reality in

this gift of God, if it is all a myth, then let us dismiss it. If it is true, and we can find the Lord by seeking Him, let us seek Him. A man will go around this world for his health; he will cross oceans and climb steep mountains, just to get his health. Thanks be to God, you haven't got to go around the world to get salvation. You haven't got to go out of this building to find salvation. "Ye shall find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Now, there isn't anything a man values as he does his life. You take a man on a wrecked vessel; that vessel is going down; that man may be worth a million, and the only way he can save his life is to give up that million—he would do it as quick as a flash. Now, the gift of God is eternal life; it is life without end. Christ says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I would like to ask this audience a question. Is it true that a man can find the Lord here at once? Now won't you just stop and think a moment? Young man, do you believe that the Lord can be found here? If He can be found, why not seek for Him, and why not look? If it is true that the Lord is worth more than the whole world, and He can be found by seeking, why not seek for Him—not with half a heart, but with all your heart?

I read, a number of years ago, of a vessel that was wrecked. The life-boats were not enough to take all the passengers. A man who was swimming in the water, swam up to one of the life-boats that were full and seized it with his hand. They tried to prevent him, but the man was terribly in earnest about saving his life, and one of the men in the boat just drew a sword and cut off his hand. But the man didn't give up; he reached out the other hand. He was terribly in earnest; he wanted to save his life. But the man in the boat took the sword and cut off his other hand. But the man did not give up. He swam up to the boat and seized it with his teeth. Some of them said, "Let us not cut his head off," and they drew him in. That man was terribly in earnest, and, my friends, if you want to get into the kingdom of God you will seek your soul's salvation now. Be in earnest once as for your life, and seek the kingdom of God with all your heart, and you shall find it. It is a good time to seek the Lord while the Spirit of God is abroad in the community. I contend that this is a proof that the Lord can be found here now, because I don't believe there has been a meeting but that some have found Him. Last night a brother came to my private room and called me, and said, "I want to introduce you to

some one," and there stood a wife, her face lit up with joy. She wanted to tell me that her husband was converted. She said, "I have been praying for him these twenty years, and he has found the Lord to-night." "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

How many men were there that were converted in the great revival of '57 and '58, and yet some people cry out against revivals—they had rather be converted at any time than during a revival. It was not long after the revival of '57 and '58 that the nation was deluged with blood, and half a million of men laid down their lives. Wasn't it the best thing they could have done, to seek the Lord then? It was my privilege to be in the army at that time; I was by their cots when I saw them die. I never saw a man all through the war that regretted that he became a Christian. The best thing they could do was to call upon the Lord. It was a great calamity, and came right home to the heart of the nation. We are just now, I am afraid, going to have some of this sad work. I believe that we are even now on the eve of just such work. I believe that judgments are going to happen upon this nation again; grace always precedes judgments. A great revival is in progress all over the country. So there was in Jerusalem a day of grace, but the opportunity was spurned. Jerusalem and the country took no heed to their ways, and soon Titus appeared with a great army and besieged it, and more than one million, one hundred thousand people perished. Those men rejected the Gospel and the Word of God. So at the present day men won't call upon Christ when He may be found, or seek Him when He is near. All along, in the history of the Church, it is remarked, that before some great calamity has fallen upon the earth, there has been a great day of grace, offering salvation to those who will accept it. Before God punishes people He holds out before them a chance to repent and to escape His wrath.

And now we hear Jesus calling to repentance throughout all the land. It is time, my friends, to be up and doing. Save yourselves, and then plead with your friends and bring them to Jesus. Tell them the glad tidings and bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd. If we are faithful now and watch for souls, we shall see in every town and city thousands who will accept Christ. It is time for us to go out and say to our friends and relatives, "Come in, the Lord is coming; the Lord is at work. Jesus of Nazareth is passing through the city. Let us call upon Him while He may

be found ; let us implore Him to save us while He is near." The very text implies that the time is come when the world should throw off its sloth and wake to repentance. The text implies that God is near and pleads with His people ; that the time and the Son of God are near now. Isn't it true that He is seeking for you when you seek for Him? Seek, then, the Lord while He may be found ; call upon Him while He is near. Mr. Sankey sang about those virgins. We read that five sought to gain admission too late. There was a time that they might have called upon the Lord ; there was a time when, had they sought, they would have found Him. But they slumbered and slept until it was too late. Then they cried, but the door was shut—the day of grace was over. And so it may be the same with you. The day of grace may be drawing to a close with you too. It may be that I am speaking to many here for the last time. This may be the last year they may have on earth. The prophecy may be true in regard to you and me—"This year thou shalt die." Is it, or isn't it a time to seek the kingdom of God, to seek His face while Christ is calling upon us to repent, while the Spirit of God is moving upon our hearts? Isn't it the very best time to seek the Lord while He may be found? Those antediluvian people called upon Noah to open the door of the ark and take them in. But it was too late. God will shut the door against you, too. You will soon be without hope. Undoubtedly those men, women, and children called upon God to save them on that terrible day ; but the day of grace was over for them. The day of wrath then had come, and the day of judgment had fallen upon them. Oh, who shall stand on the day of wrath? When the Lord shall shake the earth, what shall then save the souls of men? The day of grace is here. Save yourselves ; wash yourselves in His precious blood and be redeemed. Oh, this very hour, let there be a cry for salvation. In the tenth chapter of Romans it is written, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." I heard of a man away off in the mining district, who had wandered from his house and got lost. In that region the ground is full of holes, and some pretty deep ones, too. But it was night, and he could not make his way along. Had he undertaken to move on, there were the holes before him, and any step might precipitate him into a cavern. He did not know what to do, and he could not stir a step. At last he commenced to cry out, "Help, help, help," and his cry was heard ; they came with lanterns and brought him safely out of his danger.

The depths of sin are surrounding you; the next step may land you into darkness and death. Old man, do you hear? Young lady, do not laugh at it. Don't make light of this warning voice. "Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near."

Let me warn you against the next verse. A great many people put the seventh verse ahead of the sixth. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." If ye would be saved, call upon God first, and then God will give you help, and by His power you can then turn away from sin, and from your evil thoughts, and will get pardon. But you haven't power to give up your evil courses until you call upon God, and until He gives you strength. After you have called upon the Lord, you must receive Him when He comes; you must make room for Him. He has gone to make room for you, and you must make room for Him. I once found a man in the inquiry-room who was puzzled to know how there would be room for the saved in Heaven. I tell you, my friends, as I told him, you needn't borrow trouble on that account. If He finds He will not have room for you or me, or for any of His chosen people in the Heaven that He now has, He will make another. Can He not make another Heaven by a word? Can He not make another place of happiness as easy as He made the present one? The Lord God of Heaven can make plenty of room for you. You must not give that as an excuse. The Lord can make all the room He wants. Now, my friends, let me ask you this question: In all candor, why don't you settle the question now? Will the Son of God ever have more power? Will He be more ready to use it for your salvation at any other time than now? Hasn't He said that, "All power is given unto Him both in Heaven and on earth?" Has He not the power to save every one here? Is He not able to save unto the uttermost? Hasn't He the power, and hasn't He the will? Hasn't He said, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Oh, turn ye! turn ye! Why should ye die, oh House of Israel?" If you turn now and call upon Him, He will forgive your sins; He will forgive every one all his sins, no matter how many they are. He will save you, if you truly repent and write your name in the Book of Life. But you must call upon Him with the heart.

As Spurgeon remarks, the Bible does not say you must have new heads, or that you must seek Him with your head; but it says you

must have new hearts, and must seek Him with your heart. If it meant head it would have said so. Seek ye the Lord, therefore, with your hearts, and Christ will enter into your hearts and not into your heads. Give Christ your whole heart, and He will enter into it. If your heart is all right, your head will be also. For out of the heart proceeds all evil; let that reservoir of sin be broken up and emptied, and all the rest of you will come around right. Is there one here to-night who will not cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" "Lord, have mercy upon me!" Why not call upon Him? Why not seek the Lord now? Why not make up your mind that you will not leave the room until the great question of eternity has been settled? Don't put it off until it is too late. Don't neglect salvation. Some people say, "Why, what have I done?" I tell you, if you have done nothing but neglect salvation, you will go to death and ruin. Look at the man on the river in his boat. He is not rowing; he is making no effort; but he has his hands folded, and is letting his boat drift down the stream toward the rapids. The current is taking him on without any help from him. He will soon go over the rapids into the jaws of death. All he has to do is to sit still and be lost. Yes, I tell you, if you don't actually do any sin, yet if you neglect Christ, and neglect salvation as a gift from God, you must perish. Salvation is a free gift; conversion begins at some particular minute, although the Christian's life is a growth. Many who have attended these meetings have found Christ. Two young ladies went home a few evenings ago and woke their mother to tell her they had found the Lord. Then came the question: "When can I be saved?" There is only one word in God's book about it, and that word is, "Now." If any one put it off for a year, he might be dead and damned before that. It was a good time to seek Christ in a revival. It's hard to convert a man in a dead church, away from where the Spirit is moving and working.

While we were in Europe, a man came into one of the meetings, in the coal region, and when the audience was dismissed he was seen to remain, standing against a post. One of the elders approached him and asked why he remained. He said he had made up his mind not to leave that church until he found the kingdom of God. The elder remained with him for a long time, and at last the miner made his surrender. The next day he went into the coal pit, and before night the mine fell in and buried him. He was taken from the

ruins just before life became extinct, and was heard to say, "It was a good thing; I settled it last night." Wasn't it a good thing? Young lady, what say you? Young man, what do you think? When Mr. Sankey and I were in the north of England, I was preaching one evening, and before me sat a lady who was a skeptic. When I had finished, I asked all who were anxious to remain. Nearly all remained, herself among the number. I asked her if she was a Christian, and she said she was not, nor did she care to be. I prayed for her there. On inquiry, I learned that she was a lady of good social position, but very worldly. She continued to attend the meetings, and in a week after I saw her in tears. After the sermon I went to her and asked if she was of the same mind as before. She replied that Christ had come to her and she was happy. Last autumn I had a note from her husband saying she was dead, that her love for the Master had continually increased. When I read that note, I felt paid for crossing the Atlantic. She worked sweetly after her conversion, and was the means of winning many of her fashionable friends to Christ. Oh, may you seek the Lord while He may be found, and may you call upon Him while you may.

XXIX.

A FUNDAMENTAL COMMAND BROUGHT HOME.

MAT. vi. 33: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God."

I'VE got two texts to which I want to call your attention. The first is in the first chapter of John and part of the thirty-eighth verse. It was one day after He had been baptized by John, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, as He was going along, He saw John with two of his disciples, and he said, "Behold the Lamb of God." Those two disciples of John left their own master and followed Christ, and He turned round and asked them, "What seek ye?" To which they said, "Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?" and He answered, "Come and see." These words are recorded by John as having been uttered by his Master: "What seek ye?" and I thought I would like this question passed around and have every man and woman assembled here ask themselves, "What seek I?" "What brought me here?" In the days of Christ many sought Him just for a sign. The Jews were constantly asking Him for a sign. Others came just out of sole curiosity. Others came for the loaves and fishes, and He accused them of this. There is a class to-day who are continually after the loaves and fishes. They ask themselves: "Will it pay us to become a Christian?" "How much will we gain by becoming a disciple of Jesus Christ?" and if they think they are going to get a good share of the loaves and fishes they will follow Him. But this call doesn't follow Him long; they soon betray Him. Others thought it was a temporal kingdom He had come to set up, and that He would put some of them into office. Some of them probably thought they would be made Prime Minister or Secretary of State, and as soon as they found that He had come not to set up a temporal kingdom, they turned from Him. Judas was one of that kind. Others sought Him for temporal aid; they wanted to get rid of their burdens and troubles, in this world, which bore down upon them. Well, that was a good motive. That is what we want people to do. When they once get His aid and com-

fort they will never leave Him. Others wanted to entangle Him in conversation so that they could get something against Him between the chief priests in order to put Him to death and get rid of Him. They just wanted to get into a discussion with Him—some of them—merely for the sake of discussion; and there are many of this class around us to-day. They want, immediately, to get into a discussion and investigate who God is, and find out all about Him, and where Heaven is. Whenever they saw Him they wanted to get into an argument. But how quick He silenced those men. If they asked Him one question, His answer made them never ask another. But, thank God, there were some who sought God for what He was.

To-night I would like to ask this assembly—bring it right down to you—"What brought you here to-night?" That is the question I would like to press upon you. "What brought you here to-night?" Let it be a personal question. Let it go to the conscience of every one of you here. Now, young lady yonder, "What brought you here to-night?" Young man over there, "What brought you to the Tabernacle to-night? What is your motive for coming here?" It is interesting, sometimes, to hear the young converts get up and tell the motives that brought them first to the meetings. I have had young converts come to me and say: "Mr. Moody, I came to the meeting to make light of it—to make sport of it; but, thank the Lord, He opened our eyes." One man told me, in Philadelphia, that his motive was to come and see the empty chairs. One of his friends had told him that he had been at the hall, and that it was the most wonderful sight to see ten thousand empty chairs. So he thought he would just come and see this sight, and he was about the first man in the building that night. Thank God, he got caught, and the Gospel took him. I suppose some here to-night have no higher motive for coming. Some think it would be a wonderful sight to see so many people gathered together, and have just come to see the crowd. They didn't know anything about the Gospel; don't care anything about the sermon; they have just come to see the crowd. Thank God you have, even with that motive, for maybe you'll get caught. But what brought you here? Some say, "My mother has been very anxious that I should come here. She has been bothering me for weeks, and I've just come. I know she is praying for me." Perhaps some have come owing to the letter of some relative or friend. A man told me, last week, that in a letter a young convert in London had asked him to come to these meet-

ings. He said he had determined to receive no blessings from the meetings, and he would just come out of curiosity; but, thank God, he got caught in the Gospel-net. Even if you have come to the meeting with no higher motive than to satisfy a friend, I am glad of it, and I hope that God will catch you here to-night. Some have come only to hear the singing. We don't care if they only are reached; we only want to catch men. We would stop preaching if we could sing the Gospel down to the hearts of men. Some have come for no other motive than to be seen. They have got a new bonnet—they want people to see it. You may laugh at this, but a good many have come for no other purpose. Let the question come to you, to every one here, "What seek ye?" And let me say to those who have come to seek the kingdom of God, if you have come for that motive, the God of Heaven will be found here. Grant that there are hundreds who have come here with no other motive—with no other desire—only to be saved.

You remember me reading a passage from the prophecies of Isaiah: "Seek the Lord while He may be found;" and I want to couple it with another in Matthew: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." A man asked me the other day: "How many commandments are there?" I said I didn't know. "You a preacher, and don't know how many commandments there are?" he replied; "you'd better give up preaching till you find out." "How many are there?" "Why, ten." "Ah, indeed; just turn over to the New Testament, and you will find many more." I've got one here that is just as much a commandment as any given by Moses, and if you go out of this hall without seeking the kingdom of God in the face of this commandment, you are trampling the kingdom of God under your feet; you are disobeying the voice of God; you are trampling this commandment. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and then we are told that "all these things shall be added unto you." A great many people wonder why it is that they don't prosper, and are not blessed in the world. It is no wonder to me. The wonder is that God blesses them as He does. If I had a child in constant rebellion toward me, I wouldn't want that child to prosper until that spirit of rebellion would be swept away, because prosperity would ruin him. Look at the tens of thousands of men who come up to Chicago only for the purpose of getting money—trampling this commandment continually under

their feet. Their first consideration is money. God says, "Seek first the kingdom of God." Man says, "The most important thing to seek is position, wealth, temporal blessings first, and after I get these blessings I will seek the kingdom of God." "Seek first the kingdom of God"—that is what God says—"and all these things shall be added." Now, I have lived in Chicago most of the last twenty years. I came here in 1856, and during those twenty years I have been a member of three different churches, and during all that time I have not found a member of these churches who has lived a consistent Christian life who has ever come to want. Now, mark me: I have never known one Christian man or woman who has been a consistent member of the Christian church who has ever come to want. I will tell you why so many men come to want. They are living in rebellion to God; they have turned their backs to God. They are living ignoring Him and His kingdom, not caring anything at all for Him. I can imagine some of you saying, "It is easy for you, Mr. Moody, to say this. If you had a family in want and were out of employment—had nothing to do—you would talk differently; you would talk about something else." I would talk about nothing of the kind. If I did, I would have to reverse God's word. If there is a young man out of a situation—can not pay his board bill, whose outlook is very dark indeed, may be in actual want, and struggling against poverty, I say to that young man, "Seek first the kingdom of God"—press into the kingdom of God before you do anything else. No one has ever seen a true child of God starving in the street; no one ever saw a child of God coming to the poor-house. Suppose you did come to the poorhouse. I would rather go into the kingdom of Heaven through the poorhouse than go down to hell in a golden chariot; I would rather be poor and lean in the world's goods than lose my place in the kingdom of Heaven.

I can imagine some of you saying, "It is all good enough to say this; if you were struggling in poverty you would think differently. You have no sympathy with us." If you are in want to-night, my friend, I tell you I sympathize with you; I could weep with you. But I tell you the first thing to do is to seek the kingdom of God. I have known what it was to struggle against poverty, and I am a thousand times more in sympathy with that class of people than with those who have got abundance. My dear friends, His words are first to seek the kingdom of God, and "all these things will be

added." He will provide for you if you only obey His commandment. He will take care of all who put their trust in Him. Don't He take care of the lily? We are told that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of them. Look how He takes care of the sparrow; and if you but depend on Him don't you think He will take care of you? If your way is rugged, believe that it is out of love to you, so that He will reveal Himself to you. If we are prosperous we do not care for His laws; we don't care for His commandments. How many men in Chicago for whom I have worked to get a situation, the moment they became prosperous they have turned around and don't care for the church or the Bible. They went on for a time, but generally came to ruin. How many men have been untrue to all those who have helped them up.

Many of you are doubtless saying, "You are very harsh and unsympathetic." Some of you young men are, I can imagine, saying, "Ah, you can't appreciate my position." My friends, I have walked the streets of Boston without a situation, and I know what it is to be without money and homeless, and I believe it was that that first opened my eyes to the truth. If you won't look to the loaves and fishes, and trust in Him, I believe within twenty-four hours you will be provided for. I remember a few years ago I used to think it was necessary for a man to preach the Gospel with a loaf in one hand and the Bible in the other. Dr. Chalmers used to tell the missionaries never to give money at first, and I used to think he was wrong. But I have since found that the old Doctor was right. We got up the relief society, and we found that whenever we went into a house a man would get his eye on the loaves and fishes, and no sooner would he be supplied than he would look for another loaf and a fish, and so I came to the conclusion that a loaf of bread in one hand and the Gospel in the other was not right. If men are in want it is because they are not in the kingdom of God. Don't come for the loaves and fishes, but seek Him for what He is.

Now these two men, when they were asked, "What seek ye?" replied with a question, "Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?" They took Him as a personal Christ. The moment you seek Him in this way—as a personal Christ—that moment you will find the fullness of Heaven flowing to your soul. You can not get a blessing till you come to Christ. When they went down to the kingdom of Egypt to get corn, they had to go to Joseph to get it. All the blessings of Egypt came through Joseph. He was the channel for all the

blessings to flow through. So we can not get blessings until we come to Christ—all our blessings must flow through that channel, and I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor their seed begging bread. If a man be true to God, God will be true to him. Now, let me ask you again, What are you really seeking in coming here? What is your motive? This audience must have come here seeking something. Every man in Chicago is seeking something. Walk into the busy thoroughfares—Madison, Clark, or Washington streets—all these busy men and women are seeking something. The moment a man seeks the kingdom of God with all his might, that moment the kingdom of God is set up in his heart. Now, seek first that kingdom before anything else. I heard of a man who, when dying, told his son—what a blind man that father was—“James, take my advice, and whatever you do, don't give your time and attention to religion. I tell you, get established in business, and when you are established and comfortable, then you may have time to attend to religious matters.” What a blind father to tell his son to lay aside the order of Heaven, to lay aside the Word of God. The eternal God says, “First seek the kingdom.” What right had the father to tell his son to seek wealth before the kingdom of God? Before he got established in business death might come. Suppose when that man had got his wealth, and the Lord had come and said, “To-night thy soul shall be required of thee,” all his wealth would have to be left, and he would go to the judgment without a place in God's kingdom. Before you get established in business, my friends, seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Be obedient, and do what He tells you.

And let me say here, in seeking the kingdom of God don't seek empty forms. We have a great many people here who are just living on empty forms, and that is why they see no living reality in the kingdom of Christ. Some have just the form without any power. If the kingdom of God is set up in our heart, why, the Gospel becomes a fire in our bones, and we have to go and work for it. But these men who are living a mere empty form, are like that Roman soldier, who, upon finding a bag filled with precious diamonds, turned the diamonds out and took the bag. So some people here are just throwing away the cream of the Gospel and taking the empty form. They don't live in the power of the Gospel, and therefore the world is full of struggling men, living on form and not on the living Christ. Don't look to forms, but seek first the king-

dom of God. And you can not wait till I get through this sermon; the command is to seek the kingdom of God now. Young man, why not seek it now, where you sit? Let your soul go out to God in prayer; let your soul cry, "God save me now! Bless me with eternal life. Set up Thy kingdom in my heart." Let that cry go up to Heaven and He will come.

There is a story of Dr. Chalmers. A lady came to him and said, "Doctor, I can not bring my child to Christ. I've talked, and talked, and talked, but it's no use." The doctor thought she had not much skill, and said, "Now you be quiet, and I will talk to her alone." When the doctor got the Scotch lassie alone he said to her, "They are bothering you a great deal with this question; now suppose I just tell your mother you don't want to be talked to any more upon this subject for a year. How will that do?" Well, the Scotch lassie hesitated a little, and then said she "didn't think it would be safe to wait for a year. Something might turn up. She might die before then." "Well, that's so," replied the doctor; "but suppose we say six months." She didn't even think this would be safe. "That's so," was the doctor's reply; "well, let's say three months." After a little hesitation, the girl finally said, "I don't think it would be safe to put it off for three months—don't think it would be safe to put it off at all," and they went down on their knees and found it. Can you afford to put it off for one night? A minister in the South once said, while addressing a meeting, "Look around this audience; is there one here who dares to take the risk?" A young lady took her hymn-book and wrote on it, "I will take that risk." Two weeks after she was a corpse. The hymn-book was found, and this was found on it. Can you say, "I will put it off; I can afford to take that risk?" Ask every true friend you have on this earth—every one who loves you—what you should do; not a professed friend whose love is not very deep, but a sincere one. Any man who tries to stand between you and God is your worst enemy. I don't care who he is. He may be a dearly-loved relative—he may be your father. If he interferes between you and the kingdom of God, he is your worst enemy. Take a friend who really loves you. Young man, perhaps you are sitting beside your mother; I will excuse you whispering to that mother. Just ask her what you will do, and I venture to say that the reply of ninety-nine mothers out of one hundred will be: "My son, seek first the kingdom of God; first do what God tells you." If I could ask Jesus, who sits at the

right hand of God—if I could just say: “Lord Jesus, speak to this audience in the Tabernacle to-night; just tell them what to do.” Don’t you hear the voice coming away down from Heaven this very moment, “Seek first the kingdom of God?”. If I could ask those redeemed saints up yonder—perhaps one of them is a loved mother looking at her boy here—and I say, “Your boy is in the gallery yonder—mother, mother, what shall I tell him?”—“First seek the kingdom of God.” If the redeemed saints could speak back to earth from that world, their cry would be, “Seek first the kingdom of God.” I will go further. If I could go down to the spirits of the damned and put this question, a wail would come up, “Tell them to seek first the kingdom of God. Go to my home and tell my five brothers not to come to this place of torment. Go and tell them to seek and be saved.” Heaven and hell would all unite in telling you to forego everything until you have found the kingdom. Will you say, “I will seek the kingdom of God first?” or will you say, “I will go out of this building without seeking it?” Do you say you have a darling sin which you would rather indulge than seek the kingdom? If you are a drunkard, would you rather have the bottle than the kingdom? If you are a gambler, would you rather waste your time in gaming than seek it? If you are a libertine, would you rather spend your life in lasciviousness than look to your eternal happiness? If you would, go on. You are a free agent. You can choose life or death. I set before you life and death, Heaven and hell. Go, seek the kingdom, if you would have life—press into it. You can do it if you will. When that mill fell in at Lawrence, the superintendent told me that three girls were confined in a little room, and escape for them was impossible. The citizens gathered round, but could not get them out. The flames were gradually gaining upon their place of captivity, but rescue was impossible. The friends kept bringing them coffee and tea, to make their last hours as pleasant as they could. When they saw their end approaching they commenced to sing that beautiful hymn, “My Heavenly Home is Bright and Fair;” and when they came to the last verse:

“Let others seek a home below
Where flames destroy and waves o’erflow.
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.”

These were the last words heard from them. By the grace of

God I mean to go to the kingdom of God. I would rather have a place in the kingdom of God than all Chicago. I would rather have a place in the kingdom of God—have my name written in the Book of Life, and know that I am an heir of Christ; I would rather know that by and by I am sure of entering into those heavenly mansions—than have all the wealth of Chicago rolled at my feet. You who are seeking fame, position, wealth, get a hope of salvation; it is worth all the world.

Let me tell, in closing, an incident. When I was a young boy—before I was a Christian—I was in a field, one day, with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. When he left home his mother gave him this text: "Seek first the kingdom of God." But he paid no heed to it. He said when he got settled in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the kingdom of God. He went from one village to another and got nothing to do. When Sunday came he went into a village church, and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." He said the text went down to his heart. He thought that it was but his mother's prayer following him. Some one must have written to that minister about him. He felt very uncomfortable, and when the meeting was over he could not get that sermon out of his mind. He went away from that town, and at the end of a week went into another church and he heard the minister give out the same text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." He felt sure this time that it was the prayer of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately, "No, I will first get wealthy." He said he went on and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he went into he heard a third minister preaching a sermon from the same text. He tried to drown, to stifle his feelings; tried to get the sermon out of his mind, and resolved that he would keep away from church altogether, and for a few years did keep out of God's house. "My mother died," he said, "and the text kept coming up in my mind, and I said I will try to become a Christian." The tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "I could not; no sermon ever touches me; my heart is as hard as that stone," pointing to one in the field. I couldn't understand what it was all about—it was fresh to me then. I went to Boston and got converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I got back I asked my mother, "Is Mr.

L—— living in such a place?" "Didn't I write to you about him?" she asked. "They have taken him to an insane asylum, and every one who goes up there he points with his finger up there and tells him to 'Seek first the kingdom of God.'" There was that man with his eyes dull with the loss of reason, but the text had sunk into his soul—it had burned down deep. Oh, may the Spirit of God burn the text into your hearts to-night. When I got home again my mother told me he was in her house, and I went to see him. Found him in a rocking-chair, with that vacant, idiotic look upon him. Whenever he saw me he pointed at me, and said, "Young man, seek first the kingdom of God." Reason was gone, but the text was there. When I was laying my brother down in his grave I could not help thinking of that poor man who was lying so near him, and wishing that the prayer of his mother had been heard, and that he had found the kingdom of God.

Young man, young woman, won't you seek the kingdom of God when He tells you to? May every man and woman assembled here seek the kingdom of God.

XXX.

REPENTANCE.

ACTS xvii. 30: "But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

I HAVE heard a number of complaints about the preaching here in the Tabernacle, that repentance has not been touched upon.

The fact is, that I have never had very great success in preaching upon repentance. When I have preached it, people haven't repented. I've had far more success when I've preached Christ's goodness. But to-night I will preach about repentance, so you will have no more cause of complaint. I believe in repentance just as much as I believe in the Word of God. When John the Baptist came to preach to that Jewish nation, his one cry was, "Repent! repent!" But when Christ came He changed it to "The blood of the Lamb taketh away the sin of the world." I would rather cry, "The blood of the Lamb taketh away the sin of the world" than talk about repentance. And when Christ came we find Him saying, "Repent ye," but He soon pointed them to something higher—He told them about the goodness of God. It is the goodness of God that produces repentance. When, upon the day of Pentecost, they asked what to do to be saved, we find Him telling men, "Repent, every one of you." When Christ sent His disciples out to preach, two by two, we find the message He gave them to deliver was, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." It is clearly preached throughout the Scriptures. There is a great deal of trouble among people about what repentance really is. If you ask people what it is, they will tell you, "It is feeling sorry." If you ask a man if he repents, he will tell you, "Oh, yes; I generally feel sorry for my sins." That is not repentance. It is something more than feeling sorry. Repentance is turning right about and forsaking sin. I wanted to speak on Sunday about that verse in Isaiah, which says, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." That is what it is. If a man don't turn from his sin he won't be accepted of God; and if righteous-

ness don't produce a turning about—a turning from bad to good—it isn't true righteousness.

Unconverted people have got an idea that God is their enemy. Now, let me impress this: God hates sin with a perfect hatred; He will punish sin wherever He finds it, yet He at the same time loves the sinner, and wants him to repent and turn to Him. If men will only turn, they will find mercy, and find it just the moment they turn to Him. You will find men sorry for their misdeeds. Cain, no doubt, was sorry, but that was not true repentance. There is no cry recorded in the Scriptures as coming from him, "O my God, O my God, forgive me." There was no repentance in his only feeling sorry. Look at Judas. There is no sign that he turned to God—no sign that he came to Christ asking forgiveness. Yet, probably, he felt sorry. He was, very likely, filled with remorse and despair; but he didn't repent. Repentance is turning to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Look at King Saul, and see the difference between him and King David. David fell as low as Saul, and a good deal lower—he fell from a higher pinnacle; but what was the difference between the two? David turned back to God and confessed his sin and got forgiven. But look at King Saul. There was no repentance there, and God couldn't save him till he repented. You will find all through the Scriptures where men have repented, God has forgiven them. Look at that publican when he went up to pray; he felt his sin so great that he couldn't look up to Heaven—all he could do was to smite his heart and cry, "God forgive me, a sinner." There was turning to God—repentance, and that man went down to his home forgiven. Look at that prodigal. His father couldn't forgive him while he was still in a foreign land and squandering his money in riotous living; but the moment he came home repentant, how soon that father forgave him—how quick he came to meet him with the word of forgiveness. It wouldn't have done any good to forgive the boy while he was in that foreign country unrepentant. He would have despised all favors and blessings from his father. That is the position the sinner stands in toward God. He can not be forgiven and get His blessing until he comes to God repenting of all his sins and asking the blessing.

Now, we read in Scripture that God deals with us as a father deals with a son. Fathers and mothers, you who have children, let me ask, by way of illustration, Suppose you go home, and find that while you have been here your boy has gone to your private drawer

and stolen five dollars of your money. You go to him and say: "John, did you take that money?" "Yes, father, I took that money," he replies. When you hear him saying this without any apparent regret you won't forgive him. You want to get at his conscience; you know it would do him an injury to forgive him unless he confesses his wrong. Suppose he won't do it. "Yes," he says, "I stole your money, but I don't think I've done wrong." The mother can not, the father can not forgive him unless he sees he has done wrong, and wants forgiveness. That's the trouble with the sinners in Chicago. They've turned against God, broken His commandments, trampled His law under their feet, and their sins hang upon them; until they show signs of repentance their sin will remain. But the moment they see their iniquity and come to God, forgiveness will be given them and their iniquity will be taken out of their way. Said a person to me the other day, "It is my sin that stands between me and Christ." "It isn't," I replied, "it's your own will." That's what stands between the sinner and forgiveness. Christ will take all your iniquities away if you will. Men are so proud that they won't acknowledge and confess before God. Don't you see on the face of it, if your boy won't repent, you can not forgive him? and how is God going to forgive a sinner if he don't repent? If He was allowing an unrepentant sinner into His kingdom there would be war in Heaven in twenty-four hours. You can not live in a house with a boy who steals everything he can lay his hands on. You would have to banish him from your house. Look at King David with his son, Absalom. After he had been sent away he got his friends to intercede for him to get him back to Jerusalem. They succeeded in getting him back to the city, but some one told the king that he hadn't repented, and his father would not see him. After he had been in Jerusalem some time, trying his best to get into favor and position again without repentance, he sent a friend, Joab, to the king, and told him to say to his father: "Examine me, and if you find no iniquity in me, take me in." He was forgiven, but the most foolish thing King David ever did was to forgive that young prince. What was the result? He drove him from the throne. That's what the sinner would do if he got into Heaven unrepentant. He would just drive God from the throne—tear the crown from Him. No unrepentant sinner can get into the kingdom of Heaven.

"Ah," some people say, "I believe in the mercy of God; I don't

believe God will allow one to perish ; I believe every one will get to Heaven." Look at those antediluvians. Do you think He swept all those sinners, all those men and women who were too wicked to live on earth—do you believe He swept them all into Heaven, and left the only righteous man to wade through the flood? Do you think He would do this? and yet many men believe all will go into Heaven. The day will come when you will wake up and know that you have been deceived by the devil. No unrepentant sinner will ever get into Heaven ; unless they forsake their sin they can not enter there. The Law of God is very plain on this point : " Except a man repent." That's the language of Scripture. And when this is so plainly set down, why is it that men fold their arms and say, " God will take me into Heaven, anyway?" Suppose a Governor, elected to-day, comes into office in a few months and he finds a great number of criminals in prison, and he goes and says, " I feel for those prisoners ; they can not stay in jail any longer ;" suppose some murders have been committed, and he says, " I am tender-hearted, I can't punish those men," and he opens the prison door and lets them all out—how long would that Governor be in his position? These very men who are depending on the mercy of God would be the first to raise their voice against that Governor. These men would say, " These murderers must be punished, or society will be imperiled ; life will not be safe," and yet they believe in the mercy of God, whether they repent or not. My dear friends, don't go on under that delusion ; it is a snare of the devil. I tell you, the Word of God is true, and it tells us, " Except a man repent " there is not one ray of hope held out. May the Spirit of God open your eyes to-night and show you the truth—let it go into your hearts. Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous his thoughts.

Now, my friends, repentance is not fear. A great many people say I don't preach up the terrors of religion. I don't want to—don't want to scare men into the kingdom of God. I don't believe in preaching that way. If I did get some in that way they would soon get out. If I wanted to scare men into Heaven I would just hold the terror of hell over their heads and say, " Go right in." But that is not the way to win men. They don't have any slaves in Heaven ; they are all sons, and they must accept salvation voluntarily. Terror never brought a man in yet. Look at a vessel tossed upon the billows, and sailors think it is going to the bottom and death is upon them. They fall down on their knees, and you would

think they were all converted. They ain't converted, they're only scared. There's no repentance there, and as soon as the storm is over, and they get on shore, they are the same as ever. All their terror has left them—they've forgotten it, and they fall into their old habits. How many men have, while lying on a sick bed, and they thought they saw the terrors of death gathering around them, made resolutions to live a new life if they only get well again, but the moment they get better they forget all about their resolutions. It was only a scare with them; that's not what we want to feel. Fear is one thing, and repentance is another. True repentance is the Holy Ghost showing sinners their sin. That's what we want. May the Holy Ghost reveal to each one here to-night out of Christ their lost condition unless they repent.

If God threw Adam out of Eden on account of one sin, how can you expect to get into the heavenly paradise with ten thousand? I can imagine some one saying, "I haven't got anything to repent of." If you are one of those Pharisees, I can tell you that this sermon will not reach your heart. I would like to find one man who could come up here and say, "I have no sin." If I was one of those who thought I had no sin to repent of, I'd never go to church; I certainly would not come up to the Tabernacle. But could you find a man walking the streets of Chicago who could say this honestly? I don't believe there's a day passed over my head the last twenty years but when night came I found I had some sin to repent of. It is impossible for a man to live without sinning, there are so many things to draw away the heart and affections of men from God. I feel as if I ought to be repenting all the time. Is there a man here who can say honestly, "I have not got a sin that I need ask forgiveness for. I haven't one thing to repent of?" Some men seem to think that God has got ten different laws for each of those ten commandments; but if you have been guilty of breaking one, you are guilty of breaking all. If a man steals five dollars, and another steals five hundred, the one is as guilty of theft as the other. A man who has broken one commandment of God is as guilty as he who has broken ten. If a man don't feel this, and come to Him repentant and turn his face from sin toward God, there is not a ray of hope. Nowhere can you find one ray from Genesis to Revelation. Don't go out of this Tabernacle saying, "I have nothing to repent." I heard of a man who said he had been converted. A friend asked him if he had repented. "No," said he, "I never troubled my

head about it." My friends, when a man becomes converted, the work has to be a little deeper than that. He has to become repentant, and try to atone for what he has done. If he is at war with any one, he has to go and be reconciled to his enemy. If he doesn't, his conversion is the work of Satan. When a man turns to God he is made a new creature—a new man. His impulses, all the time, are guided by love. He loves his enemies, and tries to repair all wrong he has done. This is a true sign of conversion. If this sign is not apparent, his conversion has never got from his head to his heart. We must be born of the Spirit, hearts must be regenerated—born again. When a man repents and turns to the God of Heaven, then the work is deep and thorough. I hope that every one will see the necessity of true repentance when they come to God for a blessing, and may the Spirit move you to ask it now.

I can imagine some of you saying, "How am I to repent?" My friends, there are only two parties in the world. There has been a great political contest here to-day, and there have been two sides. We will not know before forty-eight hours which side has triumphed. There is great interest now to know which side has been the stronger. Now, there are two parties in this world—those for Christ and those against Him; and to change to Christ's party is only moving from the old party to the new. You know that the old party is bad, and the new one is good, and yet you don't change. Suppose I was called to New York, and went down to the Illinois Central Depot to catch the ten o'clock train. I go on the train, and a friend should see me and say, "You are on the wrong train for New York. You are on the Burlington train." "Oh, no," I say, "you are wrong; I asked some one and he told me this was the right train." "Why," this friend replies, "I've been in Chicago for twenty years, and know that you are on the wrong train," and the man talks, and at last convinces me, but I sit still, although I believe I am in the wrong train for New York, and I go on to Burlington. If you don't get off the wrong train and get on the right one you will not reach Heaven. If you have not repented, seize your baggage and go to the other train.

If a man is not repentant his face is turned away from God, and the moment his face is turned toward God, peace and joy follow. There are a great many people hunting after joy, after peace. Dear friends, if you want to find it to-night, just turn to God, and you will get it. You need not hunt for it any longer; only come and

get it. When I was a little boy I remember I tried to catch my shadow. I don't know if any of you were ever foolish; but I remember running after it and trying to get ahead of it. I could not see why the shadow always kept ahead of me. Once I happened to be racing with my face to the sun, and I looked over my head and saw my shadow coming back of me, and it kept behind me all the way. It is the same with the Sun of Righteousness—peace and joy will go with you while you go with your face toward Him, and these people who are getting at the back of the Son are in darkness all the time. Turn to the light of God and the reflection will flash in your heart. Don't say that God will not forgive you. It is only your will which keeps His forgiveness from you.

My sister, I remember, told me her little boy said something naughty one morning, when his father said to him, "Sammy, go and ask your mother's forgiveness." "I won't," replied the child. "If you don't ask your mother's forgiveness I'll put you to bed." It was early in the morning—before he went to business, and the boy didn't think he would do it. He said "I won't" again. They undressed him and put him to bed. The father came home at noon expecting to find his boy playing about the house. He didn't see him about, and asked his wife where he was. "In bed still." So he went up to the room, and sat down by the bed, and said: "Sammy, I want you to ask your mother's forgiveness." But the answer was "No." The father coaxed and begged, but could not induce the child to ask forgiveness. The father went away, expecting certainly that when he came home at night the child would have got all over it. At night, however, when he got home he found the little fellow still in bed. He had lain there all day. He went to him and tried to get him to come to his mother, but it was no use. His mother went, and was equally unsuccessful. That father and mother could not sleep any that night. They expected every moment to hear the knock at their door by their little son. Now they wanted to forgive the boy. My sister told me it was just as if death had come into their home. She never passed through such a night. In the morning she went to him and said: "Now, Sammy, you are going to ask my forgiveness," but the boy turned his face to the wall and wouldn't speak. The father came home at noon and the boy was as stubborn as ever. It looked as though the child was going to conquer. It was for the good of the boy that they didn't want to give him his own way. It is a great

deal better for us to submit to God than have our own way. Our own way will lead us to ruin; God's way leads to life everlasting. The father went off to his office, and that afternoon my sister went in to her son about four o'clock and began to reason with him, and after talking for some time, she said, "Now, Sammy, say 'mother.'" "Mother," said the boy. "Now say 'for.'" "For." "Now just say 'give.'" And the boy repeated "give." "Me," said the mother. "Me," and the little fellow fairly leaped out of bed. "I have said it," he cried; "take me down to papa so that I can say it to him." Oh, sinner, go to Him and ask His forgiveness. This is repentance. It is coming in with a broken heart and asking the King of Heaven to forgive you. Don't say you can't. It is a lie. It is your stubborn will—it is your stubborn heart.

Now let me say here to-night you are in a position to be reconciled to God now. You are not in a position to delay this reconciliation a week, a day, an hour. God tells you now. Look at that beautiful steamer *Atlantic*. There she is in the bay groping her way along a rocky coast. The captain don't know, as his vessel plows through that ocean, that in a few moments it will strike a rock and hundreds of those on board will perish in a watery grave. If he knew, in a minute he could strike a bell and the steamer would be turned from that rock and the people would be saved. The vessel has struck, but he knows now too late. You have time now. In five minutes, for all you and I know, you may be in eternity. God hangs a mist over our eyes as to our summons. So now God calls—now every one repent, and all your sins will be taken from you. I have come in the name of the Master to ask you to turn to God now. May God help you to turn and live.

XXXI.

WHAT CHRIST IS TO US.

NOW I am not going to take a text. I am going to take a subject, and that subject will be, "What Christ is to us;" and if you say when I get through that Christ is not what I try to make Him out to be, it will be your own fault and no one else's, because He is a thousand times more to every soul here than I can make Him out to be to-night. A man can not tell what Christ is in a few moments—can not begin to express what Christ is to us. I remember talking on the same subject at a meeting in the north of England. I felt that I had not said enough about Him when I got through. When I went home I went with a Scotchman, and I was complaining and groaning over the meeting, and told him I had only got half through with my subject, when the Scotchman turned to me and said, "Ye dinna expect to tell a' about Christ in one hour, d' ye? Why, 'twould tak a' eternity to do it, man." I thought I could get through in an hour; but, my friends, it can not be done. I'm not going to talk to you an hour to-night, however, and now I would like to call your attention to the second chapter of Luke, eleventh verse: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." That's what Christ offers to be to every soul that comes into this world. God gives Him to the world. "Unto you is born this day a Saviour." God gave Him to free us from our sins; that is what Christ came into the world to do. To get Him we must first meet Him at Calvary as our Jesus, our Purifier, our Sanctification, our Redemption, our Saviour. We must first pass Calvary before we can see Him as our Saviour. And He wants you to come there—He wants to be a Saviour to every soul in Chicago. He is not only a Saviour who takes us from the pit of hell, but He delivers us from sin. A great many people have a wrong idea of Christ. They think He only saves us from hell, but He keeps us from sin day by day. God

knew a great deal better what the world needed than ourselves. Therefore, He gave us Christ, not only to save us from death, but to free us from sin. He is not only a Saviour; He is a Redeemer. Redemption is more real than salvation. I asked a man some time ago why he thought so much about a certain man. I noticed that he could not speak of him but tears came into his eyes, and so I asked him, "Why is it that you love that man as you do?" "Why, Mr. Moody," he said, "that man saved me." He told me in confidence how he got involved; how he took what did not belong to him, thinking he could replace it in a few weeks; but when the time came, found he could not. In a week or two exposures would come and it would be sure ruin to him, wife, and family. How he went to a friend and poured out his heart, and how that friend advanced him the money and paid the debt, and he added, "I would be willing to lay down my life for that friend. He saved me." It was out of gratitude to that man that he was willing to give his life for him. When we appreciate what redemption is, and what Christ has done for us, we are willing to lay down our life for Him—sacrifice everything for His sake.

Redemption is more. It is buying back, for we are told in Galatians, "He hath redeemed us from the curse." The curse of the law rests upon every son of Adam—"He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." Redemption is buying back. He has bought us back from the sentence of justice. We belong to Him—"He hath redeemed us by His blood." I remember, I was going from my home to preach in a neighboring village. My brother was with me, and I saw a young man driving before us. I said to my brother, "Who is that young man? I've never seen him before." "Do you see that farm, those beautiful buildings; do you see all these fields, and the pasture? That is his farm. His father was a drunkard and squandered his money, buried his home in debt, and died. His mother had to go to the poor-house. That young man went away, earned money, came back, and redeemed the farm and took his aged mother from the poor-house; and he is looked upon as one of the noblest young men in the country." That's what Christ is doing for us. Adam sold us very cheap, and Christ comes and redeems us—does it without any cost. He is more than a Saviour and a Redeemer—he is a Deliverer. A great many people go to Calvary and believe He is their Redeemer, but they forget that He came to deliver us from all temptation, from all appetite, and from all lust.

Now, when God put the children of Israel behind the blood at Goshen, they were safe. When they came to the Red Sea, and they heard the King of Egypt with his mighty army, his horsemen, and his chariots come rolling on to their destruction, it was then that the God of Heaven showed His power as a Deliverer. He said to Moses, "Stretch out thy rod," and the sea opened and His chosen people passed over in safety. God is a deliverer to all His children, whatsoever you may be. He is a great Physician to us all, and He will deliver you from all your difficulties.

In the fifth chapter of Mark, we see Him as a Deliverer. I do not think God ever found harder cases in Chicago than those were there. We have got hospitals for the incurables, and if they had had them in those days, these cases would have been put there. First, look at that man who had his dwelling in the tombs. They tried to tame him, but he snapped the chains as Samson did the pillars. They tried to bind him, they tried to keep him clothed, but he tore his garments into shreds. There he was, a wild man, and a terror to everybody. The children were afraid of him, and the women and men hearing his cries at night, dreaded to go near that spot. There he was, a slave of the devils. But Christ came to that part of the country. See how they tried to chain him, to bind him, to tame him; but they all failed. But Christ came and with one word delivered him. One word, and these devils forsook him. And his countrymen hearing of the incident, came out. They did not go out to see what Christ had been doing, but they came out to look for their swine. A good many men here in Chicago value swine more than they do the salvation of souls. Let pork go up or down, and see what a commotion there would be. But if there are souls to save here to-night, they would never trouble themselves. They came out to look for their swine, and there they found the wild man sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. When the man found himself delivered he wanted to go with the Saviour. That was gratitude. Christ had saved him, had redeemed him. He had delivered him from the hand of the enemy. And this man cried: "Let me follow You round the world; where You go I will go." But the Lord said: "You go home and tell your friends what good things the Lord has done for you." And he started home. I would like to have been in that house when he came there. I can imagine how the children would look when they saw him, and say: "Father is coming." "Shut the door," the

mother would cry; "look out; fasten the windows; bolt every door in the house." Many times he, very likely, had come home and abused his family, and broken the chairs and tables, and turned the mother into the street, and alarmed all the neighbors. They see him now coming down the street. Down he comes till he gets to the door, and then gently knocks. You don't hear a sound as he stands there. At last he sees his wife at the window, and he says, "Mary!" "Why," she says, "why, he speaks as he did when I first married him; I wonder if he has got well?" So she looks out, and asks: "John, is that you?" "Yes, Mary," he replies, "it's me, don't be afraid any more, I'm well now." I see that mother, how she pulls back the bolts of that door, and looks at him. The first look is sufficient, and she springs into his arms, and clings about his neck. She takes him in, and asks him a hundred questions—how it all happened—all about it. "Well, just take a chair and I'll tell you how I got cured." The children hang back and look amazed. He says: "I was there in the tombs, you know, cutting myself with stones, and running about in my nakedness, when Jesus of Nazareth came that way. Mary, did you ever hear of Him? He is the most wonderful man. I've never seen a man like Him. He just ran in and told those devils to leave me, and they left me. When he had cured me I wanted to follow Him, but He told me to come home and tell you all about it." The children, by and by, gather about his knee, and the elder ones run to tell their playmates what wonderful things Jesus has done for their father. Ah, my friends, we have got a mighty Deliverer—don't care what affliction you have, He will deliver you from it. The Son of God, who cast out those devils, can deliver you from your besetting sin. A man told me, last night, in speaking about drunkards, the trouble is that the passion for drink becomes a disease, and when it does, there is no hope. That man didn't know the Gospel, my friend. Christ is a physician who has never lost a case yet. We've got a great many fine physicians—how many of them can say, "I have never lost a case?" Christ has never failed, and He has had some pretty hard cases. Just look at the woman suffering for years from an issue of blood. Probably she had visited all the physicians around—had gone clear up to Damascus and down to Egypt. Perhaps she had spent all her money in trying to get better, but instead, had only grown worse. That's just the case with Christians to-day. Instead of her coming to Christ, she went to the physicians around. I can imagine one of

her friends coming in and saying, "Have you ever heard of Jesus of Nazareth?" "No." "Well, He is a great prophet. I have never seen Him myself, but they tell me He is in Jerusalem doing wonderful things. I heard of a man who was troubled with leprosy, and another with palsy, and they went to Him, and, in a moment, were cured. They say, too, He gives sight to blind men." As her friend tells her those things, a ray of hope breaks upon that poor woman's soul, and she questions the friend further. "Yes, and I heard of another cure of a poor cripple who had been lame for years, so lame that he had to be carried to the prophet. When they got there they found such a crowd that they had to cut a hole in the roof and let him down, and whenever He saw him, just touched him, and he was healed." "He must be a great physician. How much does He charge?" "Don't charge you anything." And this is the trouble with a great many people to-day. They think they have something to do for the Lord—something to give Him in return for the salvation He offers. "Do you mean to tell me He don't charge anything?" "Yes, I tell you, He cures all the people who come to Him for nothing!" "I never heard of such a thing in my life. Whenever He comes here I am going to see Him." By and by she hears that He is passing through her town, and she prepares to go. Her children probably come to her and urge her not to go. "Don't go to any more physicians. You've been running after too many, and they've only made you worse." But she gives them a deaf ear. She wants to be blessed. I don't know what they called the woman's garments in those days, but we will come down to the present. She gets down her old shawl. The doctor took all her money, and she can't afford to buy a new one. When she gets to where He is, she finds a crowd around Him—perhaps four or five times as many people as we have here. I can see that woman elbowing her way through the crowd as she says to herself, "If I can only get near that man I know by His looks He can bless me." There she goes, pushing her way among the crowd of able-bodied men standing between her and the Saviour. "Why don't you go away or stand still?" they say to her; "there are plenty more beside you who want to get near Him." But she keeps on, and by and by she gets near enough to touch Him. She is just about to touch Him, when some one is thrust in between her and the Saviour, and she is driven back. But she works her way on, and comes near enough again, and I can see that thin, pale hand as it

comes from under that shawl, and it creeps to His garment—lo, in a moment she is well. Some one has said that He has got more medicine in this garment than there is in all the apothecaries' stores in the world. A mighty physician! If you have a sick soul, come up to Him. There is no case too bad for Him. I don't care if you have some sin to which you are a slave—He can heal you of it. Yes, my friends, He is a mighty physician, and can save all who come and seek His aid. I can imagine some of you say, "I am a good deal worse than any of you have spoken of; I am dead to everything that is pure and holy; I come here night after night and those remarks never touch me; those sweet songs never thrill me; I am dead." Well, right here we find the story of one who was dead—Jairus' daughter. When He came to the house they said He was too late. You and I have been too late, but Christ never. They forgot He was the resurrection and the life. When He went into that room with Peter and John among the weeping mourners, He just said to that dead girl, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise," and she was awakened from the sleep of death. If there is a dead soul here to-night, He can save you. He said at the creation, "Let there be light," and lo! the light appeared. If He commands your dead souls to live, they will surely live. Let your prayers be going up to God that your dead souls may be filled with the light of His presence. He said to that woman's son, "Young man, arise." Why, He could raise men out of the stones in the street. There is no limit to the power of the Lord God of Israel. If there is a dead soul here, He can fill it with purity. Our Saviour, our Redeemer, our Deliverer, our Physician is able to do this. He can quicken dead souls; He can make them alive.

You know when He took the children of Israel through the Red Sea and into the wilderness He became their Way. You hear people sometimes saying: "If I become a Christian I don't know what Church I will join. I find the Roman Catholic Church saying they are the only true Church—the only apostolic Church; and unless I join it they say I can not enter Heaven. Then the Baptists tell me I can not get into Heaven unless I become immersed; the Episcopalian Church claims to be the only true Church. So with the Presbyterians, Methodists; and I don't know really what way to take." Thank God, we need not be in darkness as to that. He tells us, "I am the way." The greatest mistake of the present day is the following of this creed and that one, and this and that Church, and

a great many listen to the voice of the Church instead of the voice of God. The Catholic Church or any other never saved a soul. The Son of God is the Saviour of the world. The very name of Jesus can save His people from their sins. He is a real personal Saviour, and if a man wants to become a Christian, let him put his eyes on that Saviour and he will be saved. You know that the children of Israel had a cloud going ahead of them. When the cloud moved they moved, when it stopped they stopped, and when it started they followed it. So, my friends, it is Jesus that is our way, and if we follow His footsteps we will be in the right Church. Who could have led those chosen people through that wilderness better than God Almighty? He knew of all dangers and difficulties. When they wanted bread, He opened His hand and gave it them; when they wanted water, He commanded Moses to strike a rock, and lo, the crystal stream gushed forth. Who could better lead them through the wilderness, and who could better lead us to Heaven than Jesus? A great many people don't like the old way our fathers taught. Well, the people in the days of Jeremiah didn't like the old way; they hated it, and so He put them in slavery for seventy years. The good old way our fathers taught is better than our own way. People say this Bible was good enough for ancient days, but we have men of culture, of science, of literature now, and its value has decreased to the people of our day. Now, give me a better book and I will throw it away. Has the world ever offered us a better book? These men want us to give up the Bible. What are you going to give us in its place? Oh, how cruel infidelity is to tell us to give up all the hope we have—to throw away the only book which tells us the story of the resurrection. They try to tell us it is all a fiction, so that when we lay our loved ones in the grave we bid them farewell for time and eternity. Away with this terrible doctrine. The Bible of our fathers and mothers is true, and the good old way is true. When man comes and tries to draw us from the old to the new way, it is the work of the devil. But men say we have outgrown this way. Why don't men outgrow the light of the sun? They shouldn't let the light of the sun come into their buildings—should have gas; the sun is old, and gas is a new light. There is just as much sense in this as to take away the Bible. How much we owe the blessed Bible. Why, I don't think human life would be safe in this city if it wasn't for it. Look at the history of the nations where the Bible has been

trampled under foot. Only a few years ago France and England were pretty nearly equal. England threw the Bible open to the world, and France tried to trample it. Now the English language is spoken around the world, and its prosperity has increased, while it stands foremost among nations. But look at France. It has gone down and down with anarchy and revolution. Let us not forsake the old way. The Chief Shepherd has gone in through the gates, and tells us to come in through Him. When I was in Dublin I heard of a little boy who, while being taught in one of the mission schools, had found Christ. When he got home he tried to talk to his father and mother about his Redeemer. The little fellow sickened and died, and when I was there, four years after the death of that boy, the father might have been seen night after night reading his Bible. If you had asked him what he was looking for, he would have told you he was looking for the way his little son had taken to get into Heaven. He was trying to find the way. My friends, our Elder Brother has gone before us and has taken His seat at the right hand of His God, and He won't leave us in darkness.

I remember a number of years ago I went out of Chicago to try to preach. I went down to a little town where was being held a Sunday-school convention. I was a perfect stranger in the place, and upon my arrival a man stepped up to me and asked me if my name was Moody. I told him it was, and he invited me to his house. When I arrived, he said he had to go to the convention, and asked me to excuse his wife, as she, not having a servant, had to attend to her household duties. He put me into the parlor, and told me to amuse myself as best I could till he came back. I sat there, but the room was dark, and I could not read, and I got tired. So I thought I would try and get the children and play with them. I listened for some sound of childhood in the house, but could not hear a single evidence of the presence of little ones. When my friend came back, I said: "Haven't you any children?" "Yes," he replied, "I have one, but she's in Heaven, and I am glad she is there, Moody." "Are you glad that your child is dead?" I inquired. He went on to tell me how he had worshiped that child; how his whole life had been bound up in her, to the neglect of his Saviour. One day he had come home and found her dying. Upon her death he accused God of being unjust. He saw some of his neighbors with their children around them. Why hadn't He taken some of them

away? He was rebellious. After he came home from her funeral he said, "All at once I thought I heard her little voice calling me, but the truth came to my heart that she was gone. Then I thought I heard her feet upon the stairs; but I knew she was lying in the grave. The thought of her loss made me almost mad. I threw myself on my bed and wept bitterly. I fell asleep, and while I slept I had a dream, but it almost seems to me like a vision. I thought I was going over a barren field, and I came to a river, so dark and chill-looking that I was going to turn away, when, all at once, I saw, on the opposite bank, the most beautiful sight I ever looked at. I thought death and sorrow could never enter into that lovely region. Then I began to see beings, all so happy-looking, and among them I saw my little child. She waved her little angel hand to me and cried, 'Father, father, come this way.' I thought her voice sounded much sweeter than it did on earth. In my dream I thought I went to the water and tried to cross it, but found it deep and the current so rapid that I thought if I entered, it would carry me away from her forever. I tried to find a boatman to take me over, but couldn't, and I walked up and down the river trying to find a crossing, and still she cried, 'Come this way.' All at once I heard a voice coming rolling down, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The voice awoke me from my sleep, and I knew it was my Saviour calling me, and pointing the way for me to reach my darling child. I am now superintendent of a Sunday-school; I have made many converts; my wife has been converted, and we will, through Jesus as the way, see one day our child."

Am I not speaking to some father who has some loved one in yonder land? Am I not speaking to some mother who has a little one in that happy land? And if you could but hear their voice would it not be, "Come right this way?" Am I not speaking to some here who have representatives there? There's not a son here, if he could hear his mother's voice, but who would be told to come right that way. Thank God, we have all an Elder Brother there. Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since He went there, but He is as constant to us now as He was when first He went there. Dear friends, as He calls us up to Him, let us turn our back to this world. Let us take Christ as our Redeemer, as our Deliverer, as our Physician, as our Way, as our Truth, and as our Light. May the blessing of Heaven fall upon us all, and may every man

and woman here who is out of the kingdom accept Him and press into His dominions.

I want to speak of Christ now as our Keeper. Many people in the inquiry-rooms complained that they could not hold out; they commenced all right, but could not hold out. Of course they could not if they tried to do so of themselves. But, thank God, they had a Keeper. A man when asked what persuasion he was, replied that he was of the same as St. Paul was, and he said, "I believe that He is able to keep that which is committed to Him." That is a good denomination, and I recommend it to your attention. What is this keeping? What does it consist of? If one of you had one hundred thousand dollars in your pocket, and knew that fifteen or twenty thieves had their eyes on you, and wanted to rob you, what would you do? You would find a safe bank and put it there and feel safe. Now, every one of you has a precious soul, which the devil is striving to rob you of, and you can not be safe until you have given it into Christ's keeping. The Lion of the tribe of Judah is the only one that can safely keep us. What does the Word say? "I am the light of the world; if any man follow Me, he shall have the light of life." Why are so many of us in darkness? Because we will not follow the light, will not follow Christ. It does not matter who it is; a man of talent and intellect is no better than any one else if he does not walk in the light. I remember, during the second year of the war, when things looked very bad for the country, they had a meeting, and every one spoke gloomily, and hung their heads like so many bulrushes. One old man, though gray-bearded, and with a face that literally shone—he was a man who looked like Moses—commenced to upbraid them that they did not look toward the light; that they should remember that if it was dark around them it was light higher up, where their Elder Brother was, and it only rested with them to climb higher. There is no darkness where Jesus is. Let us ask ourselves, let each one ask: "Am I a light in my family, among my companions?" The Word said, "Ye are the light of the world." Are you, brethren? Just consider over it. Let us keep our loins girded and our lamps burning, or people will stumble over us. Oh, my friends, if the light in us be darkness, how great is that darkness. If we would light the world up, we must borrow the light; we must take no glory to ourselves, but merely reflect the light of Jesus Christ. The Bible does not say, "Make your light shine before men," but "Let your light

shine." Let it shine. God supplies us with it for the asking. Oh, my friends, will you not ask for it? and when you once have it, hundreds of thousands of others will see it and want it as well. Keep your lower lights burning, as Mr. Sankey has sung to you.

Now I also like to think of Christ as a Shepherd. The duty of a shepherd is to take care of his sheep. When a bear attacked David's flock, he seized his spear and slew the intruder, and your Shepherd will take as much care of you. Oh, what joy in the news to those who can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Think of the shepherd carefully counting his sheep at the close of the day. One is missing; what does he do? Is he content with his ninety and nine, and leave the missing? No, he safely houses the others, and then goes in search of the other which is missing. Can you not see him hunting for the lost one, going over mountains and rocks, and crossing brooks, and what joy there is when the wanderer is found? Oh, what a Shepherd is that. He wants to be a Shepherd to all. Will you not accept Him? The man who saw a shepherd calling his sheep by name wondered if he could tell one from another, they all looked so much alike. When he inquired on the matter he was pointed to several little defects on the sheep; one had a black spot, another a torn ear, another a bad toe. One was cross-eyed, and so on. You see the shepherd knew his sheep by their defects, and I think it is so with our Heavenly Father. He knows us all by our defects; and yet, with all our faults, He loves us. You may ask, "If He loves me, why does He afflict me?" Well, now, I once saw a drove of sheep looking very tired and weary, being hurried on by a shepherd and his dogs, and when they wanted to stop and drink at the brook by the wayside, they were not allowed to, but driven on. I felt that it was very unkind of that shepherd; but, by and by, they stopped before a pair of handsome gates, and the flocks were turned into beautiful green pastures, with a clear stream running through them. Then I knew that I had been hasty; that the shepherd had not been unkind, but kind, in not allowing his sheep to drink from that muddy stream in the road, for he had been saving them and taking them on to something better. So with our Heavenly Father, our Shepherd; He is compelled to afflict us sometimes while leading us into green pastures. Oh, brethren, let us give thanks that we have such a good Shepherd to guide and protect us, and though these afflictions may come upon us and seem hard at the time, let us remember His great mercy and loving-kindness, and bow and kiss the rod. Let us look to God for His blessing.

XXXII.

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND HIS WORK.

ACTS xix. 2: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

HOW many people in this audience would know how to answer that question if it was put to them personally?

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

A great many of us, if we were asked, would not know what it meant. I was a Christian some years before I knew anything about it. I remember once in Brooklyn, speaking at a Sunday-school meeting. I thought there was a good deal of feeling in the meeting, and on going out, feeling perfectly satisfied, an old man touched me on the shoulder, and in a trembling voice and with tears in his eyes said, "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." I didn't know what he meant, and went to other schools, but this always kept ringing in my ears, "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." Months went, and still I kept thinking about this, and wondering what the old man meant. I think I have found it out. My friends, there is a good deal of work among us that goes for naught, because we don't honor the Holy Ghost. Let me say right here, that I have never stood before an audience honoring the Holy Ghost but He has heard me and the work has been deep and thorough, because the work has been done in the spirit. All that is done in the spirit will be lasting, but all that is done in the flesh will pass away. The workers should be led in all their efforts by the Spirit or the Holy Ghost and their work will then be successful.

I want to call your attention to what the Holy Spirit is. He is one with the Father and the Son, and the way to honor Him is to look upon Him as equal with the Father and Son. We hear a great deal about Christ, and many of us honor Him—many of us honor the Father, but how many of us honor the Holy Spirit? Are we honoring the Holy Spirit when we talk about Him as an influence; or as a Spirit only? Now, in the twenty-eighth chapter of

Matthew and nineteenth verse we see these words: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." They are almost the last words that fell from the lips of the Son of God as He ascended and went back to Heaven, and they seem to linger on the earth yet. He had passed over Calvary, had been through the grave, and was now about to ascend and sit at the right hand of God, the Father, where all power was to be given Him, and we find Him sending out His disciples, saying: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The next thought is, that He was in the world before Christ was. A great many people have got a false impression about the Holy Ghost. They think He didn't come before the day of Pentecost, but He was in the world long before that. Just turn to Luke ii. 26: "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." The Holy Ghost revealed it unto him. Then we read in the second epistle of Peter i. 21: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." You will find from Genesis to Revelations one Spirit running through the Bible, and that's the Spirit of the Holy Ghost. You don't find one doctrine in Exodus and another in Kings; one Spirit pervades the Word of God. Why? Because all the holy men were prompted by God. Therefore we have but one doctrine and one Bible, which contains writings executed by men inspired by the Holy Ghost, and that Holy Ghost is a person. Now, that's one thing a good many Christians don't understand. I was a Christian about ten years before I found it out. I remember an old divine getting up in Farwell Hall, and he spoke about Christians honoring the Holy Ghost. He said that very few people thought He was as much a person as Christ. I got my Bible, and soon I saw he was right. Now, just turn to the fourteenth chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, and we read, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever." If the Spirit was not a person, Christ would not have spoken about Him as He did. "That He may abide with you forever." Then we go on: "Even the Spirit of Christ, whom the world can not receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

Three times in that verse Christ speaks of the Holy Spirit as "Him," and in the two verses we find Him referred to three times as "He." It is He, Him, Him, He, all through those two verses. The Son of Man knew Him; that's the reason. Again, we read in the twenty-sixth verse: "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." We find the Spirit again referred to as "He" in sixteenth John, and it is just repeated over and over again in Scripture. If you have got your Bible, just turn to the sixteenth chapter of John, eighth verse: "And when He is come He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." He wouldn't speak about the Holy Ghost in that way if He was only an influence, a breath of God, as some people believe. He wouldn't speak about the Spirit as "Himself" if He was only this: "Howbeit when He the Spirit of Truth is come; He will guide you into the truth, for He shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever He shall hear that shall He speak, and He will show you things to come." "He will show you things to come."

Again, I want to call your attention to a verse in First Peter: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." Now, every dead soul brought to life must be brought to life by the power of the Holy Spirit. No soul has ever been brought to life unless it has been quickened by the Holy Ghost. The moment the Spirit of God quickens a soul and brings it into life, from that moment they have a love to serve God, and a power to save people. Till then it is impossible—that's the only way of receiving salvation. And let me say here, that the idea of educating people into the kingdom of God is not the way. You may educate them and educate them, but they will be as far from conversion as ever. Men have all to be quickened by the Holy Ghost; as Christ tells us. So I suppose some of you have found in the inquiry-room that you could get a certain length with people and then stopped; couldn't get any further. How many people have come to me and said of some one, "I can not bring him into the light of Christ!" "You can't? that's not extraordinary." My friend, you can only bring people to a certain length, and then the Spirit of the Holy Ghost must show them light; and when He does it, He will do it thoroughly. We can not force inquirers into the king-

dom of God. The Holy Spirit must quicken, and the Lord Jesus Christ must do the rest.

The next thing I want to speak to you about is His work. We find in Romans, fifth chapter: "And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." His work is to impart love. There is not a better evangelist in the world than the Holy Spirit. If the churches would just let Him come in, there would soon be mighty work for Christ. You may say that what the Church wants to-day more than anything else, is love. In Galatians we find what should dwell in the churches. There are nine different qualities—peace; gentleness, long-suffering, hope, patience, charity, etc., but you can sum them all into one, and you have love. I saw something in a writing the other day, bearing upon the subject, which I just took a copy of: "The fruit of the Spirit is in one word—love. Joy, is love exalted; peace, is love in repose; long-suffering, is love-enduring; gentleness, is love in society; goodness, is love in action; faith, is love on the battle-field; meekness, is love in school; and temperance, is love in training. And so, you can say that the fruit is all expressed by one word—love. When the fruit of the Spirit is in my heart, I can love them that hate me. To love a man who thinks a great deal of you is natural love with every one, but to love those who hate you is a different thing, and whenever a man gets the Spirit he loves his enemies. The Spirit of Christ on Calvary comes to my soul. When they reviled Him, He cried, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." I can tell you in a minute if the church has got it. When it isn't there, when the sermon is over, the people rise up and walk out. They don't speak to each other. They do just as if they were at the theatre or a concert. But if the love of God is there, you will see, whenever the sermon is finished, the people gather in little groups and talk about how much good it did them, and they will carry it home to their families and tell it to their neighbors. While the preaching is going on they are praying all the time for Him. They are in sympathy with Him, and a bond of love is apparent among them all. My friends, the great want of the present day in American churches, is the want of the love of God in the hearts of their members, shed by the Holy Ghost. We can not love Him, we can not serve Him till we have His love in our hearts. Said a young lady, in the inquiry-room, to me: "I am going to try my very best to become a Christian." "I

don't like that," I said; "have you got a mother?" "No." "Have you got a father?" "Yes." "Are you going to try to love him?" "No; there is no use of my trying; I love him already." She couldn't help loving her father, because it was spontaneous. The moment the love of God is shed in our hearts, my friends, we can not help loving Him and working for Him.

People you sometimes hear say on hearing a sermon, "It is a wonder to me that it, so powerful, didn't convict hundreds." Sometimes the discourse would be full of apparently overwhelming and convincing argument, and they can not see why it shouldn't have a very powerful influence. The trouble was, there was no love in it. If there was no love in it, it will fail of getting any fruit. We've got—if I may use the expression—to pepper our discourse with love, salt it with love, and we will walk into the affections of the people and turn them toward God. If we don't, our words will be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—no power where there is want of love. A remark made by Dr. Gibson the other day has been in my mind ever since. It was when we had the seventh chapter of John, when he told us how to find out the thirsty ones. "Why, let some one bring in the water, and see how quick the thirsty ones will reach out their hands. We ministers must first show our friends that we have the water, and then the people will drink." My friends, the reason why there is so little power in the churches is because the ministers are carrying around empty buckets. The people won't come near them. But when the minister of God has a bucket filled with sparkling water, see how quick the people will come to him. If we are not successful, the cause is want of love. Whenever we have the Spirit, love is very quickly seen. Why, when an inquirer gets up from his knees, the first thing he says is, "Will you pray for my father?" His love goes right out. Last night a young lady came and said, "Won't you pray for my brother?" For several nights she had been on her knees—couldn't think of any one else but herself; but the moment she got the Spirit the love was seen, and went out toward her brother. Our love should be sincere. Now the world is pretty keen to detect between the true and the false. People can tell very quickly whether we have love in our hearts or not. God don't want any shams. I remember I went to see a man at his place of business. The moment he saw me he sprang up from his seat and seized my hand as if I was his twin brother. Pretty soon another

man came in, and he jumped up and shook his hand with the utmost cordiality apparently. The man couldn't stay, and told the man of business he would have to go. The business man begged and entreated him to stay, to sit down. He wanted to know how his wife was, and all his children, and his friends. He couldn't remain, however, and excused himself. The moment the door was closed he said, "He's an awful bore." I got out as soon as possible. Thought he would be saying the same of me. He proffered love, but it was all a sham. How many callers have you whom you treat with the greatest cordiality, while you wish them out of the house? God wants us to be sincere, and it will not be unless we have the Spirit. If the Holy Spirit is in us, our love will be deep and thorough, and we will then find our way easily enough to the hearts of the people.

The next thing the Holy Spirit imparts is hope. In Romans xv. 13, we find, "Now the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." You just let the Spirit begin to work in the churches and see how hopeful the church becomes. The minister is lifted up, the people are lifted up—all are rejoicing. Take a minister who has lost hope in his church—he is discouraged, and as soon as he gets discouraged there's no power there. If they are not hopeful the Lord don't help them. The Spirit not only imparts love, but He gives hope. I never saw a Christian who had much of the Holy Ghost who was ever discouraged. I have yet to find one Christian with the Spirit who is not hopeful. Why, they are mounting up on wings of hope, higher, higher, all the time, just like a man I heard of who had two bags of gas on either side of him. Whenever he touched the ground he would leap over a hill, over trees, over fences. So when we are full of hope we rise up all the time. He has come here now. He is just knocking at the door of every church in Chicago, and it will be sharp, and thorough, and lasting if you let Him in. Let Him into your heart, and let Him fill you with His influence.

The next thought is the liberty the Spirit gives us. See what Paul says about this in Second Corinthians iii. 17: "Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." What do the workers want any more than liberty? What do the ministers require more than liberty? It is easy to preach if we've got the Spirit of God with us. We're not afraid of public opinion

at all—we've perfect liberty. The meeting last Monday night in Farwell Hall was one of the best I ever attended. Why? Because we had perfect liberty there. The Spirit of the Lord was there. The rich and poor, the educated and ignorant, high and low, assembled, were all free. I don't know anything that retards the cause of Christ in the churches more than the stiffness, the coldness in them. There's no liberty where there's stiffness. If a young convert got up he would be chilled through. When we have the Spirit we are not afraid of the opinion of our neighbor, of the opinion of this man or that man. We say, "What can I do for the Son of God?" What do we want more than love, hope, and charity? Before the Chicago fire I used to preach in this hall. If it was pretty nearly full I used to be lifted up at the sight of so many people before me. I remember an old woman coming to me, and saying, "I am praying for you; you haven't got liberty yet." I thought I had—thought I was all right; but she knew better. I feel more indebted to that old woman than to almost anything else. So, ministers, if you have got some old saint in your churches, look to her. How often have I thanked God for sending that woman to pray for my liberty. Why, a few years ago I could not stand before an assemblage of ministers for trembling. I was always afraid I would say something wrong. But I've got liberty now. If a man is bound hand and foot, like Lazarus, when he came out of the grave, he can not have any freedom. He will be spluttering and splashing in his sermon, and the church don't take any interest in it. What we want is liberty. What we want is to know that we are sons and daughters of God. Sons have always liberty. A man once said he could always tell who were the boarders and who were members of the family in a house. A boarder would come in, eat, and then walk out to the theatre; but the son would come in and sit down, and inquire all the news from his mother. My friends, the church is full of boarders. You see them in the church, but you never see them at any of the meetings. If they do come and you ask them to pray, "Oh, don't call upon me; I haven't liberty." They're bound hand and foot. Loosen their bands and let them go; give them freedom and liberty, and see how they will take an interest in everything connected with the church. Two young men went from Yale College down to Natchez to teach, some years ago, before the slave law was repealed. As they went along a road one day, a venerable colored man was coming toward them. Says one of them, "Let's have

some fun with old Sambo." There was a guide-post upon the road—one of those old red posts—pointing the way, and on it was the notice, "Forty miles to Liberty." When the old man came up one of the young fellows said to him, "Well, uncle, how old are you?" "Don't know; guess I'm pretty old; must be 'bout eighty." "Can you read, uncle?" "No; can't read; black men ain't 'lowed to read," replied the darkey. "Well, can you tell us what's on that post?" "Oh, yes; I knows what's on de post; it says 'Forty miles to Liberty.'" "Well," said the young man, "why don't you go and get liberty, it's only forty miles?" "Ah, massa, it points down that road to Liberty, but it's all a sham; but if it pointed up there it would point to Christ, and it would be true." The arrow went down to that young man's soul. The liberty that Christ offers means freedom. Is there any bound, here? Oh, may He open your eyes and set you free.

When Miss Smilie went down South to teach, she went to a hotel and found everything covered with dirt. The tables were dirty, dishes dirty, and the beds dirty. So she called an old colored woman, who was in the house, and said, "Now, you know that the Northern people set you at liberty; I came from the North, and I don't like dirt, so I want you to clean the house." The old colored woman set to work, and it seemed as if she'd done more work in that half day than she had done in a month before. When the young lady got back, the colored woman came to her and said, "Now, is I free or ben't I not? When I go to my old massa, he says I ain't free, and when I go to my own people they say I is, an' I don't know whether I'm free or not. Some people told me Abraham Lincoln signed a proclamation, but massa says he didn't; he hadn't any right to." So Christian people go along, not knowing whether they are free or not. Why, when they have the Spirit they are as free as air. Christ came for that. He didn't come to set us free and then leave us in servitude. He came to give us liberty now and forever.

XXXIII.

MAN'S RELATIONS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

JOHN xiv. 17 : "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you."

WE very often hear people asking, What is a sin against the Holy Spirit? They have been told that there is no hope for them because they have sinned away the day of grace; they have committed an unpardonable sin, and there is no chance of their being saved. Let us read what it says in the Scriptures upon the question of an unpardonable sin. Turn to Matthew xii. 23. If you just turn to those passages it will help you to bear them in mind :

"And all the people were amazed, and said, Is not this the Son of David?

"But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils.

"And Jesus knew their thoughts and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand :

"And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand?

"And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges.

"But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you.

"Or else, how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house.

"He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.

"And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall

be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

Now Matthew leaves us in darkness about what it means—he don't explain it; but turn over to Mark's gospel, where you will find Christ explaining it Himself. If people would but turn to the Scriptures and read them more carefully, they would soon get light on many of those passages which appear dark to them. In the third chapter of Mark and twenty-sixth verse we read:

"And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he can not stand, but hath an end.

"No man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man, and then he will spoil his house.

"Verily, I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme.

"But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation."

A great many people stop right there. They don't read the next verse at all, which explains all that has gone before: "Because they said he hath an unclean spirit."

Now, the reasoning is this, that if He cast out devils by the power of the prince of devils, and was a devil Himself, and all His works that had been done by the power of the Holy Ghost had been done really by the power of the devil, why, of course there is no hope. There is no hope; for if a man believes that the devil was working through Christ he wouldn't come to Christ. Some people believe they have committed an unpardonable sin; but have you ever met a man who said that Christ was working through the devil? Those who think they have committed an unpardonable sin, turn over to Genesis and give out that verse: "My Spirit shall not always strive with men." They think that because the Spirit is not striving with them now, they have committed an unpardonable sin. A man in New York was approached, and, after quoting the verse in Genesis, said there was no hope for him. Why, the very fact that the Spirit spoke through this Christian man to him showed that it was striving with him. That is the way the devil speaks. He says first, "You don't need the Holy Spirit," and if he can not get them to believe that, he tells them the Holy Ghost has given

them up, they don't need to try to come. But if they believed this verse in Genesis, they might as well believe that they will live one hundred and twenty years, for in the next verse we read: "Yet his days will be one hundred and twenty years." He strove with those antediluvians one hundred and twenty years to get them to repent. He strove with them all their lives. It is a question with me whether the Holy Ghost does not strive with a man from his cradle to his grave. So don't let any man go away from here saying that he has committed an unpardonable sin, and that the Spirit of God has left him. It is this influence that has brought you here. A man would be deaf and blind to all heavenly truths if His Spirit had left him. He wouldn't want to talk about any religious subject; he wouldn't want to hear anything about religion. The very fact of your coming to this meeting is conclusive evidence that the Spirit is striving with you. The devil wouldn't bring you here; it is the Spirit of God working with you.

The next thought I would direct your attention to is, "How shall we know we have been born of the Spirit?" A great many people say, "Mr. Moody, I would like to know whether I am a Christian or not. I would like to know if I am saved." The longer I live the more I am convinced that it is one of the greatest privileges of a child of God to know—to be able to say, "I am saved." The idea of walking through life without knowing this until we get to the great white throne is exploded. If the Bible don't teach assurance, it don't teach justification by faith; if it don't teach assurance, it don't teach redemption. The doctrine of assurance is as clear as any doctrine in the Bible. How many people in the Tabernacle, when I ask them if they are Christians, say, "Well, I hope so," in a sort of hesitating way. Another class say, "I am trying to be." This is a queer kind of testimony, my friends. I notice no man is willing to go into the inquiry-room till he has got a step beyond that. That class of Christians don't amount to much. The real Christian puts it, "I believe; I believe that my Redeemer liveth; I believe that if this building of flesh were destroyed, I have a building not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." No hoping and trusting with them. It is, "I know why hope is assured to the Christian. It is a sure hope; it isn't a doubting hope." Suppose a man asked me if my name was Moody, and I said, "Well, I hope so," wouldn't it sound rather strange? "I hope it is;" or "I'm trying to be Moody."

Now, if a man asks you if you are a Christian, you ought to be able to give a reason. How do you know you are a Christian? Turn to the eighth chapter of Romans and ninth verse: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His"—a meek, gentle, loving, forbearing Spirit. If a man has not that Spirit he is not a Christian. I don't care if he is a member of fifty churches, or has his name on one hundred church records; if he hasn't the Spirit of Christ he isn't a Christian. That is the question, has he the same Spirit as Christ had? We can soon tell if we have His Spirit. If we have the Spirit we will follow in His footsteps. We won't be in darkness at all if we only take the Word of God as our examiner as to whether we have it or not:

"And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."

"But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

"Therefore, brethren, we are debtors not to the flesh, to live after the flesh."

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Now you can tell whether you are led by the Spirit of God or not. How happy this world would be if it was led by the Spirit of God. Do you think the Spirit of God would lead men into darkness, into sorrow or trouble, into iniquity? Do you think if Lot had not been led by the Spirit of God he would have left Sodom? Do you think the sons and daughters of the earth who are going down to death are being led by the Spirit of God? When we are led by the Spirit, there is peace, and joy, and light.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons and daughters of God."

"For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."

There's another point I want to call your attention to. The Spirit of the Holy Ghost bears witness to us that we are the

children of God. That's how we know we are children of God. Don't let any unconverted person look here for a witness of the Spirit. We find many in the inquiry-room saying, "Mr. Moody, I haven't found the Spirit." That's not the first thing to look for. The first thing to look for is Christ, then the Holy Ghost comes into our hearts and shows us we are children of God. John, the favorite disciple, says, "Now we know we are the children of God." We are as much children of God when we have the Spirit, as if we were in Heaven this afternoon. There is not an inch of ground to stand upon for this doubting. Our doubts ought to be swept out of the way, and we should be able to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Suppose you go into the inquiry-room to-night and commence talking to a weeping man about his being saved. If you feel yourself that you are only trying, and you can't just say whether you are saved or not, you can't talk to that man. You can not go to a river and try to get a man out if you are in the river yourself. If you are in the ditch yourself, you must get out first before you try to get anybody else out. If any child of God is here to-day who doesn't know whether he is saved, it is your privilege to know definitely before you leave here; to be able to say, "Christ is my faithful Saviour, Heaven is my beautiful home." Christians have been doubting and hoping long enough. Now, know that you have been born of the Holy Ghost. In Ephesians i. 13, we find how we are sealed by the Holy Ghost:

"In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the Gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise."

And in the fourth chapter, thirtieth verse, we read:

"And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

Now, when we are washed by the blood, we become a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. When we are cleansed by the blood, we become a temple for Him, and are sealed till the day of redemption, and neither devil nor man can break God's seal. And when we are cleansed, the Holy Ghost comes and dwells with the believer. You haven't to go up and bring Him down, or go down and bring Him up. He dwells with us, and seals us for the day of redemption. There was a poor man who had been a servant of God and died in the poor-house. The people were hurrying him off, and a gentleman happening to pass, said, "Tread softly, for you

are carrying a temple of the Holy Ghost." By the Redeemer's grace we become a temple, my friends, and are sealed for the day of redemption.

The work of the Holy Ghost is the next point I wish to call your attention to. Turn to John xv. 26 :

"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me."

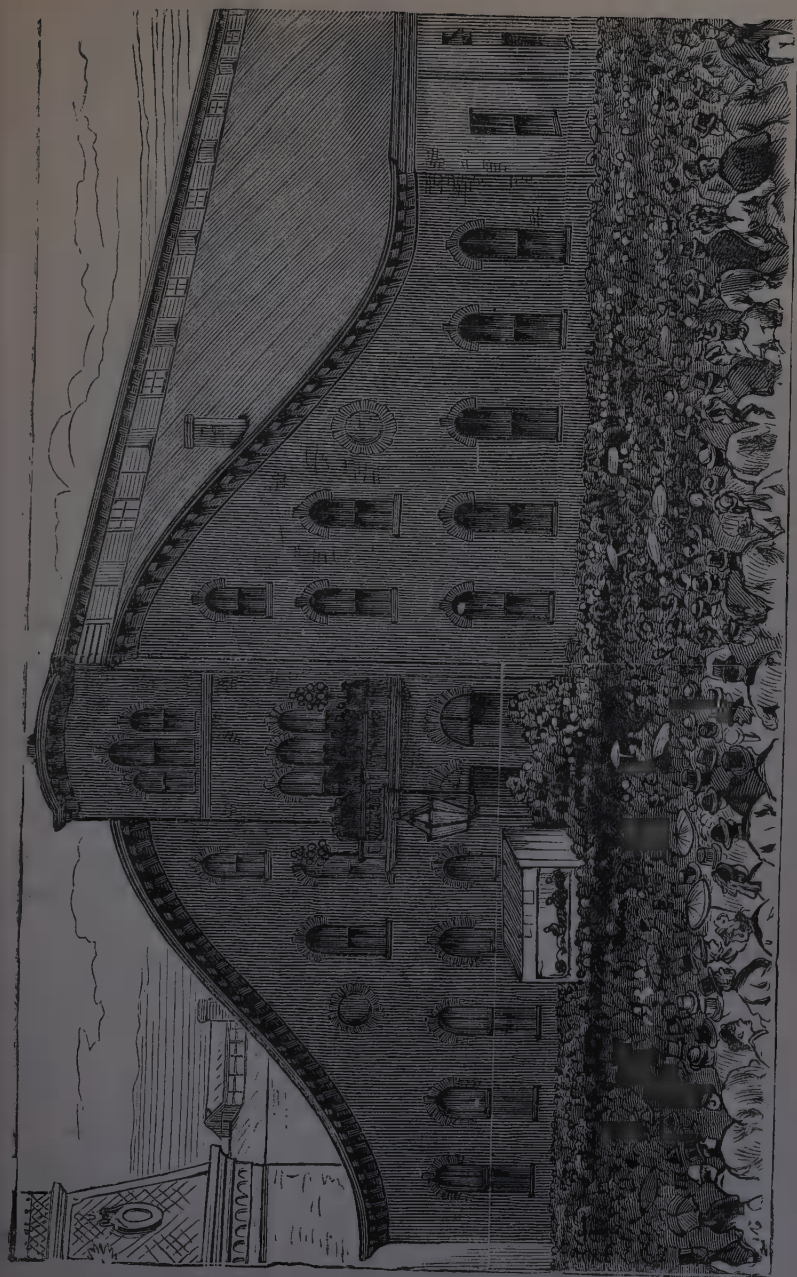
"He shall testify of me." He saw Him when He went into Heaven, when He came home after being down on this earth. He saw Him when He swept through the pearly gates, and then he came to testify of Him; and so when Peter came to speak of the day of Pentecost, and addressed those unbelievers of Jerusalem and told them He had ascended into Heaven, He indorsed Peter. That's so. I suppose there were more converts made from that sermon of Peter than were made from the years of Christ's teaching. Don't you see, if He didn't come and testify to men of Christ, we couldn't convince men that He who had died such an ignominious death outside the walls of Jerusalem—the death of a common malefactor—we couldn't convince men that He was a Saviour. The Greeks, in all their wisdom, couldn't see this. The Jews can't understand why His name has been heralded through the world for nineteen centuries. It is the Holy Ghost convincing men that this Saviour is a living reality, and when we speak to inquirers we should remember that it is the Holy Ghost testifying this truth. Why, how quick they forgot His birth! They would have forgotten His death in thirty years if it hadn't been for the Holy Ghost. We couldn't convince men of Him as a Saviour if it wasn't for the Holy Ghost. Said an old man some time ago in Chicago: "I don't understand the Holy Ghost. He's never revealed Himself to me. I can't just get Him right in my mind." "Well," said the old saint he was talking to, "He don't intend you should. He has come to testify of Christ; He don't speak about Himself, He speaks of Christ." This remark has helped me wonderfully when I have stood up and preached to the perishing multitude. My friends, if we but keep Christ up and put ourselves in the background, He will be true to His mission. He will fulfill His promises if we proclaim Him. Upon this point let me turn to John xvi. 13 :

"Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide

you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak; and He will show you things to come."

He don't speak about Himself, but about the Master. In Genesis we find Abraham sending his faithful servant off into another country for a bride for his only son Isaac. The servant went, and he found Rebekah at the well. He told her what his mission was; showed her jewels, and talked about his master's son. He didn't talk about himself. He came to get a bride for his master's son. He represented the absent one to her, and his position, and at last she consented to go. Her parents wanted her to remain ten days. Ah, those ten days! How many say they want to become Christians, but they must wait—wait just a few days more. The servant said, "Call the damsel, and leave it with her." Rebekah was called, and she was asked, "Wilt thou go with this man?" and she answered, "I will go." I can see them starting off on their joyful journey, the servant talking to Rebekah all the time about Abraham's son. It was that that prompted Rebekah to go with him. When they come home they see a man standing at the door of the house, and she asks, "Who is that man?" "That's my master's son," and he just handed the bride over to him. He brought her through the wilderness and then handed her over to his master's son. That's the work of the Holy Ghost with the Church. He conducts the Church through the wilderness, and then will hand it over to the Bridegroom. Suppose a man came to me and said, "Moody, I'm going down to Connecticut. You've an old mother on the Connecticut River, and as I'm going near her place I will take any message you want to send her." I give him a message, and when he gets to my mother's home, he says, "Mrs. Moody, I've just come from Chicago. Would you like to hear from your absent boy?" "Yes, I would; tell me all about him." Well, he commences to talk about nothing except what concerns himself. That's not what she wants. She wants to hear from her absent boy. That's what the bride wants to hear in this wilderness. He wants to hear about us, not about His servants.

The next thought is, that the Holy Ghost is a teacher. The past and the future are all alike to God, and the Spirit will teach us all about the future. We can see what is before us in the misty future, and He will bring to remembrance all things past. If a man filled with the Spirit takes up this book and opens it, it seems as if it was



THE PEOPLE GATHERING AT THE RINK IN BROOKLYN

filled with light. You know before they lighted the hall how dim and dark everything looked, but the moment the light was put to the gas, everything was clear. So, when the Spirit of God falls upon us, we are filled with light and see wonderful things. Then, when we take up this Bible we will see things in a new way. We find we have everything in it—it is the greatest book that was ever written. You talk about your newspapers—this is the only newspaper that was ever written in the world. It tells you all that has taken place in the past, and you will see all about the wonderful things in the future, if you study it with the Spirit. Turn over to First Corinthians, ii. 9, and we read:

“But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

But when people get here, then they stop, But let them read the next verse:

“But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”

We need not be in darkness about our future home, for in Revelation we get a full description of it. By the Spirit we can see all things. Look at Stephen, how he, when filled with the Spirit, saw the kingdom of God. When the Spirit of God comes upon us He teaches us all about our future home, for “God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.” Many people when they come to some verse, they say, “It’s so dark and mysterious I can’t understand one word of it.” Suppose, if that’s the case with you, you just get down on your knees and cry, “May the Spirit open my eyes; may the God of Heaven help me to dig out this deep truth.” There are passages in the Scriptures deep and dark that we can not solve unless we have the Spirit. You can not find all about them in a day; you can’t find them all at once; but if the Spirit of God is our teacher, we will find out wonderful things. And I have not much hope in the churches till the ministers understand them. If a man is running after this or that minister, especially if he preaches moral essays, he won’t find it out. If the Church of God teach by the Spirit, you can’t expect it to know much about the deep things in the Scriptures. When we have the Spirit of God we learn the secrets of Heaven.

A great difficulty with us is that the Spirit of God is not sufficiently

alone with us. If we want to get the secrets of Heaven we have to be alone with God an hour or two a day. If we are continually in the buzz of the world, and don't give God a chance to tell them to us, we can't expect to learn them. Why, it is when I am alone with my wife that I talk about my secrets, and so when the children of God are alone with Him it is then that He will tell them the secrets of Heaven. May the Spirit of the living God show us the deep things of the Scriptures. My friends, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not a matter of investigation, but a matter of revelation, and when the Spirit shows Himself to us in His beauty and loveliness, this world will look very small.

[Mr. Moody's Bible-readings on the Holy Spirit will be found among the Addresses.]

XXXIV.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

DAN. xi. 32: "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

I SHOULD like to go on talking about Daniel. We find in the ninth, and tenth, and eleventh chapters that three times a messenger from Heaven came to him, and told him he was beloved of the Lord. He might have been unpopular on earth, but he was very popular in Heaven. But I must call your attention to the matter of Christian work, and, in doing so, we will take a text out of this same book of Daniel, the twelfth chapter, the second and third verses:

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

This was the angel's comfort to Daniel, and a great comfort it was. The fact with all of us is, that we like to shine. There is no doubt about that. Every mother likes her child to shine. If her boy shines at school by getting to the head of his class, the proud mother tells all the neighbors, and she has a right to. But it is not the great of this world that will shine the brightest. For a few years they may shed bright light, but they go out in darkness; without an inner light supplying the brightness, they go out in black darkness. Where are the great men who did not know Daniel's God? Did they shine long? Why, we know of Nebuchadnezzar and the rest of them scarcely a thing, except as they fill in the story about these humble men of God. We are not told that statesmen shall shine. They may for a few years or days, but they are soon forgotten. Look at those great ones who passed away in the days of Daniel. How wise in council they were, how mighty and victorious over hundreds of nations; what gods upon earth they were!

Yet their names are forgotten and written in the grave. Philosophers, falsely so-called, do they live? Behold men of science—scientific men they call themselves—going down into the bowels of the earth, digging away at some carcass, and trying to make it talk against the voice of God. They shall go down to death by and by, and their names shall rot. But the man of God shines. Yes, he it is who shall shine as the stars forever and ever. This Daniel has been gone for twenty-five hundred years, but still increasing millions read of his life and actions. And so it shall be to the end; he will only get better known and better loved; he shall only shine the brighter as the world grows older. Of a truth, they that be wise and turn many to righteousness shall shine on, like stars, to eternity.

And this blessed, thrice blessed happiness, like all the blessings of God's kingdom, is for every one. Even without the first claim to education or refinement you can shine, if you will. One of you sailors there can shine forever if you only go to work for the kingdom. The Bible don't say the great shall shine, but they that turn many to righteousness. A false impression has got hold of many of God's people. They have got the idea that only a few can talk about God's affairs. Nine-tenths of people say, if anything is to be done for the souls of men, "Oh, the ministers must do it." It doesn't enter into the hearts of the people that they have any part in the matter. It is the devil's work to keep Christians from the blessed luxury of winning souls to God. Any one can do this work. A little girl, only eleven years old, once came to me in a Sunday-school and said: "Won't you please pray that God will make me a winner of souls?" I felt so proud of her, and my pride was justified, for she has become one of the best winners of souls in this country. Oh, suppose she lives three-score years and goes on winning four or five souls every year; at the end of her journey there will be three hundred souls on the way to glory. And how long will it be before that little company swells to a great army? Don't you see how that little mountain rill keeps swelling till it carries everything before it? Little trickling streams have run into it, till now, a mighty river, it has great cities on its banks, and the commerce of all nations floating on its waters. So when a single soul is won to Christ you can not see the result. A single one multiplies to a thousand, and that into ten thousand. Perhaps a million shall be the fruit; we can not tell. We only know that the Christian who has turned so many to righteousness shall indeed shine forever and ever. Look at

those poor fishermen, Jesus' disciples, how unlettered. They were not learned men, but great in winning souls. So not a child here but can work for God.

The one thing that keeps people from work is that they don't have the desire. If a man has this desire, God soon qualifies him; and what we want is God's qualification; it must come from Him. I have been thinking what shall be done the next thirty days that I continue to preach here. If I should just put it to vote, and asked all Christians who wanted prayers to rise, all of you, I know, would rise. There are at least three thousand Christians here. Now, is it too much to ask that three thousand Christians will each lead one soul to Christ this coming week? The Son of God died on the cross for you. Right here in this Tabernacle you can tell those weeping over their sins about God and Heaven. How many times I have watched, just to see if Christians would speak to these sorrowing ones. If we only had open-eyed watchers for souls, there wouldn't be a night but five hundred or a thousand inquirers would crowd into the inquiry-rooms. These anxious inquirers are at every meeting, just waiting to have warm-hearted Christians bring them to Christ. They're timid, but will always listen to one speaking to them about Christ. Suppose each one of you now prayed: "Give me some soul this week for my hire;" what would be the result? This room would not hold the multitude sending up shouts of praise to God and making Heaven glad. Where there is an anxious sinner there is the place for the Christian.

A little bed-ridden boy I knew kept mourning that he couldn't work for Jesus. The minister told him to pray, and pray he did; and the persons he prayed for one by one felt the load of their sins and professed Christ. When he heard that such a one had not given in, he just turned his face to the wall and prayed harder. Well, he died, when, by his little memorandum, it was found he had prayed for fifty-six persons daily by name, and before he was buried, all of them had given their hearts to Jesus. Tell me that little boy won't shine in the kingdom of God! These little ones can be used by God.

I remember a good many years ago I resolved I wouldn't let a day pass without talking to some one about their soul's salvation. And it was in that school God qualified me to speak the Gospel. If we are faithful over small things God will promote us. If God says, "Speak to that young man," obey the word, and you will be

given by and by plenty of souls. I went down past the corner of Clark and Lake streets one day, and, fulfilling my vow, on seeing a man leaning up against a lamp-post, I went up to him and said, "Are you a Christian?" He damned me and cursed me, and said to mind my own business. He knew me, but I didn't know him. He said to a friend of his that afternoon that he had never been so insulted in his life, and told him to say to me that I was damning the cause I pretended to represent. Well, the friend came and delivered the message. "May be I am doing more hurt than good," I said; "may be I'm mistaken, and God hasn't shown me the right way." That was the time I was sleeping and living in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, where I was then president, secretary, janitor, and everything else. Well, one night after midnight I heard a knock at the door. And there on the step leading into the street stood this stranger I had made so mad at the lamp-post, and he said he wanted to talk to me about his soul's salvation. He said, "Do you remember the man you met about three months ago at a lamp-post, and how he cursed you? I have had no peace since that night; I couldn't sleep. Oh, tell me what to do to be saved." And we just fell down on our knees, and I prayed; and that day he went to the noon prayer-meeting and openly confessed the Saviour, and soon after went to the war a Christian man. I do not know but he died on some Southern battle-field or in a hospital, but I expect to see him in the kingdom of God. Oh, how often have I thanked God for that word to that dying sinner that He put into my mouth!

And I have just been engaged in this personal work all my life. God's business is not to be done wholesale. Think of the Master Himself talking just to Nicodemus; and then how He talked to that poor woman at the well of Samaria. Christ's greatest utterances were delivered to congregations of one or two. How many are willing to speak to tens of thousands, but not to speak to a few. I knew a man who was going to get rich and do large things for God, but he never did anything; he wouldn't do little things—that was the secret. Oh, be willing, Christians, to be built into the temple, as a polished cap-stone, or just a single brick—no matter just how, but somehow. Say to yourself in your homes, in your Sunday-school classes, in your daily rounds, "I'll not let this sun go down till I lead one soul to Christ." And then, having done all, shall you shine as gems in the great white throne forever and ever.

I want to tell you how I got the first impulse to work solely for the conversion of men. For a long time after my conversion I didn't accomplish anything. I hadn't got into my right place, that was it. I hadn't thought enough of this personal work. I'd get up in prayer-meeting, and I'd pray with the others, but just to go up to a man and take hold of his coat and get him down on his knees, I hadn't yet got round to that. It was in 1860 the change came. In the Sunday-school I had a pale, delicate young man as one of the teachers. I knew his burning piety, and assigned him to the worst class in the school. They were all girls, and it was an awful class. They kept gadding around in the school-room, and were laughing and carrying on all the while. And this young man had better success than any one else. One Sunday he was absent, and I tried myself to teach the class, but couldn't do anything with them; they seemed farther off than ever from any concern about their souls. Well, the day after his absence, early Monday morning, the young man came into the store where I worked, and, tottering and bloodless, threw himself down on some boxes. "What's the matter?" I said. "I have been bleeding at the lungs, and they have given me up to die," he said. "But you are not afraid to die?" I questioned. "No," said he, "I am not afraid to die, but I have got to stand before God and give an account of my stewardship, and not one of my Sabbath-school scholars has been brought to Jesus. I have failed to bring one, and haven't any strength to do it now." He was so weighed down that I got a carriage and took that dying man in it, and we called at the homes of every one of his scholars, and to each one he said, as best his faint voice would let him, "I have come to just ask you to come to the Saviour," and then he prayed as I never heard before. And for ten days he labored in that way, sometimes walking to the nearest houses; and at the end of that ten days every one of that large class had yielded to the Saviour. Full well I remember the night before he went away (for the doctors said he must hurry to the South), how we held a true love-feast. It was the very gate of Heaven, that meeting. He prayed and they prayed; he didn't ask them, he didn't think they could pray; and then we sang "Blest be the tie that binds." It was a beautiful night in June that he left on the Michigan Southern, and I was down to the train to help him off. And those girls, every one, gathered there again, all unknown to each other; and the depot seemed a second gate to Heaven, in the joyful, yet tearful, commun-

ion and farewells between these newly-redeemed souls and him whose crown of rejoicing it will be that he led them to Jesus. At last the gong sounded, and, supported on the platform, the dying man shook hands with each one and whispered, "I will meet you yonder." Some of the very best, most constant teachers I had, before going to Europe, were converted at that time, and they in their turn have gathered many sheaves, and I myself was led by this incident—this wonderful blessing of God on individual effort—to throw up my business and give my whole strength to God's work.

Shall not that young man have a high place, a place very near the Saviour of men, in the day when He makes up His jewels? Oh, friends, if you want to shine in the kingdom of God, work for Him to-day. Shall not every one go out of this building saying, "I will try to bring one soul to Christ to-day?"

XXXV.

GOD WANTS EVERYBODY SAVED.

MARK xvi. 15, 16: "And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

I LIKE these texts—they've got such a sweep in them; they take in everybody. You know the great difficulty is to make all people believe that you are preaching to them individually. A text like this takes in every one. It says, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; don't leave out one." When He delivered this command to His followers He was on His way home—to the land where all knew Him and all loved Him. Gethsemane, with its hours of agony and blood, was over. He could now look beyond it. He had been brought before Pilate and also before the Sanhedrim, and had been tried and condemned. All that was past. Calvary, with all its horrors, was over, and the empty sepulchre lay behind Him, and He stood with a little body of believers around Him, with a little handful of men, who had stood by Him in His conflict with the Pharisees and priests, and now He was giving them His parting words—a mission, as it were. It was the Captain of our salvation, telling His warriors what to do after He was gone. In a few minutes He was to be caught up into Heaven. They were the words of a resurrected man—a man who had gone down and sounded the depths of the grave; a man who had gone down and conquered the lion of hell, and now stood on resurrection ground as He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Now I want to ask you the question, Do you believe that He would send those men out to preach the Gospel to every creature unless He wanted every creature to be saved? Do you believe He would tell them to preach it to people without giving people the

power to accept it? Do you believe that the God of Heaven is mocking men by offering them this Gospel and not giving them the power to take hold of it? Do you believe He will not give men power to accept this salvation as a gift? Man might do that, but God never mocks men. And when He says, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," every creature can be saved if he will. For eighteen hundred years the heralds of the cross have been crossing seas and fording rivers, have been enduring hardships and persecution, in testifying to the people these glorious truths of the Gospel. Their spirits have gone up amid flames and tortures, and they have died in prison because of their preaching of the Gospel. To-day we live in an open land, where the Gospel is as free as the air. Remember that it cost all God had to give it, and every poor, miserable sinner on the earth can be saved for nothing. It is free to all, but don't forget that it cost God the Son of His love, the Son of His bosom, to redeem a rebellious world. If you are saved, bear this in mind, that it is a free gift, but it cost God everything. Its reading is that whosoever believes it within the sound of my voice can have it. Some people come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, don't you feel a great responsibility when you come before an audience like this—don't you feel a great weight upon your shoulders?" "Well," I say, "no; I can not convert men; I can only proclaim the Gospel." Not only that, but I tell you that God gives me a mission to preach it to every creature. I don't care to what nationality you belong, what has been your early training, how far you are sunk in iniquity—I don't care who or what you may be—I tell you, you have to receive the Gospel and be saved, or reject it and be damned. That's the Scripture. I was talking to a man, and I asked him, "Would you like to become a Christian?" "No, sir." "You would rather be damned, eh?" "Well, I wouldn't exactly like to put it that way," he replied. "Well," I said, "that's the way you're putting it." My friends, let's put it in plain English, so that we can get hold of it. Are there any here who are willing to say coolly, and calmly, and deliberately, "I don't want salvation as a gift, I don't want to be saved?" Would you rather go down fighting God and the Son of His love, than accept them and be saved? Now, the invitation is to every one. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is so hard to make people believe it is for them—to make them take it right home. Mr. Spurgeon told me that he once went to his orphanage on a visit. He

said that a great many of those orphans had uncles and aunts, and cousins and sisters, who brought them Christmas presents. While he was on this visit, a little boy came to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, will you let me talk to you a minute?" "Yes, my boy; what is it you want?" "Well," said the boy, "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose you were a poor little boy and had no aunts, or cousins, or sisters, or brothers, and had nobody to bring you any presents, and you saw others who had uncles and aunts, and cousins and sisters, and who brought presents to them, wouldn't you feel bad?" "Why, yes," replied Mr. Spurgeon. "That's me; that's me," said the boy. He got Mr. Spurgeon right down to the point; and so, if men would just say: "This Gospel is for us; I believe it is for myself," there would be hope for them being saved. Now, I don't see how you can get away from this text, it is put so plain. Don't reject it any longer, my friends; every time you hear it your heart is getting harder and harder, and you will, the longer you keep away, have more difficulty in bending your will to its acceptance. I tell you, you will have to do either of two things to-night—reject it or receive it. I remember a man, upon hearing this, getting up in a furious passion, and stamping up and down. "The idea of any one saying: we've got to receive it or reject it." He didn't like the plain statement. Well, my friends, can we tell you anything else? The audience must be divided into two classes, those who will receive it and those who will reject it. It is for you to decide on which side you will be. As many as receive it He will give power to become the sons and daughters of God.

The question now is, what are you going to do with God's gift? The question comes home to every one within this building. What are you going to do with the gift of God's love? You must either trample Him under your feet and make light of what He has offered us, or you must receive Him as our Way, our Truth, our Light. I was down at the Ohio Penitentiary a few years ago, and the chaplain said to me, "I want to tell you a scene that occurred some time ago. Our commissioner went to the Governor of the State and asked him if he wouldn't pardon out five men at the end of six months, who stood highest on the list for good behavior. The Governor consented, and the record was to be kept secret; the men were not to know anything about it. The six months rolled away and the prisoners were all brought up—eleven hundred of them—and the president of the commission came up and said: "I hold in

my hand pardons for five men." I never witnessed anything like it. Every man held his breath, and you could almost hear the throbbing of every man's heart. "Pardons for five men;" and the commissioner went on to tell the men how they had got these pardons—how the Governor had given them; but the chaplain said the surprise was so great that he told the commissioner to read first the names and tell the reason afterward. The first name was called—"Reuben Johnson"—and he held out the pardon, but not a man moved. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; but no one moved. The commissioner turned to the officer of the prison and inquired: "Are all the convicts here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Reuben Johnson, come forward and get your pardon; you are no longer a criminal." Still no one moved. The real Reuben Johnson was looking, all the time, behind him and around him to see where Reuben was. The chaplain saw him standing right in front of the commissioner, and beckoned to him; but he only turned and looked around him, thinking that the chaplain must mean some other Reuben. A second time he beckoned to Reuben and called to him, and a second time the man looked around. At last the chaplain said to him: "You are the Reuben." He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and he could not conceive it would be for him. At last it began to dawn upon him, and he took the pardon from the commissioner's hand, saw his name attached to it, and wept like a child. This is the way that men make out pardons for men; but, thank God, we have not to come and say we have pardons only for five men—for those who behaved themselves. We have assurance of pardon for every man. "Whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life"—it is offered to every thief and harlot, to every gambler and drunkard; salvation for every one. Salvation is offered to every man, woman, and child.

I can just imagine the scene, as those warriors of the Cross stood around Christ, the tears trickling down the cheeks of Peter as he says, upon hearing the command, "You don't mean, when you command us to preach to every creature, that we are to tell the Gospel to those unbelievers—to those murderers in Jerusalem?" "Yes; go first to those Jerusalem sinners." And at that scene of Pentecost I can imagine a man coming up and saying, "Peter, I am the man that spat in His face; you don't mean to say I can be saved?" "Yes, every one of you, for He told me before He left, to preach the Gospel

to every creature." Another man comes up and says: "Peter, I am the one who made a crown of thorns; do you think I can be saved?" "Yes, He will give you, in return, the crown of life." "I am the man," says another, "who drove the spear into His side." "Yes, I know it," replies Peter, "for I saw you doing it; but even you can be saved." My friends, if those Jerusalem sinners can be saved, there is hope for the sinners of Chicago. One man, in drawing that scene, said he could fancy Peter saying, "Surely you don't mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach to those men who sacrificed You—who spat in Your face?" "Yes, hunt them up; hunt up that man who drove the spear into My side, and tell him in its place I will put a sceptre in his hand if he will accept salvation from Me; unto that man who made a crown of thorns for My head, say I will give a crown of glory; tell them there is forgiveness for all." Oh, my friends, the Gospel is for every creature. Take salvation as a gift. It is for you. God says plainly He does not will any one to death—He wants all to be saved.

When I was East, a few years ago, Mr. Geo. H. Stewart told me of a scene that occurred in a Pennsylvania prison, when Governor Pollock, a Christian man, was Governor of that State. A man was tried for murder, and the judge had pronounced sentence upon him. His friends had tried every means in their power to procure his pardon. They had sent deputation after deputation to the Governor, but he had told them all that the law must take its course. When they began to give up hope, the Governor went down to the prison and asked the Sheriff to take him to the cell of the condemned man. The Governor was conducted into the presence of the criminal, and he sat down by the side of his bed and began to talk to him kindly—spoke to him of Christ and Heaven, and showed him that although he was condemned to die on the morrow by earthly judges, he would receive eternal life from the Divine Judge if he would accept salvation. He explained the plan of salvation, and when he left him he committed him to God. When he was gone the Sheriff was called to the cell by the condemned man. "Who was that man," asked the criminal, "who was in here and talked so kind to me?" "Why," said the Sheriff, "that was Governor Pollock." "Was that Governor Pollock? O, Sheriff, why didn't you tell me who it was? If I had known that was him I wouldn't have let him go out till he had given me pardon. The Governor has been here—in my cell—and I didn't know it," and the man wrung his hands and wept bitterly. My

friends, there is one greater than a Governor here. He sent His Son to redeem you—to bring you out of the prison house of sin. I come to tell you He is here. You haven't got to go to Heaven to bring Him down. He is here now waiting for your acceptance. You can be saved for time and eternity if you will. My friends, what will you do? Accept Him and receive the crown of glory, or reject Him and be lost? It rests with you to decide.

XXXVI.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

LUKE xv. 32: "This thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

WE have for our text to-night a man, and that man is the one we have been singing about—that one who wandered off from the fold. The trouble with that young man was that he started wrong, and I think you will find that that is the trouble with nine-tenths of the young men who start out in this life. They start with wrong ideas of life, and when a man starts with wrong ideas of life, the battle goes against him, and there is nothing but the grace of God will help him—in fact, there is nothing but the grace of God will help any of us. If you had talked to this young man and pointed out to him the proper way, and put before him the grace of God, he would have told you he could get along well enough without the grace of God; he was all right. We are not told what led him to leave his home. Perhaps it was restraint; perhaps he had had a difficulty with his brother; perhaps his father wanted to keep him in too much, and he thought if he could only get away from his father's influence into a far land, then he would have no one to trouble him. It might have been that his mother went down to her grave praying for him, and he thought perhaps that if he could only get away to a foreign land he could forget her entreaties and her counsel. So one day he said to that father, "Just divide my inheritance, and I will go away altogether," and his wish was granted. I think it was a mistake on the father's part. If I had a wayward boy, and I was rich, and he wanted a large sum of money to go away, I wouldn't give it to him. It would be his ruin. I would tell him to go away and work. It would be a curse instead of a blessing to the boy to be in idleness and have plenty of money. That's the reason why so many rich men's sons are ruined. We hear people saying, "Oh, that's a self-made man," and pointing to him with admiration; but a rich man

who has nothing to do, if he lives a righteous life, deserves far more credit. A rich man has temptation dogging his footsteps through life. Money will bring a man to ruin soon enough if he has not righteousness. Well, the boy got his money, and away he went. He feels very independent; he can take care of himself; he can work his own way. I don't know where he went to. Perhaps he went away down to Memphis, and perhaps he went to Egypt—got as far away from home as he could. When he went away he soon commenced to go down to ruin. When he gets down to that part of the country he suddenly becomes very popular with a certain class of men. Perhaps he was very popular with the men who hung around the opera house, or the theatre, or the billiard halls. A great many courted his company. Perhaps he was a good talker; perhaps he was a good singer, and could sing a comic song; perhaps he was a literary man, and entertained them with his wit, and all were delighted with him. But as we would say, he got at the end of his rope, and when his money gave out, his friends disappeared. The poor fellow was in a blaze of glory while his money lasted, but when it had gone he woke up to find himself without friends. A man in New England said while his money lasted he had friends, but when he was ruined and in prison he found out who his real friends were. Not one of his old friends came near him, but the Christian people came and spoke to him words of kindness and comfort, and it was then he made the discovery who his true friends were. So this young prodigal didn't get his eyes open till his money was all gone. No one in that foreign country loved him then, no one in that land cared for him; but away off over those green hills there was one who loved him still.

Some one has tried to sum up what that young man had lost, his friends and his money, and he had to go to work to take care of swine. That was about the meanest occupation he could have taken to. The Jews detested swine. Why, in our day a Jew won't look at swine's flesh. He went to work, however, instead of begging, and that was something in his favor. I've a good deal more respect for a man who will work, however mean the occupation, than if he begs. A man who won't work is a most hopeless case. I've tried to help that class, but I've about given up all hope for a lazy man. A lazy man is a good deal worse than this prodigal, even at his work. This was one redeeming trait in his character. He sunk all pride and took to this despised occupation. The next

thing he lost was his food. His father might have a good, full table, but it was not long enough to reach him. He was starving; he could not even get the husks with which they fed the swine. There he was away from his father in the devil's country, starving. My friends, that's the way the devil treats all who come into his country. Oh, I pity any here who have got into that country. When he gets you there, you go down, down, and then he tells you to put a revolver to your head and blow your brains out. That's the way the devil treats his followers. He lost his friends and food and then he lost his testimony. No one would believe him. Why, when he told them he was the son of a wealthy man, who among them would believe him? I can see him standing without his coat, without his hat, or his shoes, as some fast young men of that country came along who had helped him to gamble his money away, and they point at him with scorn and laugh at him in his wretchedness. I can see his look of indignation rising in him as he says: "You laugh at me; why, my father's servants have more good clothes than you have; he's got more money than you all." But do you think they believe him? Not they. It is just like that prodigal who turns his back upon God. Who will believe him? Even the skeptics and infidels laugh at the men who have betrayed their God. So this poor fellow loses his testimony. He has no home in that part of the country. His associates, did they offer him a home? Did they stretch out the hand of pity? Not one of them. He had lost everything but a father's love; and let me say to you, poor prodigal, God loves you still, in spite of all you have done and been, and there is one thing, if you do persist you must go down to hell trampling on love. A man in want wrote to me to-night a pitiful letter. He asked, "If God loves me, why does He keep me in want?" The reason is very plain to me. Why, if that prodigal had written to his father for money without any sign of repentance, and his father had given him the money, he would only have become worse. God loves men too much to give them their desires.

At last a famine struck that land, and it brought the prodigal to his senses. Prosperity was his ruination, as it has been the ruination of nations. Why, it was when Jerusalem got prosperous that it turned against the Lord. How many men in this country have been ruined by the prosperity we have had! Now we have hard times upon us, and we should thank God for these hard times. If a man has prosperity and turns from God, he comes to want. All

the wealth of the world can not satisfy any one who has ever known God. There is a void in his breast that can not be filled till the love of God comes in. Look at him now, as he stands in his miserable condition. Perhaps a neighbor comes along the streets and sees him; perhaps he has lived next door to his father. He comes up to him and he says, "Why, have you been here since you left home?" "Yes." "You don't seem to be getting on very well. Before I came away I told your father I was coming here, and he told me if I met you, to say he loves you still, and wants you to come back." I can see the prodigal's eye light up as he asks, "Does my father ever speak about me?" "Ever speak of you! He doesn't speak about any one else. He dreams of you at night; he's had no peace since you left, and I believe if you stay away much longer his grief will bring him to his grave." His father loves him as much as ever! He doesn't say much, but goes away to the field and begins to think. It would be a good thing if we could get men to think. If we could get the people of Chicago to rest for twenty-four hours, and just think where they are, whither they are going; to look into the future, they would soon come to their Father. Well, the young man got down on his knees and buried his face in his hands, like Elijah on Mount Carmel, and began to think of that home over those green hills and under that blue sky; he thinks of his father's love and kindness to him, and takes a look at his condition, and the thought comes to him, "I perish if I stay here." Sinner, take a look at your condition. Think what is going to become of you if you remain as you are. O prodigal, O harlot, O thief, O wanderer, ask yourself what is your eternity to be—what is going to be the end of your miserable existence. He looks to the past, and remembers how that mother went down to her grave praying for him, and, perhaps, recollects how she left him with her blessing. He might have been wealthy enough to purchase a manuscript Bible, and he recollects how his father used to turn to that beautiful psalm and read to them, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." That psalm comes into his mind, and as he thinks of his starving condition he says, "There's bread enough in my father's house, and to spare. His servants are a great deal better off than I am," and he keeps thinking of what that neighbor told him about his father's love. He remembers the morning he left him, he can see his father as he stood at the door bidding him good-bye, nearly overcome with grief. All the incidents of kindness in his early life come before

him, and at last he says, "I will arise and go to my father; if I stay here longer I will perish with hunger." That was the turning point in that prodigal's life; it was when he came to himself. I can imagine an angel hovering over him, and the moment he said "I will," that angel flew up faster than the morning light, and there was joy around the throne of Heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Nineteenths of the battle of becoming a Christian is to make up your mind. So it was with him. But I can see him now he has resolved. His old associates laugh at him, but what does he care for public opinion. "I have made up my mind," he says. He doesn't stay to get a new suit of clothes, as some men do in coming to Christ. They want to do some good deeds before they come; he just started as he was. I see him walking on through dusty roads and over hills, and fording brooks and rivers. It didn't take him long to go home when he made up his mind. Then the prodigal is nearing the homestead—see him. I remember going home after being away for a few months. How I longed to catch a glimpse of that old place! As I neared it, I remembered the sweet hours I had spent with my brother, and the pleasant days of childhood. Here is the prodigal as he comes near his old home; all his days of happy childhood come before him. He wonders if the old man is still alive, and as he comes near the home he says, "It may be that the old man is dead." Ah! what a sad thing it would have been, if, on returning, he had found that his father had gone down to his grave mourning for him. Is there any one here who has a father and mother, whose love you are scorning, and to whom you have not written for years? I said to a prodigal the other night, "How long is it since you have written to your mother?" "Four years and a half." "Don't you believe your mother loves you?" "Yes," he replied. "It is because she does love me that I don't write to her. If I was telling her the life I've been leading, it would break her heart." "If you love her," I said, "go and write her to-night and tell her all." I got his promise, and I am happy. I can't tell how glad I feel when I get those young prodigals to turn to their fathers and mothers, because I know what joy will be in the hearts of those parents when they hear from their prodigal son. As he nears his father's home, he wonders again if his heart has turned against him, or whether he will receive a welcome. Ah, he doesn't know his father's heart. I can see the old man up there on the flat roof, in the cool of the day, waiting for his boy. Every day he has been

there, every day straining his eyes over the country to catch the first glimpse of his son, should he return. This evening he is there, still hoping to see the wanderer coming back. By and by he sees a form in the distance coming toward the house. As he comes nearer and nearer, he can tell it is the form of a young man. He can not tell who it is by his dress; his robe is gone, his ring is gone, his shoes are gone, but the old man catches sight of the face. I see him as he comes running down, as if the spirit of youth had come upon him, his long, white hair floating through the air. He rushes past his servants, out the door, and up to his son, whom he takes to his bosom. He rejoices over him. The young man tries to make a speech—tries to ask him to be one of his servants, but the father won't listen to it. When he gets him to the house, he cries to one servant, "Go get the best robe for him;" to another, "You go and get a ring and put it on his finger;" "Get shoes for him," he cries to another; "Go kill the fatted calf," is the order given to another, "for my son has returned." Ah, there was joy there. "My boy who was dead is alive again." There was joy in that house.

Ah, sinner, it is a faint picture I have been giving you—I wish I could tell you how God loves you, how He wants to receive you. Come to Him, won't you? I can imagine some of you saying, "I am afraid if I come I won't hold out." Well, now, look at that prodigal. He has come home. They have killed a fatted calf, and there is a banquet spread before him. He hadn't seen such a meal of victuals for many a long day. While the old man is looking in at his son he sees the tears trickling down his cheeks. "My boy, what's the matter? You don't feel bad because you are here, I hope?" "No, father; I'm glad I've got home—I'm thankful to be once more with you." "Why are you weeping, then?" "I'm weeping because I may go off to that foreign country again." How absurd. That is just similar to the case of these objectors. My friends, does sin—does the billiard hall and the rumseller satisfy you? Who are the best friends you have? Are not your mother and father, who have been praying for you from your cradle up, the best friends you have on earth? Is not the God of Heaven who has offered you eternal life the best friend you have? Just like the prodigal say, "I will arise and go to my Father's house; I will set my face like flint toward Heaven; I don't care for the opinion of my associates."

There is another thing. When the prodigal said, "I will," there

was very likely a struggle. He didn't like to go back in his tattered garments. He remembered his schoolmates, and how well he used to be dressed in comparison to them. There was not a boy in the whole neighborhood who had such an appearance, and he could hardly think of coming before them in his condition. But he conquered his pride and came to his father like a man and was forgiven. Let every man crush his pride and arise like a hero and start for the kingdom of God. There is not a man or woman here but who can press into the kingdom if they will.

Some time ago I received a letter from Manchester, England, saying: "When you were in Manchester I sent several special requests for prayer, and we have had some merciful answers; but one prayer still remains apparently unanswered. Will you offer it once more? Will you pray once again that my dear brother, who left his home and wife and child above a year ago, may, if in accordance with the will of God, either return to his house or communicate with his friends? His father's health is failing, and it would be a great comfort to him if he could see his dear son again. He need not fear reproaches—only love awaits him." I don't know whether he has ever returned, but I thought I would read it and he might take up some of the papers and read the reports of these reporters, and bring joy to his sister's heart.

When I was in Liverpool an educated lady, who had a beautiful home, came to me, and, sobbing, told me a pitiful story. She said, "I perhaps am asking an unreasonable thing, but you preach to large audiences. You may meet my son, and if you find my boy tell him his mother loves him still." Her son was a young lad, who had had a little difficulty at home, and just fled. She gave me his photograph, and wrote his name on the back, and implored me if I came to America to try and find him and take her message. If Arthur is here he will know who I mean. O Arthur, your mother loves you; and she told me to say her heart loves you dearly. If I am not speaking to that Arthur, are there not many Arthurs here who have fled from their mother's love, and are living a life of shame and dissipation? Go and write to that mother, or send a dispatch, saying you are coming home to see her. If you don't, by and by you will hear that that mother has gone down to her grave. May the voice of the Shepherd be heard by many, and may the wanderer come home. Let us pray that every wanderer may be brought back to God before they leave this building.

XXXVII.

LESSONS FROM SAUL'S CONVERSION.

I WANT to take up another man for my text—the one we have been speaking about—a much harder case than the prodigal, because he didn't think he needed a Saviour. You needn't have talked a great while to that prodigal before you could have convinced him that he needed a Saviour. It is easy to reach a prodigal's heart when he has reached the end of his rope. This man, he stood high in the estimation of the people—he stood, as it were, at the top round of the ladder, while the prodigal was at the lowest. This man was full of self-righteousness, and if you had tried to pick out a man in Jerusalem as a hopeless case, so far as accepting Jesus of Nazareth as a Saviour, you would have picked out Saul. He was the most utterly hopeless case you could have found. I would sooner have thought of the conversion of Pilate than of this man. When they were putting to death the martyrs to the cross, he had cheered on the murderers; but in spite of all this, we found the Son of God coming and knocking at his heart, and it was not long before he received Him as his Saviour. You can see him as he goes to the chief-priests of Jerusalem, getting the necessary documents that he might go to Damascus, that he might go to the synagogue there and get all who were calling upon the Lord Jesus Christ cast into prison. He was going to stamp out the teachers of the new Gospel. One thing that made him so mad, probably, was, that when the disciples were turned out of Jerusalem, instead of stopping, they went all around and preached. Philip went down to Samaria, and probably there was a great revival there, and the news had come from Damascus that the preachers had actually reached that place. This man was full of zeal, and full of religion. He was a religious man, and no doubt he could say a prayer as long as any one in Jerusalem. He had kept the laws faithfully, and been an honest and upright man. The people, then, would never have

dreamed of him requiring a Saviour. A great many people right here in Chicago would say, "He is good enough. To be sure, he doesn't believe in Jesus Christ, but he is a good man." And there's a great many in Chicago who don't believe in Him. They think if they pay their debts and live a moral life, they don't need to be converted. They don't want to call upon Him; they want to get Christ and all His teachings out of the way, as this man did. That's what they have been trying to do for eighteen centuries. He just wanted to stamp it out with one swoop. So he got the necessary papers, and away he went down to Damascus. Suppose, as he rode out of the gate of Jerusalem on his mission, any one had said to him: "You are going down to persecute the preachers of Christ, but you'll come back a preacher yourself." If a man said this he would not have had his head on his shoulders five minutes. He would have said, "I hate Him; I abhor Him; that's me." He wants to get Christ and His disciples out of the way. He was no stranger to Christ; he knew His working; for as Paul said of Agrippa, "This thing was not done in a corner." He knew all about Christ's death. Probably he was acquainted with Nicodemus and the members of the Sanhedrim who were against Christ. Perhaps he was acquainted with Christ's disciples, and with all their good deeds. Yet he had a perfect hatred for the Gospel and its teachers, and he was going down to Damascus just to have all those Christians put in prison. You see him as he rides out of Jerusalem with his brilliant escort, and away he goes through Samaria, where Philip was. He wouldn't speak to a Samaritan, however. The Jews detested the Samaritans. The idea of him speaking to an adulterous Samaritan would have been ridiculous to him. So he rode proudly through the nation, with his head raised, breathing slaughter to the children of God. Damascus was about one hundred and thirty-eight miles from Jerusalem; but we are not told how long he took for that journey. Little did he think that nineteen hundred years after, in this country, then wild, there would be thousands of people gathered just to hear the story of his journey down to Damascus. He has arrived at the gates of the city, and he has not got cooled off, as we say. He is still breathing revenge. See him as he stands before that beautiful city. Some one has said that this is the most beautiful city in the world, and we are told that when Mohammed came to it he turned his head away from it, lest the beauty of it would take him from his God. So this young

man comes to the city, and he tells us the hour when he reached it. He never forgets the hour, for it was then that Christ met him. He says he "saw in the way a light from Heaven above the brightness of the sun;" he saw the light of Heaven, and a glimpse of that light struck him to the ground. And when God speaks to the sinner, that's where he ought to be. Every man ought to fall on his face. From that light a voice called, "Saul, Saul." Yes, the Son of God knows his name. Sinner, God knows your name. He knows all about you. He knows the street you live in, the number of your house, because He told where Ananias lived when Paul went there. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" How the words must have gone down to his soul. He stopped. The words were to him. And I find preaching is not attended with much good till men just stop and take the Gospel to themselves. May every sinner hear Christ calling you by name. We want a personal Christ. Well, when the question was put to him, "Why persecutest thou Me?" could he give a reason? Is there any sinner can give a reason for persecuting Christ? Oh, why do you persecute Christ? I can imagine some of you saying, "I never persecuted Christ. I have a great many sins; I swear sometimes, sometimes drink, but I always speak respectfully of Christ." Do you? Do you never speak disrespectfully of His disciples and God's children? Remember, if you speak disrespectfully of them, you treat Him with disrespect. When Christ asked him this question, "Why persecutest thou Me?" He might have added, "I lived on the earth thirty years, and I never did you any hurt. I never did you any injury; I never even injured your friends. I came into the world to bless you. Why persecutest thou Me?" Why, my friends, all the blessings you ever got came from Him; why can't you live for Him? why do you go on hating Christ? Is there a man in this assembly who can give a reason why he doesn't love Him? Is there any reason to be found in the wide, wide world why men and women should not love Christ?

I remember hearing of a Sabbath-school teacher who had led every one of her children to Christ. She was a faithful teacher. Then she tried to get her children to go out and bring other children into the school. One day one of them came and said she had been trying to get the children of a family to come to the school, but the father was an infidel, and he wouldn't allow it. "What is an infidel?" asked the child. She had never heard of an infidel before.

The teacher went on to tell her what an infidel meant, and she was perfectly shocked. A few mornings after, the girl happened to be going past a post-office on her way to school, and she saw the infidel father coming out. She went up to him and said, "Why don't you love Jesus?" If it had been a man who had said that to him probably he would have knocked him down. He looked at her and walked on. A second time she put the question, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He put out his hand to put her gently away from him, when, on looking down, he saw her tears. "Please, sir, tell me why you don't love Jesus?" He pushed her aside, and away he went. When he got to his office he couldn't get this question out of his mind. All the letters seemed to read, "Why don't you love Jesus?" All men in his place of business seemed to say, "Why don't you love Jesus?" When he tried to write, his pen seemed to shape the words, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He couldn't rest, but on the street he went to mingle with the business men, but he seemed to hear a voice continually asking him, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He thought when night came, and he got home with his family, he would forget it; but he couldn't. He complained that he wasn't well, and went to bed. But when he laid his head on the pillow, that voice kept whispering, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He couldn't sleep. By and by, about midnight, he got up and said, "I will get a Bible and find where Christ contradicts Himself, and then I'll have a reason," and he turned to the book of John. My friends, if you want a reason for not loving Christ, don't turn to John. He knew Him too long. I don't believe a man can read the Gospel of John without being turned to Christ. Well, he read it through and found no reason why he shouldn't love Him, but he found many reasons why he should. He read this book, and before morning he was on his knees, and that question, put by that little child, led to his conversion. My friends, if you make up your minds not to go to sleep to-night without a good reason why you shouldn't love Him, you will love Him. There is no reason, as I said before, in the wide, wide world, why you shouldn't love Christ. Go down to the dark corners of the earth—even to hell, and ask them there if they can give you any reason for not loving Christ. My friends, the lost spirits can give you no reason. Neither on earth or in hell can any reason be found for not loving Him. To-night put this question to yourselves, "What keeps me from coming to Christ?" "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Oh, may

the question go down to our hearts to-night, and may you not sleep till you can look up and say, "Christ is my Saviour, He is my Redeemer," and until you can see your title clear for one of those mansions He has gone to prepare.

When this question was put to Saul, "Why persecutest thou Me?" he supplemented it by saying, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The thought I want to call attention to is this: "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." You and I would not have had any compassion upon Saul if we had been in Christ's place. We would have said the hardship is upon these poor Christians in Damascus. But the Lord saw differently. He said, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." In those days, when they didn't drive their camels with whips, they had a piece of stick with a sharp piece of steel at the end called a prick, and it was applied to the animal. A lady said to me some time ago, "It is easy to sin, but it is hard to do right;" or, in other words, it is hard to serve God and easy to serve the devil. I think you will find hundreds of people in Chicago who think this way. There is not a lie which ever came from hell so deceptive as this. It is as false as any lie the devil ever uttered. We want to drive that lie back where it came from. My friends, it ain't true. God is not a hard Master. He is a lenient one. What did Christ say to Saul? "It is hard for thee to kick against the prick." There is a period at which the sinner arrives when he sees the truth of this. How many men have said to me, "Mr. Moody, the way of the transgressor is pretty hard." It is a common expression. I have been with men in court and in prison who have said this. It is not a hard thing to serve God if you are born of God; but, my friends, it is a hard thing to serve Satan. The way of sin grows darker and harder to a man the longer he is in it. Before I came down I took up a paper, and the first thing I saw was an account of a Boston man who had forged, and it closed by saying his path was a hard, flinty one.

Now, take up any class of sinners in Chicago. We've representatives here to-night. Take the harlot. Do you think her life is an easy one? It is very short. The average one is seven years. Just look at her as she comes up to the city from the home where she has left sisters and a mother as pure as the morning air. She came down to the city and is now in a low brothel. Sometimes her mind goes back to the pure home where her mother prayed for her; where she used to lay down her head on that mother's bosom, and she

used to press the sweet face of her child to her own. She remembers when she went to Sunday-school; remembers when her mother tried to teach her to serve God, and now she is an exile. She don't want to go home. She is full of shame. She takes a look into the future and sees darkness before her. In a few short years she dies the death of a harlot, and she is laid away in an unknown grave. All the flattery of her lovers is hollow and false. Is her life a happy one? Ask a harlot to-night, and she will tell you the way of the transgressor is hard; and then ask the pure and virtuous if Christ is a hard Master. Go ask that drunkard if his way is an easy one. Why, there was a man whom I knew who was an inveterate drinker. He had a wife and children. He thought he could stop whenever he felt inclined, but he went the way of most moderate drinkers. I had not been gone more than three years, and when I returned I found that that mother had gone down to her grave with a broken heart, and that man was the murderer of the wife of his bosom. Those children have all been taken away from him, and he is now walking up and down those streets homeless. But four years ago he had a beautiful and a happy home, with his wife and children around him. They are gone; probably he will never see them again. Perhaps he has come in here to-night. If he has, I ask him, "Is not the way of the transgressor hard?" Is it not hard to fight against Him? Do not go against your Maker. Don't believe the devil's lies; don't think God is a hard Master. If you persist in wrong-doing, you will find out the truth of what was said to Saul, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

Look again at that rumseller. When we talk to him he laughs at us. He tells you there is no hell, no future—there is no retribution. I've got one man in my mind now who ruined nearly all the sons in his neighborhood. Mothers and fathers went to him and begged him not to sell their children liquor. He told them it was his business to sell liquor, and he was going to sell liquor to every one who came. The place was a blot upon the place as dark as hell. But that man had a father's heart. He had a son. He didn't worship God, but he worshiped that boy. He didn't remember that whatsoever a man soweth so shall he reap. My friends, they generally reap what they sow. It may not come soon, but the retribution will come. If you ruin other men's sons, some other man will ruin yours. Bear in mind God is a God of equity; God is a God of justice. He is not going to allow you to ruin men and then escape

yourself. If we go against His laws we suffer. Time rolled on and that young man became a slave to drink, and his life became such a burden to him that he put a revolver to his head and blew his brains out. The father lived a few years, but his life was as bitter as gall, and then went down to his grave in sorrow. Ah, my friends, it is hard to kick against the pricks. You may go out of the Tabernacle laughing at everything I say, but it is as true as the God in Heaven that the day of retribution will come. It is only a question of time. See that false-hearted libertine! The day is coming when he will reap what he is sowing. He may not be called to reap it in this world, but he will be brought up before that bar of Heaven, and there the harvest will be seen. These men who have got smooth, oily tongues go into society and play their part, and still walk around. If a poor woman falls, she's ruled out, but these false-hearted libertines still go up and down the world. The eyes of justice may not find them out. They think themselves secure, but they are deceiving themselves. By and by the God of Heaven will summon them to give an account. They say then that God will not punish them, but the decree of Heaven has gone forth, "Whatsoever a man soweth so shall he reap."

One week ago I preached on the text, "Christ came to heal the broken-hearted." I told you just before I came down that I had received a letter from a broken-hearted wife. Her husband one night came in, to her surprise, and said he was a defaulter and must fly, and he went, she knew not where. He forsook her and two children. It was a pitiful letter, and the wail of that poor woman seems to ring in my ears yet. That night up in that gallery was a man whose heart began to beat when I told the story, thinking it was him I meant, till I came to the two children. When I got through I found that he had taken money which did not belong to him, intending to replace it, but he failed to do so, and fled. He said: "I have a beautiful wife and three children, but I had to leave her and come to Chicago, where I have been hiding. The Governor of the State has offered a reward for me." My friends, a week ago this poor fellow found out the truth of this text. He was in great agony. He felt as if he could not carry the burden, and he said, "Mr. Moody, I want you to pray with me. Ask God for mercy for me." And down we went on our knees. I don't know if ever I felt so bad for a man in my life. He asked me if I thought he should go back. I told him to ask the Lord and we

prayed over it. That was Sunday evening, and I asked him to meet me on the Monday evening. He told me how hard it was to go back to that town and give himself up, and disgrace his wife and children. They would give him ten years. Monday came and he met me and said, "Mr. Moody, I have prayed over this matter, and I think Christ has forgiven me, but I don't belong to myself. I must go back and give myself up. I expect to be sent to the Penitentiary; but I must go." He asked me to pray for his wife and children, and he went off. He will be there now in the hands of justice. My friends, don't say the way of the transgressor is not hard. It is hard to fight against sin, but it is a thousand times harder to die without hope. Will you not just accept Christ? Take Christ as your hope, your life, your truth.

XXXVIII.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

ROMANS x. 9, 10, 11: "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed."

NOW I think we are the only people who are ashamed of our religion. If a man goes among the Mohammedans, or among the Chinese, he will find that they are not ashamed of their religion. Even if he has a false hope, he is not ashamed of confessing it. Yet we who have the only religion worth having on the face of the earth, are the only people who are ashamed to own it, and to confess our Lord and Saviour. Why, I may say with truth, that there is only about one in ten, who profess Christianity, who will turn round and glorify God with a loud voice. Nine out of ten are still-born Christians. You never hear of them. If you press them hard with the question whether they are Christians, they might say, "Well, I hope so." We never see it in their actions; we never see it in their lives. They might belong to the church you go to, but you never see them at the prayer-meetings, or taking any interest in the church affairs. They don't profess it among their fellows or in their business, and the result is that there are hundreds going on with a half hope, not sure whether their religion will stand them or not. Now, we must believe with the heart, and confess, not simply profess, with the mouth. We must not be ashamed to speak of Him. I heard of a man who came here the other night who got the Spirit of Christ. He made up his mind not to swear again. When he went down to his store he was just about to swear, when he caught himself and stopped. His associates noticed this and said, "Oh, he's been down to Moody and Sankey's." That man hadn't the courage to confess that he had received Christ, and he shut his mouth up. If he had had courage,

what an opportunity he had then to confess. He might have said, "Yes, sir, I have, and I hope to take my stand from this time on the Lord's side." But he was ashamed. Why, the men that serve the devil are not ashamed. They are not ashamed to swear, and if they are not ashamed to swear, we should not be ashamed to confess the Lord our Saviour. I don't believe people will get light till they take a firm stand. People who have come into the inquiry-room, wonder why they are still in darkness. The thing is very clear to me—they are ashamed to confess what great things Christ has done for them. They are ashamed to confess it to friends or parents when they go home, and ashamed to confess it in their business. Now, my friends, believing and confessing go together; the two go together, and you can not be saved unless you take them both. "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." If you ever see the kingdom of Heaven you have to take this way. How was it two weeks ago when the Republicans thought they were going to lose the country. They went around with petitions to get men to put their names down in order that they might take a stand on one side or the other. The bankers and merchants were not ashamed to show which side they were on—not ashamed to take a firm stand. There are two parties in this world. The party of sin going down to death and ruin, rushing down to hell and taking hundreds with it, and there is a party of truth, and justice, and honor, and God wants us to take our stand on one side or the other. This great idea of being on both sides is ridiculous. Now we can not but have a great disrespect to men who are on two sides. You find a man and you say you are a Democrat. "Oh yes, so am I," he replies, but another man comes along and he says, "I am a Republican." "I am a Republican, too," says this same man. Why, you detest a man of this kind. If you bring out a sentiment before him, he will tell you, "That's just my sentiment," and when somebody comes to him with an entirely different one, he says, "My friend, I agree with you." You can not but detest that man. A great many men are trying to serve the devil and God at the same time. The time is coming when the line will be drawn, and we will find out who are Christ's friends, and who are the devil's. Why, I would rather be an out and out infidel than one in this condition. If Christ has redeemed us, let us not try to be on both sides at the same time. Let the world know that we are for Him or against Him. How was it during our war with the men who lived on the

borders? When a Union soldier came along, they were Union men, and when a Southern soldier came to them, "Oh, we are Southern people; we believe in the Confederacy," and they would run up the Confederate flag. What was the result? Both the Southern and Union men had a contempt for those fellows. They stripped them of everything. There are a great many Christians in this condition. My friends, if you want joy and peace to flow like a river into your soul, come out and confess Christ. How many men and women, during the past few weeks, have felt improved by these services, and have felt that it would be just the very best thing they could do to go into that inquiry-room and have a talk with a Christian man or woman, but they hadn't the moral courage. They look around to see if there are any of their companions laughing at them. My friends, if you want the great gift of salvation, you have got to believe with your heart and confess with your mouth. If you don't do this you will never see the kingdom of God.

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed." If Christ comes into our heart we are not ashamed. The trouble is, we have got too many head professors—too many believers with their head. What we want is to get it down in our hearts. Just look at those ten men who were cured of leprosy. Their leprosy was taken away and their flesh, probably, became like a little child's; but only one of them had his heart touched. He was full of prayer and glory, and when He looked down at him, and asked, "Where are the nine?" he didn't know. Never heard of them. Joined some church, probably. Just like some here; after they have been cured they join a church, and you never hear of them. They don't go to work for Him. A great many people say, "I belong to Christ, but I can not work for Him." You can tell your friends and companions what He has done for you; and that is the most powerful preaching we have. I believe the recitation of Saul's conversion has done more to convert infidels than anything else. When a Christian has Christ in his heart, he will confess. Look at that man talked about in the fifth chapter of Mark, from whom Christ cast out devils; when he was clothed and in his right mind his heart was full of gratitude, and he wanted to follow Christ. He wouldn't let him; but told him to go home and tell his friends what good things the Lord had done for him. Now, there is a class who tell you to

take religion, but don't make much ado about it. Don't speak about it. Keep quiet for a few years and see if you hold out. But see how it was with this man. When he was cured, I suppose he came back; he was so overjoyed that he couldn't keep quiet. I suppose he got up at some corner on the top of a barrel or dry-goods box and confessed Christ. Probably he did more in that town than Christ Himself did. He was a living witness, and the love within him made him preach like an angel. As he stood on that corner preaching, probably, two men were coming along. "Who is that man?" they said. "Why, he looks like the man who was running among the tombs the other day." "Yes, he does; the voice sounds very much like his." They examine closely, and, lo and behold! this is the very man who was possessed by devils; and they might have been converted right there. Perhaps there was an inquiry-meeting, and they entered and got converted. My friends, a great many homes would be blessed if people would but testify. Tell the tidings to your neighbor; get up prayer-meetings and call your neighbors in, and try to bring them to Christ. The time will come when we will have hundreds of prayer-meetings all over the city. Get your friends together, and in this way tell the glorious news, and let it be spread. If you have been converted, try to give the news to every man, woman, and child.

A great many people wonder why God does not bless them. The reason is, that they are asleep. You want to wake up. I want to call your attention to Luke ix. 23: "And He said unto them all, If any man will come after Me let him deny himself and take up the cross daily and follow Me." Now I find there are a great many people who want to become Christians, but they don't want to take up that cross. They are willing to go to Heaven, but they don't want to take the cross. If there is a by-way where the cross is not on, they want to find it. My friends, there is no other way to the kingdom of God but by the way of the cross, and it will be easier for you to take it now than it will be afterward. The devil has deceived men about the cross, too. He has made it into a mountain, or led them to believe that it is made of iron and they can not lift it. Why, the devil's mountains are just smoke. The lions he sets in the way of the Christian are all tame. The moment you take up the cross you get a blessing, and you see how the devil has been trying to deceive you. I remember while in Boston I attended one of the daily prayer-meetings. The meetings we had been holding

had been most always addressed by young men. I listened with considerable interest to the recital of experiences of these venerable saints, when a little tow-headed boy, a Norwegian by birth, who, I believe, could scarcely speak English, said, "If I tell the world about Jesus, Jesus will tell the world about me." Why, he said more than all of them put together. The words burned down to my soul. "If I tell the world about Jesus, He will tell the world about me." If you will confess Him here, He will confess you yonder. Now, when you accept Him you should be willing to confess Him. You should not be ashamed to own that He forgave your sins. You should work for Him. If you are ashamed to confess Him, you are just practically denying Him, and the world is stumbling over you. I do not know anything that would wake up Chicago better than for every man and woman here who loves Him to begin to talk about Him to their friends, and just to tell them what He has done for you. You have got a circle of friends. Go and tell them of Him. Some of you business men have got clerks, and you have more influence over them than any minister, and if you don't use your influence over these clerks for good you will be called upon to answer. At that day you will be called to give an account of your stewardship. How many are ashamed to confess Christ as a Saviour. They are willing to become Christians, but they are not willing to put on the uniform. What would you say of a soldier in our war who would not put on the uniform? If a recruiting officer had been told by a man, "I would like to go and defend my country, but I won't put on the uniform; I want to keep the citizen's dress," do you think that officer would have enlisted him? There is a great number of Christians, my friends, who profess, but who don't want to put on the uniform. Some of you wealthy men have got servants. Suppose you want a coachman, and a man comes to you and says, "I would like to be your driver, but I can not put on the livery." You wouldn't have him. If you are on Christ's side you have to put on His livery and show which side you are on. By Christian people doing this there are hundreds of thousands who would be influenced. I can't help thinking of the old woman who started out, when the war commenced, with a poker in her hand. When asked what she was going to do with it, she said, "I can't do much with it, but I can show what side I'm on." My friends, even if you can't do much, show on which side you belong.

Let me direct your attention to Luke xii. 8, 9: "Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man confess before the angels of Heaven; but he that denieth Me before men shall be denied before the angels of God." Now there are a great many professing Christians who are doing themselves great injury, and also the cause of Christ. Some things have come to my ears during the past few days that have grieved me to the heart. When some have come home, and told their parents where they have been, they have made light of the meetings; laughed at them. Ah, mothers, be careful how you speak to your children. The time may come when you will be thankful to see him go into a Christian vestry and pray that he may be improved. Wouldn't you a thousand times better have a son come here and be improved with the Gospel than go into those brothels and drinking halls? Wouldn't you? And yet hundreds of professed Christians are ashamed to confess that they or their children come to such a place. They are doing all they can to keep them away from Christ.

One place we were in, in England, I recollect a Quaker came in. The meeting was held in a Methodist church, and the Spirit of God was there—souls were being saved; multitudes were pressing into the kingdom. She had a brother who was a drinker, and a nephew who had just come to the city, and he was in a critical state, too. They came to the meeting with her. Everything appeared strange to her, and when she went home she did not know really what to say. She and her brother and nephew went upstairs, and coming down she thought, "It may be, that the destiny of their souls depends on what I say now." When she entered the parlor she found them laughing and joking about the meeting. She put on a serious face and said, "I don't think we should laugh at it. Suppose Mr. Moody had come to you and asked you if you was converted, what would you have told him?" "I would have told him to mind his own business," replied one of them. "I think it is a very important question, and a question a Christian ought to put to any one; Mr. Moody, as a Christian, has a right to ask any one." She talked with them, and when that brother went to bed he began thinking and thinking. He had tickets for the theatre next night, but when next night came he said he would go to the meeting with his sister, and, to make a long story short, he came and was converted. He came to me—he was a mechanic—and asked me to talk to the laborers and have them come to the meetings. He had

got such a blessing himself that he wanted them to share it. That man brought me a list of the names of the mechanics about half as long as this room, and we got up a meeting in the theatre, and we had that theatre packed. That was the first meeting of workmen I ever had, and the work of grace broke out among them. This was but the result of the woman taking her stand. She went into the inquiry-room and became an earnest worker. I get letters from her frequently now, and I do not believe there is a happier woman in all England. If she had taken another course she might have been the means of ruining these young men. There is one thing the Christians ought to ask themselves. Ask your heart, "Is this the work of the devil?" That's the plain question. If it's the work of the devil, turn your back against it. I would if I thought it was. If it is the work of God, be careful what you do. You may repent of speaking against it. My friends, it is a terrible thing to fight against God. If it is the Lord's wish, come out and take your stand and let there be one united column of people coming up to Heaven. Let every man, woman, and child be not afraid to confess the Lord Jesus Christ. The angels were not afraid to confess when they came down to those shepherds, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," and when He came up from Jordan, a voice from Heaven confessed, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The God of Heaven was not ashamed to own Him, and all the great men in the Bible were not ashamed to own Him. If he had said to Peter, "Who do you think I am?" he might have said, "Well, some call you Elias, or one of the prophets." "But who do you think I am?" "You are the Son of the living God." Blessed are you, Peter. He wasn't ashamed to own Him. When they put Christ under oath to testify who He was, He confessed He was the Son of the living God. He, my friends, confessed He was the Son of God. A great many people are trying to make out that He was not; trying to say that the Saviour never came from Heaven. When Caiaphas asked Him if He was the Son of God, He was not afraid to confess it, and the priest rent His clothes and shouted, "He hath blasphemed." It was because of the confession that they put Him to death. My friends, shall we be ashamed to confess our Lord and Saviour who confessed for us?

Now, I believe every one who loves Him, will commence to confess Him to-night, and if we begin to do this we will see mighty results. These little children can confess Him, and how many fathers and mothers have been brought to Christ by their children. I remember when on the North Side, I tried to reach a family time and again and failed. One night in the meeting, I noticed one of the little boys of that family. He hadn't come for any good, however: he was sticking pins in the backs of the other boys. I thought if I could get hold of him it would do good. I used always go to the door and shake hands with the boys, and when I got to the door and saw this little boy coming out, I shook hands with him, and patted him on the head, and said I was glad to see him, and hoped he would come again. He hung his head and went away. The next night, however, he came back, and he behaved better than he did the previous night. He came two or three times after, and then asked us to pray for him, that he might become a Christian. That was a happy night for me. He became a Christian, and a good one. One night I saw him weeping. I wondered if his old temper had got hold of him again, and when he got up, I wondered what he was going to say. "I wish you would pray for my mother," he said. When the meeting was over, I went to him and asked, "Have you ever spoken to your mother, or tried to pray with her?" "Well, you know, Mr. Moody," he replied, "I never had an opportunity; she don't believe, and won't hear me." "Now," I said, "I want you to talk to your mother to-night." For years I had been trying to reach her, and I couldn't do it; so I urged him to talk to her that night, and I said, "I will pray for you both." When he got to the sitting-room he found some people there, and he sat waiting for an opportunity, when his mother said it was time for him to go to bed. He went to the door undecided. He took a step, stopped, and turned around, and hesitated for a minute, then ran to his mother and threw his arms around her neck, and buried his face in her bosom. "What is the matter?" she asked—thought he was sick. Between his sobs he told his mother how, for five weeks, he had wanted to be a Christian; how he had stopped swearing; how he was trying to be obedient to her, and how happy he would be if she would be a Christian, and then went off to bed. She sat for a few minutes, but couldn't stand it, and went up to his room. When she got to the door she heard him weeping and praying, "Oh, God, convert my dear mother." She came down again, but

couldn't sleep that night. Next day she told the boy to go and ask Mr. Moody to come over and see her. He called at my place of business—I was in business then—and I went over as quiet as I could. I found her sitting in a rocking-chair, weeping. "Mr. Moody," she said, "I want to become a Christian." "What has brought that change over you; I thought you didn't believe in it?" Then she told me how her boy had come to her, and how she hadn't slept any all night, and how her sin rose up before her like a dark mountain. The next Sunday that boy came and led that mother into the Sabbath-school, and she became a Christian worker. Oh, little children, if you find Christ tell it to your fathers and mothers. Throw your arms around their necks and lead them to Jesus. Let no one here, who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, be ashamed to confess.

XXXIX.

N A A M A N.

■ KINGS V.

WE are told in this chapter, that we have just read, that he was a great man, but he was a leper, and that spoiled him. He was a successful man, yet he was a leper; he was a very valiant man, but he was a leper; he was a very noble man, yet he was a leper. What a blight that must have cast on his path. It must have haunted him day and night. He was a leper, and there was no physician in Syria that could help him. It was an incurable disease, and I suppose he thought he would have to go down to the grave with that loathsome disease. We read that several companies had gone down to the land of Israel and brought down to Syria some poor captives, and among them was a little girl, who was sent to wait on Mrs. Naaman. I can imagine the little maid had a praying mother who had taught her to love the Lord, and when she got down there she was not ashamed to own her religion—she was not ashamed to acknowledge her Lord. One day, while waiting on her mistress, I can think of her saying, “Would to God your husband was in Samaria. There is a prophet there who could cure him.” I can imagine her looking at the girl when she said this: “What! a man in Israel can cure my husband? you must be dreaming. Did you ever hear of a man being cured of the leprosy?” “No,” the girl might have said; “but that is nothing. Why, the prophet in Samaria has cured many people worse than your husband.” And perhaps she told him about the poor woman who had such an increase of oil, and how her two boys were saved from slavery by the prophet; and how he had raised the child of that poor woman from the dead, and “if the prophet can raise anybody from the dead he can cure your husband.” This girl must have had something about her to make those people listen to her; she must have shown her religion in her life; her life must have been consistent with her religion to make them believe her. We

read that Naaman has faith in her word, and he goes to the king and tells him what he intends to do. And the king says: "I will tell you what I will do. I will give you letters to the king of Israel, and, of course, if any cure is to be effected, the king will know how to obtain it." Like a great many men nowadays, they think if there is anything to be got, it is to be got from the king and not from his subjects. And so you see this man starting out to the king of Israel with all his letters and a large doctor's bill. I can not find just how much it was, but it must have been something like five hundred thousand dollars. The sum was a very large one likely. He was going to be liberal. He was not going to be small. Well, he got all his money and letters together, and started. There was no small stir as Naaman swept through the gates of Syria that day with his escort. He reaches Samaria, and sends a messenger to the king, announcing his arrival. The messenger delivers the letter to the king, and the first thing he does is to open the letter and begin to read it. I can see his brow knit as he goes on. "What is this?" he exclaims. "What does this mean? This man means war—this Assyrian king means to have a war with me. Whoever heard of such a thing as a man cured of leprosy?" and he rent his mantle. Every one knew something was wrong when the king rent his mantle, and the news spread through the streets that they were on the eve of a war. The air was filled with war; everybody was talking about it. No doubt the news had gone abroad that the great general of Assyria was in the city, and he was the cause of the rumors; and by and by it reached the prophet Elisha that he (the king) had rent his mantle, and he wanted to know the cause. When he had heard what it was, he just told the king to "send him to me." Now you see the major-general riding up in grand style to the prophet's house. He probably lived in a small and obscure dwelling. Perhaps Naaman thought he was doing Elisha a great favor by calling on him. He had an idea that he was honoring this man, who had no influence or position. So he rides up. A messenger is sent in to announce Major-General Naaman, of Damascus. But the prophet doesn't even see him. He simply tells the servant to say to him, "Go and wash in the Jordan seven times." When the messenger comes to Naaman and tells him this, he is as mad as anything. He considers it a reflection upon him—as if he hadn't kept his person clean. "Does the man mean to insinuate that I haven't kept my body clean?"

can't I wash myself in waters of Damascus? We've much better waters than they have here. Why, if we had the Jordan in Syria, we'd look upon it as a ditch. The idea—wash in that contemptible river." He's as full of rage as he can be; and he said, "Behold, I thought." That's the way with sinners; they always say they thought. In this expression we can see he had thought of some plan, had marked out a way for the Lord to heal him. That is the way with nearly every man and woman in Chicago. They've got a plan drawn out, and because God does not come and save them according to their plan, they don't take Him. Keep this in mind: "My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts." If you look for Him to come in that direction, He will come the other way. "My ways are not your ways." He thought. My friends, no man gets into the kingdom of God till he gives up his thoughts. God never saved a man till he gave up his own thoughts and took up God's. Yes, Naaman thought that the moment the prophet knew he was outside, he would come out and bow and scrape, and say he was glad to see such a great and honorable man from Syria. Instead of that, he merely sent out a messenger to tell him to go and wash in Jordan seven times.

When we were in Glasgow we had an employer converted, and he wanted to get a man in his employ to come to our meetings, but he wouldn't come. If he was going to be converted he wouldn't be converted by those meetings. You know when a Scotchman gets an idea into his head he is the most stubborn man you can find. He was determined he wouldn't be converted by Moody and Sankey. Like a good many here, they say, "If I am going to be converted I ain't going to be converted down in that old Tabernacle." The employer talked and talked to this man, but couldn't get him to come. Well, we left Glasgow and got away up to the north of Scotland—in Inverness, and he sent this man up there on business, thinking he might be induced to go into the meetings. One night we were singing, "On the banks of that beautiful river," and he happened to be passing and wondered where the sweet sounds were coming from. He came up finally, and I happened to be preaching that night on the very text, "I thought." He listened, and soon did not know exactly where he was. He was convicted; he was converted and became a Christian. "I thought" how many people have said, "I'll never be converted by these meetings;" "I'll never be converted in the Baptist Church;" "I'll never be con-

verted in the Presbyterian Church." A man makes up his mind not to go there, and he goes. A man must yield his own way to that of God. Now, you can see all along that Naaman's thoughts were altogether different from those of God's. He was going to get the grace of God by showing favors, and a good many men now think they can buy their way into the kingdom of God. My friends, we can not buy the favor of Heaven with money. If you get a seat in the kingdom of Heaven, you have to accept salvation as a gift.

Then another thing he thought. He thought he could get what he wanted by taking letters to the king, not the prophet. The little maid told him of the prophet, yet he was going to pass the prophet by. How many people would go into the kingdom of God if it wasn't for pride? He was too proud to go to the prophet. But Pride, if you will allow me the expression, got a knock on the head on this occasion. It was a terrible thing for him to think of obeying—going down to the Jordan and dipping seven times. He had got better rivers in Damascus, in his own wisdom, and says, "Can I not wash there and be clean?" He was angry, but when he got over it he listened to his servants. I would rather see people mad than see them go to sleep. I would rather see a man get as mad as possible at anything that I may say than send him to sleep. When a man's asleep there's no chance of reaching him, but if he is mad we may get at him. It is a good thing for a man to get mad sometimes, for when he cools off he generally listens to reason. So his servant came to him and said, "Suppose he had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" Probably had he told him to take cod liver oil for ten years he'd have done it. If he had told him that he wanted as much money as Naaman had brought up, that would have been all right. But the idea of literally doing nothing—just to go down to Jordan and wash himself—it was so far below his calculations that he thought he was being imposed upon. It is so in our days. How many people expect to get salvation by some sudden shock, some great event happening to them, or some sudden flash of light to break upon them. Some think that God's plan of salvation requires months to find out. They go on stumbling over its simplicity. And so his servant said, "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? Wouldn't you just better go down and wash yourself in the Jordan?" Perhaps he said, "If I go down to the Jordan and am not cured, what

will my enemies say when I go back to Damascus?" But he was influenced by the servant, and he went. That was one good thing in Naaman's character—he was influenced by a humble messenger. A good many people won't accept a messenger because he is not refined, and cultured, and educated. My friends, never mind who brings the message. It is the message you want, not the messenger. If a boy was to bring me a telegraphic message with good news, I wouldn't notice the boy, wouldn't look to see whether he was white or black. It would be the message I would want. And so it was with Naaman. It was a little Hebrew girl that first told him to come to Samaria, and now he was told to wash by his servant. So down he goes and dips into the waters. The first time he rose he says, "I'd just like to see how much my leprosy has gone." And he looks, but not a bit has left him. "Why, I'm not going to get rid of my leprosy in this way; this is absurd." "Well," said the servant, "do just as the man of God tells you; obey him." And this is just what we are told to do in the Scriptures, to obey Him. The first thing we have to learn is obedience. Disobedience was the pit that Adam fell into, and we have to get out of it by obedience. Well, he goes into the water a second time. If some Chicago Christians had been there, they would have asked, sneeringly, "Well, how do you feel now?" He didn't see that he was any better, and down he went a third time; but when he looked at himself he had just as much leprosy as ever. Down he goes a fourth, fifth, and sixth time. He looks at himself, but not a speck of it is removed. "I told you this," he says to his servant; "look 'e here; I'm just the same as ever." "But," says the servant, "you must just do what the man of God tells you to do—go down seven times." He takes the seventh plunge, and comes out. He looks at himself, and behold, his flesh is as that of a little child. He says to his servant, "Why, I never felt as good as I do to-day. I feel better than if I had won a great battle. Look! I'm perfectly cleansed. Oh, what a great day this is for me. The leprosy has gone." The waters to him had been as death and judgment, and he had come out resurrected—his flesh as that of a little child. I suppose he got into his chariot, and away he went to the man of God. He had lost his temper, he had lost his pride, and he had lost his leprosy. That is the way now. If a man will only lose his pride, he will soon see his leprosy disappear. The leprosy will go away with his pride. I believe the greatest enemies of men in this

world are unbelief and pride. I believe hundreds and thousands in Chicago would press into the kingdom of God if it were not for their pride. He goes back to the man of God, and takes his silver and gold. He offers him money. "I don't want your money," replies the prophet. If he had taken money it would have spoiled the beautiful story. Naaman had to take back everything he brought from Damascus but his leprosy. The only thing that the sinner has got that God wants is his sins, and if you let Him take them to-night, He will. Get rid of your leprosy; He will take it. Never mind your feelings. No soul in this audience will go down to the dark caverns if he is willing to obey God. And now the question comes to you all, Will you obey Him? You haven't got to go a thousand miles away and dip into a Jordan, but just believe where you sit—believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Is there anything to hinder you from obeying God now? He will give you power to accept Him. Do you believe He would offer you salvation without giving you the power to obey Him? Don't go from this hall with any such delusion, my friends. Don't go home with this leprosy, thinking that you can not get rid of it. If sin is better to you, then, of course, hold on to it—if leprosy is worth more to you than to be purified, then keep it. Naaman could have gone back with his leprosy if he hadn't met that prophet, and gone down to Jordan. If you go out without accepting Him, you go out as a sinner, and if death comes, as it may, suddenly upon you, there is no assurance in the Bible that you can pass through the pearly gates. There is no leprosy there. You must leave it here. If a leper was to get into the kingdom of Heaven, all Heaven would be affected by him. There is a fountain opened in the House of David for the lepers. This night you can be saved if you will. The door is open—on the hinge; the battle is fought on this fact, if you will—not because you can't.

Oh, but you say, "I've tried." Naaman might have said, "I have tried," too. Probably he had tried all the physicians in his country, but Naaman couldn't get cured. He couldn't cure himself. When Christ said to that man who had a withered hand hanging at his side, "Stretch out thy hand," he might have said, "I've tried to stretch it out for twenty years, and I can't do it." But when the command was given him, the power came also. All that was wanted was the will of the man. My friends, if you don't accept the Gos-

pel and obey it, and you go down to death, there is not a ray of hope that you will escape the punishment held out in the Bible. There is not a word in the Bible to lead you to believe that you will escape condemnation if you go down to the grave with that leprosy. Do you think, I ask again, that He will ask you to repent and accept eternal life without giving you the power? The moment you obey, that moment the blessing comes. Who will accept Him? I wish I could believe for you all, but I can not. I would have you all come into the kingdom of God. One of two things you have got to do—either accept the remedy He offers you, and be saved, or spurn the remedy as Naaman was going to do, and go home with your sins. May God open your eyes to see the necessity of being saved by this great remedy.

XL.

HOW MEMORY TORMENTS THE LOST SOUL.

LUKE xvi. 25: "Son, remember."

A MAN came to me the other day and said, "I like your preaching, because you don't preach hell. I suppose you don't believe in that doctrine?" I don't want any man to rise up in judgment and say that I was not faithful while here—that I only preached one side of the truth. If a man is a messenger of God he must tell His truth as He gives it to him; he must not pick out some passages and say they are true, and pick out others and say they are not true. Now, the same Bible that pictures to me Heaven, with all its beauty and glory, tells me of hell; and there is no picture of hell so vividly drawn anywhere as the one in this sixteenth chapter of Luke, drawn by the Son of God. No man could draw such a picture—no one but the Master Himself, for no man could look into the future as He could. He knew all about the future when He came here. He didn't keep this terrible doctrine back. He gave it all up to us. If a mother loves a son very much and sees him going into sin, out of pure love for the boy she will tell him of his danger; and I contend that it was the pure love of the Master for this perishing world that He warned them of the danger.

There is one thing clearly proved by Scripture, and that is, that our memory follows us into the other world. When He says, "Son, remember," we have got to remember, whether we will or not. We do a great many things in this world which we would give a good deal to forget—if they could be blotted out eternally. I heard John Gough say he would give his right arm if he could forget how he treated his mother. The memory of this will follow him to his grave; he can not forget it. A good many things we have done have been forgotten, but they lie only buried in our memory. They will by and by be called up by God, and they will all come back again. When He says, "Son, remember," He touches a secret

spring in our memory, and all those things were rushing back upon us. We can not forget; we must remember, and I think it is taught in that Word that this is the worm that will never die—our memory. I have been twice at the point of death. Once I was nearly drowned; I had gone down for the first and second times, and, in the twinkling of an eye, everything I had done, everything I had thought—all came flashing across my mind like a panorama. If you ask me to explain it, I can not do so. The second time, when I got caught in the Wells street bridge, I thought I was gone, and in an instant everything flashed to me—things that I had long forgotten came back, back, back, vividly to my mind. This clearly teaches me that when God says “Remember,” we will have to remember. Everything will come back. Why, scientific men tell us now that it is an established fact, that everything a person hears they will remember. It is stored away in our memory, and will come back sometime. I heard of a servant girl who overheard her master reading Hebrew; she was taken sick shortly afterward, and talked Hebrew for hours and hours. She merely heard him read it, but it was there. So, my friends, if we think we have forgotten, bear in mind that the time is rolling on when we must remember, and when, perhaps, we would give worlds if we could forget it. The things done and said now, by and by will come up when God says, “Son, remember.” In other words, God makes every man write his own biography. You may try and read it in a different way, but God will make you read it just as you have written it.

Now, my friends, just ask the Lord God of Heaven to teach you these truths, if true, because some of you may be under the power of the devil, who is trying to make you believe there’s not a word of truth in it. If we believe the Bible, we can not disbelieve in hell. The same book tells me of Heaven which tells me of hell. The idea of no retribution comes from the devil, not from God. Adam, when he sinned, was told by Satan that he wouldn’t die, but God said he would. God has offered His life, and ‘if we are not willing to accept salvation and escape the damnation of hell, what is going to become of our souls? A man in an insane asylum, that I heard of a few years ago—he may be alive now—kept continually crying, “If I only had! If I only had!” That was his only cry. The story was this: He was employed by a railway company, and had charge of a swing bridge. Some of the company sent word they were coming past in an express train at a certain hour. Sev-

eral boatmen asked him to open near the time when the train was due. At first he resisted their requests, but at last he listened to them, and opened the bridge. Scarcely was it opened when he heard the train coming tearing along, and it leaped into the jaws of death. Many of the people were killed. The man reeled and tottered, and went mad, and his cry was, "If I only had." I believe many a one in the prison house of hell are shrieking, "If I only had yielded to the power of the Gospel; if I only had accepted salvation when offered; if I only had listened to the warning words." I read, some time ago, of a man who, while mounting his horse at the door of a saloon, saw the deacon of a church pass by. He said, in a sneering way, "Say, can you tell me how far it is to hell?" The deacon wouldn't answer the scoffer, and passed on, thinking he would never hear of him again. At a corner not far off, when the deacon came up he found a crowd, and in the midst of the crowd lay that young man. He had been thrown from his horse and had his neck broken, and had gone to eternity. Some men trifle with eternal things; laugh and scoff about them; but I would rather give my right hand than speak a light word about eternity. It may be that next Sunday night you will be in eternity, and your memory will follow you. You may forget this text, but it will come to you when He says remember. May the Spirit of God burn the text down into your souls. Do you think that Cain has forgotten the cry of that loved brother Abel? Do you think that that cry, and the sight of that blood, and the memory of that murder has not followed him through these six thousand years? Do you believe Judas has forgotten that kiss—forgotten the look of that loving Saviour as He said, "Judas, betrayest thou thy Master with a kiss?" Ah, my friends, do you believe that the antediluvians have forgotten how Noah pleaded with them? Thousands of years have rolled away, but do you believe they have forgotten? No, they have taken their memory into the next world. You remember you may forget in this world, but in a few years the worms will have eaten the body, but the things done in it will be remembered. You may forget all the golden opportunities you have had, but they will all come up. Bear in mind that those men who are making light of these meetings, and saying in a sneering and contemptuous manner they are all excitement—bear in mind that the time is coming when there will be no special meetings to make fun of. You make fun of your praying mothers, but remember there will be no praying

mothers in the lost world—no mothers pleading for you there. You may make light of that Bible, but bear in mind that there will be no blessed Bibles there—no Bibles to make fun of and to ridicule; no Gospel preachers to offer you salvation; no praying wives to urge you and plead with you to accept salvation. Thanks be to God, you may accept it. You are in the land of an open Bible, where the Gospel is proclaimed freely to you all. You have men coming to you in your shops and stores telling you of it kindly, and you make light of the comfort offered. When they come to you, you say they are mad, and laugh at them. But, ah! the time is coming, and it may come quicker than you imagine, when you will have no friends to come and urge you to come to Christ. Some of you have praying children, and you ignore them. A little child came to me the other day, and asked me to pray for her father and mother. She was very anxious that they should become Christians. There will be no little children there who will come to you then and urge you to accept Christ. No blessed Jesus will come then to the door of your heart and plead with you. "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by" now, but there will be no song in hell like that. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. He don't pass by that way. You have heard Mr. Sankey singing, "The Ninety and Nine;" you won't hear it there. You have heard that good old song which your mothers have taught you, "Guide Me, oh, Thou Great Jehovah;" you will not hear that blessed hymn in that world. If you do, it will be the taunting by some fiend. If you wish to sing it, you must accept salvation here. If you want to come into the kingdom of God, you have to accept the salvation urged upon you by praying mothers, pleading ministers, young converts. Yes, my friends, the very angels are hovering over this assembly, waiting to receive those who are willing and ready to accept salvation.

Yes, I can imagine the skeptic saying, "Just go and tell this to some one else. Don't talk about future retribution; I don't believe in hell." Let me ask you a question: Do you think that those gamblers, thieves, harlots, and drunkards, who are trampling the ten commandments under their feet, they who have never given any respect to God's word or to His instructions—do you think they will be swept into the kingdom of Heaven against their will? Do you think that those antediluvians, who were so sinful that God could not let them live on the earth, would be swept into Paradise, and Noah left to wade through the deluge? Do you think that these

people, too corrupt for earth, would go there? As I have said before, an unregenerated man in Heaven would make a hell of it. An unregenerated man couldn't stay there. Why, some of you can not wait an hour here to listen to the Word of God. Before the hour expires you want to go out. Some of you just wish it was over so that you could go and get a drink in some of those saloons. I tell you, from the very depths of my heart, I believe Heaven would be a hell to an unregenerated man. "I don't want to be here," he would say. My friends, Heaven is a prepared place for prepared people, and no one will ever see the kingdom of God without being born of God.

When I visited the Paris Exposition in 1868, I saw a picture with a little piece of paper underneath it on which were the words, "Sowing tares." It was the picture of a man with the most hellish-looking countenance I ever beheld. It seemed the face of a very fiend. He had a basket in his hand which held seed, and every time a seed went down from his hand, up came a serpent, crawling and twisting all over him, and away off in the distance, among the trees, were all kinds of wild beasts. The picture fastened itself upon my mind. "Sowing tares." My friends, if you sow tares you'll have to reap them. Do you think those libertines, those gamblers, those rumsellers, who are ruining others, who are striking men down to death—do you think they are going into Heaven without being regenerated? No, my friends, they are sowing tares, and they must reap them.

"Son, remember!" If you forget the sermon, remember the text. Remember this scene. Look all around you—look up there. "God is love." Away off on the shores of eternity you will remember it all. You will remember that you came into this Tabernacle one November Sunday night in 1876; you will recollect just how the choir looked, just how and what Mr. Sankey sang; you will remember how he sang "The Ninety and Nine," and how the preacher spoke upon the text, "Son, remember." May God wake up your memory, that you may escape the damnation of hell and flee to the bosom of the Saviour. My friends, don't trifle with eternal things. Trifle with the forked lightning, trifle with some terrible disease, but don't trifle with the eternal judgment. Remember that His ways are not like your ways. As the Heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways than ours. If a man does not escape by Calvary there is no hope for him. If the Word of God don't teach that it don't teach anything.

I remember a few years ago I felt very anxious for a man who was present at a meeting like this. At the close of the meeting I asked all to rise, and he rose among the others. I took him aside and said, "Now, you are going to become a Christian—you will come out for the Lord now?" He said he was wanting to very much. The man was trembling from head to foot, and I thought sure he was going to accept Him. I spoke to him in his hesitating condition, and found out what was standing between him and Christ. He was afraid of his companions. Nearly every day and night news comes to me that some of these employers and clerks make light of these meetings, and make fun of all who attend them, and so many give the same reason as this man did. I said to him: "If Heaven is what we are led to believe it is, I would be willing to accept it and bear their fun." I talked with him, but he wouldn't accept it. He went off, but for weeks he came every night, and went away as he came, without accepting it. One day I received a message to come and see him. He was sick, and I went to his chamber. He wanted to know if there was hope for him in the eleventh hour. I spoke to him, and gave him every hope I could. Day after day I visited him, and, contrary to all expectation, I saw him gradually recovering. When he had got pretty well he was sitting on the front porch, and I sat down by him and said: "You will be going now to confess Christ; you'll be going to take your stand for Him now?" "Well," said he, "I promised God on my sick bed that I would; but I will wait a little. I am going over to Michigan, where I am going to buy a farm and settle down and become a Christian." "If God can not make you a Christian here, He will not do it there," I replied. I tried to get him to make an unconditional surrender, but he wouldn't; he would put it off till next spring. "Why," I said, "you may not live till next spring." "Don't you see I am getting quite well?" "But are you willing to take the risk till next spring?" "Oh yes, I'll take it; Mr. Moody, you needn't trouble yourself any more about my soul; I'll risk it." Just one week from that day his wife sent for me. When I went to their home I found her in great trouble and learned that he had had a relapse. I asked if he had expressed a desire to see me. She said, "No; he is always saying 'there is no hope' and I can not bear to have him die in that condition." I went into the room. He did not speak to me, but I went down to the foot of the bed and asked him how it was with him. What a look he gave me!

He said: "You needn't talk to me any more; go talk to my wife and children, there's no hope for me." He pointed to the stove as he continued: "My heart is as hard as that stove now. When I was sick He came to the door of my heart, and I promised to serve Him, but I broke that promise, and now I must die without Him." I got down to pray. "You needn't pray for me," he said. I prayed, but it seemed as if my prayer went no higher than my head. He lingered till that night, repeating, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." There he lay in agony, every few minutes this lamentation breaking from him. Just as the sun was going down behind those western prairies his wife leaned over him, and in an almost inaudible voice he whispered, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and he died. He had lived a Christless life, he died a Christless death, he was wrapped in a Christless shroud, and he was buried in a Christless grave. Dear friends, the harvest is passing; the summer will soon be ended; won't you let Him redeem you? Accept His precious blood. Sinner, He comes to the very door of your heart. He, the God of all grace, will save every soul here.

There was handed to me a little piece of poetry to-day. I am not much given to poetry, but it seems to me to fit in here:

I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience, sitting
In that solemnly silent place,
And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time,

And I thought of my former thinking
Of the Judgment Day to be ;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave ;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday—
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.
And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

Ah, sinner, take Him. Your own conscience will condemn you ;
your memory will condemn you. "Son, remember." May you all
remember that to-night is a night of mercy. Let us all pray for
every soul in the assembly.

XLI.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

ACTS 8:30: "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

ONE thing I have noticed in studying the Word of God, and that is, when a man is filled with the Spirit he deals largely with the Word of God; whereas the man who is filled with his own ideas refers rarely to the Word of God. He gets along without it, and you seldom see it mentioned in his discourses. A great many use it only as a text-book. They get their text from the Bible, and go on without any further allusion to it; they ignore it; but when a man is filled with the Word, as Stephen was, he can not help speaking Scripture. You will find that Moses was constantly repeating the commandments; you will find, too, that Joshua, when he came across the Jordan with his people, there they stood and the law of the Lord God was read to them, and you will find all through Scripture the men of God dealing much with His Word. Why, you will find Christ constantly referring to them, and saying, "Thus saith the Scriptures." Now, as old Dr. Bonar, of Glasgow, said, "The Lord didn't tell Joshua how to use the sword, but He told him how he should meditate on the Lord day and night, and then he would have good success." When we find a man meditating on the words of God, my friends, that man is full of boldness and is successful. And the reason why we have so little success in our teaching is because we know so little of the Word of God. You must know it and have it in your heart. A great many have it in their head and not in their heart. If we have the Spirit of God in our heart, then we have something to work upon. He does not use us because He is not in us. Know, as we come to this word to-day, as Mr. Sankey has been singing:

"No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken."

Let us take this thought in John x. 35: "And the Scripture can

not be broken." There is a great deal of infidelity around, and it has crept into many of the churches, too. These doubters take up the Bible and wonder if they can believe it all—if it is true from back to back, and a good many things in it they believe are not true. I have a good deal of admiration for that colored man who was approached by some infidel—some skeptical man, and who told him, "Why, the Bible is not true; all scientific men tell us that now; it's only a bundle of fables." "Bible ain't true?" replied the colored man. "Why, I was a blasphemer an' a drinker, an' dat book jest made me stop swearin', drinkin', lyin', and blaspheming, an' you say 'tain't true." My friends, the black man had the best of the argument. Do you think if the Bible was a bad book it would make men good? Do you think if it was a false book it would make men good? And so let us take our stand on the colored man's platform, and be convinced that it is true. When we take it into our hands let us know that it is the Word of God, and try to understand it. Many of the passages appear to us difficult to understand, but if we could understand it clearly from back to back at first, it would be as a human book; but the very fact that we can not understand it all at once, is the highest proof that it is the Word of God.

Now, another thought is, that a great many people read it, but they read it as a task. They say, "Well, I've read it through, I know all that's in it," and lay it aside. How many people prefer the morning paper in order to get news. They prefer it, but it is a false idea. This Bible is the only newspaper; it tells you all that has taken place for the last six thousand years, and it tells you all the news of the future. Why, seventeen hundred years before Christ, the people were told in it of the coming of Christ. They knew He was coming. The daily paper could not tell us of this; they may be written by learned men, brilliant editorial writers, but they couldn't have told this. If you want news, study the Bible—the blessed old Bible, and you will find it has all the news of the world.

Now, we come up to the question, How to study it. A great many read it as I used to read it, just to ease my conscience. I had a rule, before I was converted, to read two chapters a day. If I didn't do it before I retired, I used to jump out of bed and read them; but if you had asked me fifteen minutes after what I had read I could not have told you. Now this is the trouble with many

—they read with the head and not with the heart. A man may read his Bible, but when he has closed it you may ask him what chapter he read last, and he can not tell you. He sometimes puts a mark in it to tell him; without the mark he don't know, his reading has been so careless. It is to keep him from reading it again. Just as I used to do when hoeing corn; I used to put a stick in the furrow to know where I had hoed last. A good many people are just like this; they pick up a chapter here, and there is no connection in their reading, and consequently don't know anything about the Word of God. If we want to understand it, we've got to study it—read it on our knees, asking the Holy Ghost to give us the understanding to see what the Word of God is; and if we go about it that way, and turn our face, as Joshua did, in prayer, and set ourselves to study these blessed and heavenly truths, the Lord will not disappoint us, and we will soon know our Bible; and when we know our Bible, then it is that God can use us.

Let me say there are three books which every Christian ought to have, and if you haven't them, go and buy them before you get your tea. The first is a good Bible—a good large-print Bible. I don't like those little-print ones, which you can scarcely see—get one in large print. A good many object to a large Bible because they can't carry it in their pocket. Well, if you can't carry it in your pocket, it is a good way to carry it under your arm. It is showing what you are—it is showing your flag. Now, a great many of you are coming in from the country to these meetings, and when you get on the cars you see people who are not ashamed to sit down and play cards. I don't see why the children of God should be ashamed of carrying their Bibles under their arms in the cars. "Ah," some say, "that is the spirit of a Pharisee." It would be the pharisaical spirit if you hadn't dipped down into heavenly truths—if you haven't the Spirit of God with you. Some say, "I haven't it." Suppose you don't read so many of these daily papers, and read a little oftener the Bible. Some say, "I haven't time." Take time. I don't believe there is a business man in Chicago who couldn't find an hour a day to read his Bible if he wanted to. Get a good Bible, then a good concordance, and then a scriptural textbook. Whenever you come to something in the Word of God that you don't know, hunt for its meaning in those books. Suppose after the meeting I am looking all over the platform and Dr. Kitredge says, "What are you looking for?" and I answer, "Oh, noth-

ing, nothing," he would go off. If he thought I hadn't dropped something he wouldn't stay. But suppose I had lost a very valuable ring, which some esteemed friend had given me, and I told him this. He would stay with me, and we would move this organ, and those chairs, and look all over, and by looking carefully we would find it. If a man hunts for truths in the Word of God, and reads it as if he was looking for nothing in particular, he will get nothing. When the men went to California in the gold excitement they went to dig for gold, and they worked day and night with a terrible energy just to get a little gold. Now, my friends, if they wanted to get the pure gold they had to dig for it, and when I was there I was told that the best gold was got by digging deep for it. So the best truths are got by digging deep for them.

When I was in Boston I went into Mr. Prang's chromo establishment. I wanted to know how the work was done. He took me to a stone several feet square, where he took the first impression, but when he took the paper off the stone I could see no sign of a man's face; the paper was just tinged. I said I couldn't see any sign of a man's face there. "Wait a little," he said. He took me to another stone, but when the paper was lifted I couldn't see any impression yet. He took me up—up to eight, nine, ten stones, and then I could see just the faintest outlines of a man's face. He went on till he got up to about the twentieth stone, and I could see the impression of a face, but he said it was not very correct yet. Well, he went on until he got up, I think, to the twenty-eighth stone, and a perfect face appeared, and it looked as if all it had to do was to speak, and it would be human. If you read a chapter of the Bible and don't see anything in it, read it a second time; and if you can not see anything in it, read it a third time. Dig deep. Read it again and again, and even if you have to read it twenty-eight times do so, and you will see the man Christ Jesus, for He is in every page of the Word; and if you take Christ out of the Old Testament you will take the key out of the Word.

Many men in the churches nowadays are saying that the teachings in the New Testament are to be believed, but those in the Old are not. Those who say this don't know anything about the New. There is nothing in the Old Testament that God has not put His seal upon. "Why," some people say to me, "Moody, you don't believe in the flood? All the scientific men tell us it is absurd." Let them tell us. Jesus tells us of it, and I would rather take the

word of Jesus than that of any other one. I haven't got much respect for those men who dig down for stones with shovels, in order to take away the Word of God. Men don't believe in the story of Sodom and Gomorrah, but we have it sealed in the New Testament. "As it was in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah." They don't believe in Lot's wife, but He says, "Remember Lot's wife." So there is not a thing that men to-day cavil at but the Son of God indorses. They don't believe in the swallowing of Jonah. They say it is impossible that a whale could swallow Jonah—its throat is too small. They forget that the whale was prepared for Jonah; as the colored woman said, "Why, God could prepare a man to swallow a whale, let alone a whale to swallow a man." We find that He indorses all the points in the Old Testament, from Genesis to Revelation. We have only one book—we haven't two. The moment a man begins to cut and slash, away it all goes. Some don't believe in the first five books. They would do well to look into the third chapter of John, where they will see the Samaritan woman at the well looking for the coming of Christ from the first five books of Moses. I tell you, my friends, if you look for Him you will find Him all through the Old Testament. You will find Him in Genesis—in every book in the Bible. Just turn to Luke xxiv. 27, you will find Him, after He had risen again, speaking about the Old Testament prophets: "And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scripture the things concerning Himself." Concerning Himself. Don't that settle the question? I tell you, I am convinced in my mind that the Old Testament is as true as the New. "And He began at Moses and all the prophets." Mark that, "all the prophets." Then in the forty-fourth verse: "And He said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the psalms concerning Me. Then opened He their understanding that they might understand the Scripture." If we take Christ out of the Old Testament, what are you going to do with the psalms and prophets? The book is a sealed book, if we take away the New from it. Christ unlocks the Old and Jesus the New. Philip, in teaching the people, found Christ in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, the early Christians had nothing but the Old Testament to

preach the Gospel from—at Pentecost they had nothing else. So if there is any man or woman in this assembly who believes in the New Testament, and not in the Old, dear friends, you are deluded by Satan, because if you read the Word of God you will find Him spoken of throughout both books. I notice if a man goes to cut up the Bible and comes to you with one truth and says, “I don’t believe this and I don’t believe that”—I notice when he begins to doubt portions of the Word of God he soon doubts it all.

Now, the question is, how to study the Bible. Of course, I can not tell you how you are to study it; but I can tell you how I have studied it, and that may help you. I have found it a good plan to take up one book at a time. It is a good deal better to study one book at a time than to run through the Bible. If we study one book and get its key, it will, perhaps, open up others. Take up the book of Genesis, and you will find eight beginnings; or, in other words, you pick up the key of several books. The Gospel was written that man might believe on Jesus Christ, and every chapter speaks of it. Now, take the book of Genesis; it says it is the book of beginnings. That is the key; then the book of Exodus—it is the book of redemption; that is the key word of the whole. Take up the book of Leviticus, and we find that it is the book of sacrifices. And so on through all the different books; you will find each one with a key. Another thing: we must study it unbiased. A great many people believe certain things. They believe in certain creeds and doctrines, and they run through the book to get Scripture in accordance with them. If a man is a Calvinistic man, he wants to find something in accordance with his doctrine. But if we seek truth, the Spirit of God will come. Don’t seek it in the blue light of Presbyterianism, in the red light of Methodism, or in the light of Episcopalianism, but study it in the light of Calvary. Another way to study it is, not only to take one book at a time; but I have been wonderfully blessed by taking up one word at a time. Take up the word, and go to your concordance and find out all about it. I remember I took up the word “love,” and turned to the Scriptures and studied it, and got so that I felt I loved everybody. I got full of it. When I went on the street I felt as if I loved everybody I saw. It ran out of my fingers. Suppose you take the subject of love and study it up. You will get so full of it that all you have got to do is to open your lips and a flood of the love of God flows upon the meeting. If you go into a court,

you will find a lawyer pleading a case. He gets everything bearing upon one point heaped up so as to carry his argument with all the force he can, in order to convince the jury. Now, it seems to me a man should do the same in talking to an audience; just think that he has a jury before him, and he wants to convict a sinner. If it is love, get all you can upon the subject, and talk love, love.

Take up the word grace. I didn't know what Calvary was till I studied grace. I got so full of the wonderful grace that I had to speak. I had to run out and tell people about it. If you want to find out those Heavenly truths, take up the concordance and heap up the evidence, and you can not help but preach. Take Heaven; there are people all the time wondering what it is, and where it is. Take your concordance and see what the Word of God says it is. Let these men who are talking against blood look into the Word of God, and they will find if it don't teach that, it teaches nothing else. When we preach about that, some people are thinking we are taking our own views. But the Word says, "The life of all flesh is in the blood, and without blood there is no remission." The moment a man talks against blood he throws out the Bible. Take up Saul, study him. You will find hundreds of men in Chicago just like him. Take up Lot, study that character. Let me say right here, that if we are going to have—and I firmly believe in my soul that we are going to have, a revival in the North-west—if we are going to have it, you must bring the people to the study of the Word of God. I have been out here for a good number of years, and I am tired and sick of these spasmodic meetings, tired of the bonfires which, after a little, are reduced to a bundle of shavings. When I see men speaking to inquirers in the inquiry-room without holding the Word of God up to them, I think their work will not be lasting. What we want to do is to get people to study the Word of God, in order that the work may be thorough and lasting. I notice when a man is brought coolly, and calmly, and intelligently, that man will have a reason for being a Christian. We must do that; we must bring a man to the Word of God if we don't want this Western country filled with backsliders. Let us pray that we will have a Scriptural revival, and if we preach only the Word in our churches and in our Sunday-schools, we will have a revival that will last to eternity. Let us turn back to one of the Old Testament revivals, when the people had been brought up from Babylon. Look

at the eighth chapter of Nehemiah: "And Ezra, the priest, brought the Law before the congregation, both of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding, upon the first day of the seventh month, and he read therein, before the street that was before the water gate, from morning until midday, before the men and women and those that could understand, and the ears of the people were attentive unto the Book of the Law." No preaching there, he merely read the Word of God—that is, God's word—not man's. A great many of us prefer man's word to that of God. We are running after eloquent preachers—after men who can get up eloquent moral essays. They leave out the Word of God. We want to get back to the Word of God. They had an all-day meeting there, something like this, "And Ezra opened the Book in the sight of all the people, for he was above all the people; and when he opened it, all the people stood up." I can see the great crowd standing up to listen to the prophet, just like young robins taking in what the old robin brings them. "And Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people answered, Amen, Amen. With lifting up their hands they bowed their heads and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground." "So they read in the Book in the Law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Now, it strikes me that it is about the height of preaching to get people to understand the reading of the Word. It would be a great deal better if a preacher would sometimes stop when he had made a remark, and say, "Mr. Jones, do you understand that?" "No, I don't;" and then the preacher might make it a little plainer, so that he could understand it. There would be a great difference in the preaching in some of the churches. He would talk a little less about metaphysics and science, and speak about something else. "Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord, neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." "For the joy of the Lord is your strength." If you will show me a Bible Christian living on the Word of God, I will show you a joyful man. He is mounting up all the time. He has got new truths that lift him up over every obstacle, and he mounts over difficulties higher and higher, like a man I once heard of who had a bag of gas fastened on either side, and if he just touched the ground with his foot, over a wall or a

hedge he would go ; and so these truths make us so light that we bound over every obstacle.

And when we have those truths our work will be successful. Just turn over to Jeremiah xx. 9, to this blessed old prophet. There was a time when he was not going to speak about the Word of God any more. Now I just want to show you this, when a man is filled with the Word of God you can not keep him still. If a man has got the Word, he must speak or die. "Then I said, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name, but His Word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." It set him on fire, and so a man filled with the Word of God is filled as with a burning fire, and it is so easy for a man to work when he is filled with the Word of God. I heard of a man the other week who was going to preach against the blood. I was very anxious to see what he would say about it, and I got the paper next morning and found there was nothing else there than Scriptural quotations. I said that was the very best thing he could do. As we see in the twenty-third chapter of Jeremiah : "Is not my Word like as a fire, saith the Lord, that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Those hard, flinty rocks will be broken if we give them the word of God. Those men in the Northwest that we can not reach by our own words, give them this and see if they can not be reached. Not only that, if we are full of Scripture ourselves, give them what God says, you will find it easy to preach—you will say we haven't to get up so many sermons. It seems to me if we had more of the Word of God in our services and give up more of our own thoughts, there would be a hundred times more converted than there are. A preacher, if he wants to give his people the Word, must have fed on the Word himself. A man must get water out of a well when there is water. He may dip his bucket in if it is empty, but he will get nothing. I think the best thing I have heard in Chicago, I heard the other day, and it has fastened itself upon my mind, and I must tell it to you ministers. We had for our subject in Farwell Hall the other day the seventh chapter of John, when the Rev. Mr. Gibson said if a man was to come among a lot of thirsty men with an empty bucket they wouldn't come to him to drink. He said he believed that was the trouble with most of the ministers, as that had been the trouble with himself. He hadn' got a bucket of living water, and the people wouldn't come to him. Just look at an audience of

thirsty men, and you bring in a bucket of clear, sparkling water and see how they will go for it. If you go into your Sunday-schools and the children look into your buckets and see them empty, there is nothing for them there. So, my friends, if we attempt to feed others we must first be fed ourselves.

There is another thing which has wonderfully helped me. That is, to mark my Bible whenever I hear anything that strikes me. If a minister has been preaching to me a good sermon, I put his name down next to the text, and then it recalls what has been said, and I can show it to others. You know we laymen have the right to take what we hear to one another. If ministers saw people doing this they would preach a good deal better sermons. Not only that, but if we understood our Bibles better the ministers would preach better. I think if people knew more about the Word than they do, so many of them would not be carried away with false doctrine. There is no place I have ever been in where people so thoroughly understand their Bibles as in Scotland. Why, little boys could quote Scripture and take me up on a text. They have the whole nation just educated, as it were, with the Word of God. Infidelity can not come there. A man got up, in Glasgow, at a corner and began to preach universal salvation. "Oh, sir," said an old woman, "that will never save the like of me." She had heard enough preaching to know that it would never save her. If a man comes among them with any false doctrine, these Scotchmen instantly draw their Bibles on him. I had to keep my eyes open, and be careful what I said there. They knew their Bibles a good deal better than I did. And so if the preachers could get the people to read the Word of God more carefully, and note what they heard, there would not be so much infidelity among us.

I want to tell you how I was blessed a few years ago, upon hearing a discourse upon the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs. The speaker said the children of God were like four things. The first thing was, "The ants are a people not strong," and he went on to compare the children of God to the ants. He said the people of God were like ants. They pay no attention to the things of the present, but go on steadily preparing for the future. The next thing he compared them to was the conies. "The conies are but a feeble folk." It is a very weak little thing. "Well," said I, "I wouldn't like to be as a coney." But he went on to say that it built upon a rock. The children of God were very weak, but they laid their

foundation upon a rock. "Well," said I, "I will be like a coney and build my hopes upon a rock." Like the Irishman who said he trembled himself, but the rock upon which his house was built never did. The next thing the speaker compared them to was a locust. I didn't think much of locusts, and I thought I wouldn't care about being like one. But he went on to read they have "no king, yet they go forth, all of them, by bands." There were the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, the Methodist bands going forth without a king, but, by and by, our King will come back again, and these bands will fly to them. "Well, I will be like a locust; my King's away," I thought. The next comparison was a spider. I don't like this at all; but he said if we went into a gilded palace filled with luxury, we might see a spider holding on to something, oblivious to all the luxury below. It was laying hold on the things above. "Well," said I, "I would like to be a spider." I heard this a good many years ago, and I just put the speaker's name to it and it makes the sermon. But take your Bibles and mark them. Don't think of wearing it out. It is a rare thing to find a man wearing his Bible out nowadays—and Bibles are cheap too. You are living in a land where there are plenty. Study them and mark them, and don't be afraid of wearing them. Now don't you see how much better it would be to study it? And if you are talking to a man, instead of talking about your neighbors, just talk about the Bible; and when Christian men come together, just compare notes, and ask one another: "What have you found new in the Word of God since I saw you last?" Some men come to me and ask me if I have picked up anything new, and I give them what I have and they give me what they have. An Englishman asked me some time ago, "Do you know much about Job?" "Well, I know a little," I replied. "If you've got the key of Job you've got the key to the whole Bible." "What," I replied, "I thought it was a poetical book." "Well," says he, "I will just divide Job into seven heads. The first is the perfect man—untried—and that is Adam and Eve before they fell. The second head is tried by adversity—Adam after the fall. The third is the wisdom of the world—the three friends who came to try to help Job out of his difficulties. They had no power to help him at all." He could stand his scolding wife, but he couldn't stand them. The fourth head takes the form of the Mediator, and in the fifth head God speaks at last. He heard Him before by the ear, but he hears Him

now by the soul, and he fell down flat upon his face. A good many men in Chicago are like Job. They think they are mighty good men, but the moment they hear the voice of God they know they are sinners—they are in the dust. There isn't much talk about their goodness then. Here he was with his face down. Job learned his lesson. That was the sixth head, and in these heads were the burdens of Adam's sin. The seventh head was when God showed him His face. Well, I learned the key to the Bible; I can not tell how this helped me. I told it to another man, and he asked me if I ever thought of how he got his property back and his sheep back. He gave Job double what he had, and gave him ten children besides, so that he should have ten in Heaven besides his ten on earth.

PRAYER.

Our heavenly Father, may we look for a blessing ere we go hence, for precious blessings before we go out of this place. We would ask Thee to bless every minister and every church who have entered this alliance. Next Sunday may they enter their pulpits weaker than they have ever been before. May they lose all their own strength and receive from Thee that which is so necessary to the work. May Thy blessing descend on us as we pray here in one place and with one accord. May it please Thee to bless all these churches, not missing one, and may the news come of great things having been done through the medium of this gathering. Increase our faith; take away our miserable unbelief. May we see eye to eye; may every heart beat true to Christ. May all these men receive from on high the power they need so much. And now as we go to the Tabernacle to speak to the drunkard who is being dragged down to hell, may it please Thee to give us the power to reclaim them—to set the captives free—and we will give to Christ all the praise and glory. Amen.

XLII.

FIVE ONE THINGS.

THE first thing is: One thing thou lackest. Now, it is a very common expression that that man would be a splendid man if it was not for one thing. How many times have wives come to me and said about their husbands, "He is almost perfect, but is not a Christian." Why, if he is not a Christian he lacks everything. If a man is a beggar, all he lacks to become a rich man is wealth; all that a blind man lacks in order to see is his sight; and, as I said the other day, if a dead man had life he would be a dead man no longer—he lacks life and he lacks everything. So if a man lacks Christianity he lacks salvation, and that is everything. Now, in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew the man who spoke to Christ was a formalist. He said, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" And he was told if he was to get into Heaven by doing anything, he was to get there by keeping the commandments, and He commenced to enumerate them. When he had heard Him through, the young man said unto Him, "All these things have I kept from my youth up." But the Lord could read his heart. He thought he had complied with all God's requirements, like thousands of formalists now. He saw his heart was given to wealth. He said to him, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell what thou hast got and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven," and he went away sorrowfully. His heart was set upon things here. He lacked one thing; in that one thing he lacked everything. Hundreds of thousands lack everything. They expect to save themselves by their good deeds. They go on doing good deeds, and thinking that will save them, but they must take salvation. Unless a man becomes converted, is born again, and becomes a child of God, he can not enter the kingdom of God.

Another thing I want to call your attention to—"There is one thing I know." If a man has been saved, he has to know it. A great many people have not got assurance. Many think that as-

surance is not to be had while traveling through the world—they must wait till they get before the terrible judgment-seat to know whether they are accepted or not. And I find some ministers preach this precious doctrine from their pulpits. I heard of a minister who, while on his way to the burial of a man, began to talk upon the subject of assurance. “Why,” said he, “if I knew for a certainty that I was saved, the carriage couldn’t hold me. I would have to jump out with joy.” A man should be convinced that he has the Gospel before he preaches it to any one else. Why, a man need not try to pull a man out of the river if he is in it himself. A man need not try to lift a man out of a pit if he is there too. No man can preach salvation till he knows he is saved. Not only that, but we must, as Paul says, be absent from the body and present with the Lord in order to preach effectively. Look at Job in his trials, when the waves of affliction were rolling over him. You can hear his voice shouting above the billows, “I know that my Redeemer liveth;” and if Job knew, then the children of God away down in this generation, with an open Bible before them, ought to know. Now there can not be any peace where there is uncertainty. He gives peace and joy that flow like a river over the soul. Now, how are you going to have peace and joy if we do not know we have salvation; if we do not know for a certainty that we have been born of God? Look at that mother at the sick bed of her child; with what anxiety does she not hover over that little one just balancing between life and death. There is no comfort, there is no sleep for that mother. She is filled with uncertainty, and so we can have no rest, we can have no peace, if we are uncertain whether or not we have salvation. Suppose a man is going to Cincinnati, and he gets on the cars, but he feels uneasy lest the train will take him to St. Louis instead of his destination. He will not rest till he knows he is on the right road, and we should not rest until we know we are on the right road to salvation. Not to know our destination is contrary to Scripture. If we want peace, we must know it, and we can know it; it is the Word of God. Hear what Peter says: “We know we have an incorruptible dwelling.” Then in Paul’s epistle to the Colossians i. 12: “Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet”—hath made us, not going to—“to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Who hath delivered us”—not going to deliver us, but He hath delivered us; this is an assurance—“from the power of darkness, and hath trans-

lated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." A person came to me some time ago and said, "Mr. Moody, I wish you would give me a book that preaches assurance, and that tells the children of God it is their privilege to know they are accepted." I said, "Here is a book; it is very orthodox. It was written by John, the most intimate friend of Jesus while He was on earth; the man who laid his head upon His bosom. Turn to John and see what he says in the 5th chapter, 'For in them ye think ye have eternal life.' Why, that whole epistle, I believe, was written with this one object, that we might know we have eternal life. There is no doubt about assurance in the Word of God. A person said to me some time ago: 'I think it is great presumption for a person to say she is saved.' I asked her if she was saved. 'I belong to a church,' she sobbed. 'But are you saved?' 'I believe it would be presumption in me to say that I was saved.' 'Well, I think it is a greater piece of presumption for any one to say: 'I don't know if they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,' because it is written, 'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.' It is clearly stated that we have assurance then. Now, I find a great many people who want some evidence that they have accepted the Son of God. My friends, if you want any evidence take God's word for it. You can't find better evidence than that. You know that when the Angel Gabriel came down and told Zachariah he should have a son, he wanted a further token than the angel's word. He asked Gabriel for it and he answered, 'I am Gabriel who stands in the presence of the Lord.' He had never been doubted, and he thundered out this to Zachariah.

But he wanted a further token, and Gabriel said, "You shall have a token; you shall be dumb till your son shall be given you." And so, many people want a further token than His Word, and that is the reason there are so many dumb Christians. If He said we should have eternal life, He did not mean life for two years or months, it is for all eternity; and if the gift of God is not everlasting life, what is it? When we partake of salvation, we partake of the incorruptible seed which never perishes. My friends, it is the privilege of every child of God to know for a certainty that you are saved, and if you don't know you are saved, you are spending your time in nought. You can say like that blind beggar, "I know." Why, all the scoffers and infidels at Jerusalem tried to make him believe he did not know. Probably they tried to make him believe

he was some other woman's son than his mother's. They tried to tell him that he was not cured of his blindness, but he said, "I know." He was convinced that he had got his sight that day. And the man of God who has fixed his feet on the rock of salvation, he can say with certainty, "I know." If you have not got assurance, and want it, just believe God's Word. If you go down South and ask those three million colored people how they think they are free, they won't talk about their feelings; they just believe that Abraham Lincoln made them free. They believe the proclamation, and so we must believe the proclamation God has made in the Bible. "One thing thou teachest," that is salvation. The next thing is to be sure that we have it—to know it beyond doubt; not building our hopes upon some rotten vision; not building our hopes of salvation upon some form or creed; not building our hopes upon the fact of our belonging to this or that church; but to base our hopes upon the sure knowledge that we have passed from death unto life.

The next "one thing" I want to tell you of is what Mary chose. A great many women wonder why the Lord commended Mary and not Martha. Why, Mary just sat at the feet of Jesus and learned of Him. Before we can be successful in the ministry and bring people to Christ we must learn humility. We live in a very rapid age, when everything is in business—in the age of telegraph and steam—but we must have time to learn to sit at the feet of Jesus. You may go through Harvard or Princeton or Yale Colleges, but if you have not learned this, your efforts will not be blessed. If you have learned, you will be brimful of His Spirit. When I was in Glasgow I heard Dr. Bonar say, he got a tumbler of water just filled to the brim, and whenever he merely dipped his finger into it the water overflowed. Now every child of God wants to have his heart just as full of the love of God as that tumbler was of water, and that was what Mary had. She had a fullness and could then go to look for Him. May you who have come up to this convention return brimful of His Spirit. May they go back with their scythes whetted, and you know you can mow more in ten minutes with a sharp scythe than you can in an hour with a dull one. How many times have I tried to mow with a dull scythe and could do nothing, but the moment I got it sharpened I could cut the grass without any effort. That is the trouble with us; we are trying to mow with dull scythes. We want to be filled with the Spirit—we want to

learn humility—to sit at the feet of Jesus. If we have not learned this lesson we are like men with dingy lanterns; people can not see our light, but if we have learned this lesson we will be as living epistles, and we will be read by all. Yes, the third “one thing” is to learn to sit at the feet of Jesus.

The fourth “one thing” is to know that He is your Master. I find a great many people with a good many masters. A great many of them work for the public, but they don't get much for their work. Ask these politicians, and they will tell you they don't get much for their service. Go and ask those who have been in the House of Representatives, or in the Senate, or in the Legislature, what they get for their public service. Why, they get nothing but sneers. The man who serves the public, when he goes down to his old age, how soon he is forgotten. A great many work for only selfish aims—working for the accumulation of money. Others are working to gratify ambition; they want to make a name for themselves in letters; and others again are serving the world; but all those who are not serving God are serving the devil, and he is binding them hand and foot. But if we serve Jesus Christ, He is our Master, and I want to testify to you that He is a good Master—that He is a kind and forbearing Master. If a public man makes a mistake, the world never forgives him. Look at the public man who has made a mistake—why, he is shut out ever after; the world has written him down. But if the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ makes a mistake, all he has to do is just to come to Him and tell Him, and He will forgive him. He is a good Master, and if we but trust Him we will have success in His service. If we do not work so much for this society or that society, this or that public institution, but for Him, and remember that in Him we have our only Master, then the churches will be built up, because then we will be working only to glorify Him. We can not serve two masters. That has been decreed by Heaven already. Scripture has settled that forever. Well, now, who is your Master? Can you say to-night you have got only one Master? Some men are trying to serve both Him and another master. Can you say He is your Master? If you can, you have but one, and will be working for Him alone, and your work will be successful. Look at these mighty men working for King David. They left Saul. They did not try to serve both Saul and David. They left him and went with David to the cave of Adullam, and when David cried, “Oh, for a draught of water,” they cut their way

through the Philistines, in the face of death, to serve him. They were willing to die for him. And so if we recognize Christ as our Master we will be willing to sacrifice everything for Him, will be ready to die for Him. Let us look up to Him whom God has raised from the grave—He who was raised from the sepulchre and placed on His right hand. Look at those nails in His feet, look at those nails in His hands, see that crown of thorns on His head, and remember that He is the Captain of our salvation, and let us feel that we are willing to die for Him. I remember hearing of a general who was taken off the battle-field in a dying condition, and when they were bearing him away he said: "Take me back to the battle-field and let the men see my wounds, and that will give them courage to go to the battle." He was taken back to the field, and when the men saw their dying general pierced by the enemy's bullets, it filled them with courage, and they tore down upon the enemy and conquered. Remember that Christ is our Captain, and that He has been pierced and wounded in our cause, and we will be filled with enthusiasm.

The fifth "one thing" I want to call your attention to is found in one of the texts which I like. It was Paul's motto. He was a man of one idea. Now the world looks down upon a man with one idea. And especially if that idea is for Christ Jesus, he is a bigot, a narrow-minded man in the eyes of the world. But I tell you, if a man has got one idea he is a terrible man. It is those men who have only one idea who thoroughly succeed. Take a man of business; if he goes into several things it won't be long before he will go down; he keeps to one thing and then he is successful. And so you ministers, if you want to serve Christ, have fewer ideas than you have; get off some of those committees. Some of you are serving on educational committees; some of you are serving on foreign committees. You are bound up with this and that committee, and you have no time to devote to saving souls. I remember when I was in Chicago, before the fire, I was on some ten or twelve committees; my hands were full. If a man came to me to talk about his soul, I would say, "I haven't time; got a committee to attend to." But now I have turned my back on everything—turned my attention to saving souls, and God has blessed me and made me an instrument to save more souls during the last four or five years than during all my previous life. And so if a minister will devote himself to this undivided work, God will bless him. Take that

motto of Paul's: "One thing I do. Forgetting the things which are behind, and pressing forward to those things which are before. I press forward toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Some of these dear men who have come down to this convention, think they have got all the blessing wanted. Some of them say, "We are full;" but it is a question what fullness is. I tell you, if a man is full of the Holy Spirit, what a mighty man he becomes. When he gets this idea down in his soul, he forgets everything behind him and reaches out to the things above. Do you say: "There is one thing I have got to do—press toward the mark of my higher calling?" Does everything sink beside this idea? If you will allow me an expression, Satan got a match when he got Paul. He tried to get him away from God, but he never switched off. Look how they tortured him; look how they stripped and beat him. Not only did the Romans do this, but the Jews also. How the Jews tried to drag him from his high calling; how they stripped him, and laid upon the back of the apostle blow after blow. And you know that the scourge in those days was no light thing; sometimes men died under that punishment. If one of us got one of the stripes that Paul got, how the papers would talk about it. But it was nothing to Paul. He just looked at it as if it were a trivial thing—as if it were a light affliction. When he was scourged and striped by his persecutors you might have gone and asked him, "Well, Paul, what are you going to do now?" "Why, press toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Take your stand before him and ask him, as they bring the rod down upon his head, "What are you going to do now, Paul?" "Do? I am going to press toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He had one idea, and that was it. Look at him as they stoned him. The Jews took up great stones to throw upon the great apostle. They left him for dead, and I suppose he was dead, but God raised him up. Come up and look at him, all bruised and bleeding as he lies. "Well, Paul, you've had a narrow escape this time. Don't you think you had better give up? Go off into Arabia and rest for six weeks. What will you do if you remain here? They mean to kill you." "Do!" he cries, as he raises himself like a mighty giant, "I am going to press toward the mark of the high calling of God." And he goes forth and preaches the Gospel. I am ashamed of Christianity in the nineteenth century when I think of those early Christians.

Why, it would take all the Christians in the Northwest to make one Paul. Look at his heroism everywhere he went. Talk about your Alexanders; why, the mighty power of God rested upon Paul. "Why," said he, "thrice was I shipwrecked while going off to preach the Gospel." What did he care about that? Cold churches wouldn't trouble him, although they trouble us. What would lying elders and false deacons be to him? That wouldn't stop him. He had but one idea, and over all obstacles he triumphed for that one idea. Look at him as he comes back from his punishment. He goes up some side street and gets lodgings. He works during the day and preaches at night on the street. He had no building like this; no committee to wait on him; no carriage to carry him from the meeting; no one waiting to pay his board bills. There he was toiling and preaching; and, after preaching for eighteen months, they say, "We'll have to pay you for all this preaching, Paul," and they take him to the corner of the street and pay him with thirty-nine stripes. That is the way they paid him. Oh, my friends, when you look at the lives of such men, doesn't it make you feel ashamed of yourselves? I confess I feel like hanging my head. Go to him in that Philippian jail and ask him what he is going to do now. "Do? press forward for the mark of my high calling." And so he went on, looking toward one point, and no man could stand before him. May the spirit of consecration come upon all these ministers, and may they go back to their churches and hold up only Christ, because it is Christ only that the perishing world wants. Hold Him up to your people and your efforts will be successful, and your preaching will be only to the glory of Him and to the salvation of a perishing world.

XLIII.

REGENERATION IS INSTANTANEOUS.

ONE reason why I am led to take up this subject is, because I have received a large number of letters asking me how it is that I can teach such a pernicious doctrine that a man can be saved all at once—that salvation is instantaneous. One of the writers goes on to state that it is clearly taught in the Word of God that conversion is a gradual thing—that it is a life-work—and that it is a dangerous thing to teach that a man can come into this Tabernacle a sinner and go out a saved man. Now, let us see what is taught in the Word of God, and if it don't teach instantaneous salvation, let us give up the idea. I hold to it as I do to my life, and I would as quickly give up my life as give up this doctrine, unless it can be proved that it is not according to the Word of God. Now, I will admit that light is one thing and birth is another. A soul must be born before it can see light. A child must be born before it can be taught; it must be born before it can walk; it must be born before it can be educated. I think the greatest mistake among ministers is, that they are talking to dead men; that they are talking to men in the flesh instead of men born of God. Now, let us get them into Christ, and then educate them and build them up to the highest faith. Let us not try to teach men who are not born of God. The Scripture is very clear on this point. It gives no uncertain sound. If a man is dead in sin, you may as well talk to a corpse as talk to him about spiritual things. To tell an unregenerated man—an unregenerated man to worship, serve, and love God is absurd; you may as well tell a man to leap over Lake Michigan, as to tell a man not born of God to serve Him.

Now, the first illustration I want to call your attention to is, when the voice came down from Heaven to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark, for thee have I seen righteous before Me in this generation." Now, there was a minute when Noah was outside the ark, and another when he was inside, and by being inside he was

saved. As long as he was outside of the ark he was exposed to the wrath of God, just like the rest of those antediluvians. If he stayed out, and remained with those antediluvians, he would have been swept away, as they were. It was not his righteousness, it was not his faith, nor his works that saved him, it was the ark. And, my friends, we have not, like Noah, to be one hundred and twenty years making an ark for our safety. God has provided an ark for us, and the question is, Are you inside or outside this ark? If you are inside you are safe; if you are outside you are not safe. If you are outside you are exposed to the wrath of God continually, and you can not tell the day, nor the hour, nor the minute when you may be swept into eternity. When I was in Manchester, in one of the inquiry-meetings, I went up to the gallery to speak to some people there. While we were standing in a little group, a man came up and stood near us. He was a respectable-looking man, and I thought by his general appearance he was skeptical. I didn't think he had come up as an inquirer, but as I stood I noticed tears trickling down his face, and I went to him and asked him if he wanted to seek Christ, and he answered, "Yes." I went on talking to him, but he could not see what I meant. I thought I would use an illustration; and after I had put it to him, I asked him if he saw it. He said, "No." I gave him another illustration, and asked him, "Do you see it now?" But he again replied, "No." I used two or three more illustrations, but he could not see them. He told me, "Mr. Moody, the fact is, I do not feel the evidence of God." "But," I said, "I tell you you are not to be saved by your feelings," and I gave him this illustration: "What was it that saved Noah? Was it his ark, or was it his feelings, or his life, or his prayers?" "I see it now; it's all right," and he went away. This was Thursday night, and he had to leave on a night train. On the Sunday afternoon, while preaching in the Free Trade Hall, a man came and tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me if I knew him. I said, "No." And he said, "Do you remember when you spoke to me on Thursday, and used the illustration of Noah's ark to save me?" "Yes," I answered. "Well, I got in then, and have been there ever since. The ark keeps me. Thank God for that illustration of the ark." May God help you to see this illustration to-night, and may you not be trying to save yourselves by your feelings, your tears, by your wounds. God has provided an ark, and every man who is in it is saved, and every one who is out of it is lost.

Let us take another Bible illustration. Look at those two angels coming down to Sodom. They knew that God was going to destroy it utterly, and they led Lot out. What was it that saved his life? Was it his feelings, his tears? It was by obeying the call, "Escape for your life." And now God says escape for your life—escape to Mount Calvary. Don't delay, because He is going to destroy this world as He did Sodom. While Lot was in Sodom he was liable to the wrath of God, but the moment he got outside of Sodom he was safe. As long as a man remains out of God he is liable to the wrath of God and the fire of Heaven. Look again; look at those children of Israel when they were commanded to put the blood on the door-posts and they would be saved from the hand of death. What was it that saved them? Was it the blood or was it their feelings? The moment the blood was there they were saved; and if a man is behind the blood he is as safe as if he was walking the crystal pavement of Heaven. "When the blood was there, the angel of death passed over." One moment the blood was off the posts and the next moment it was on. It was instantaneous salvation. You know Joshua received a command from God that he should erect six cities, three on each side of the Jordan, which were to be cities of refuge. There were to be great turnpikes and highways to these cities, which were to be kept in proper repair, and the gates of the cities were to be kept open day and night, and sign-posts were to be placed along the road to provide for the man's guidance to those cities of refuge.

The moment a man got inside of those cities he was safe. His safety was instantaneous—the moment he stepped over the boundary line. Just look at two men out in the woods chopping wood. As one of the men brings his ax down on the tree, it splits and flies from his hand and kills his companion. He knows what the consequences will be when the killing is discovered. He knows that it will be sure death the moment the news reaches the nearest relative of the deceased. For the man who will not avenge the death of his relative is not considered a true man. If a relative would not avenge the blood of his kinsman, it was considered very dishonorable among the Israelites. The man knows that there is a city of refuge ten miles away, and if he can but reach it he is safe. Thank God, our city of refuge is not ten miles away. That man just leaps upon the highway. He does not take time to argue or think; he just leaps upon the highway and makes for the city of refuge. The news soon

spreads that a man has been killed, and the murderer is making for the city of refuge. Whenever the brother learns that his kinsman has been killed, he starts after that poor fugitive. On they go—the avenger and the fugitive—flying to his haven of hope. It is a life and death struggle. Look at him! See him, as he leaps ditches and speeds along the road. Some people see him flying past. “Make haste,” they cry, “because the avenger is upon you. Fly for your life.” Ah, sinner, you do not know how far the avenger is behind you. To-night he may be upon you. We do not know the day, the hour, when he will overtake us. The avenger, he knows now, is after him. On he goes, bounding over every obstacle, his speed at its utmost, and his face resolutely set toward the gate wherein his safety lies. He is terribly in earnest. See him leap over the highway; see his bruises, and on he goes, panting and nearly exhausted. He sees the gates of the city. The officers see him from the walls, and they shout, “Hasten on, for the avenger is drawing near; he is behind thee.” One moment he is outside the walls—the next moment he is inside. He is a saved man. One moment out, the next moment in. What are these illustrations in the Bible for, unless to show us how we are to be saved? Don’t you see from this that conversion is instantaneous? One minute you may be outside, and the next minute you are inside.

I will give you another illustration, which I think you will be able to get hold of. You will remember when we had slavery we used to have men come up from Kentucky, Tennessee, and other slave States, in order to escape from slavery. I hope if there are any Southern people here they will not think, in this allusion, I am trying to wound their feelings. We all remember when these colored men came here how they used to be afraid lest some one should come and take them back. Why, I remember, in the store we had a poor fugitive, and he used to be quaking all the time. Sometimes a customer would come in, and he would be uneasy all the time. He was afraid it was some one to take him back to slavery. But somebody tells him if he was in Canada he would be perfectly safe, and he says: “If I could only get into Canada; if I could only get under the Union Jack I would be free.” There are no slaves under the Union Jack, he has been told—that is the flag of freedom; the moment he gets under it he is a free man. So he starts. We’ll say there are no railways, and the poor fellow has got ten miles ahead when his master comes up, and he hears

that his slave has fled for Canada and sets off in pursuit. Some one tells the poor fugitive that his master is after him. What does the poor fugitive do? What does he do? He redoubles his exertions and presses on, on, on, on. He is a slave born, and he knew a slave belongs to his master. Faster he goes. He knows his master is after him and he will be taken if he comes up with him before he reaches the lines. He says, "If I can only hold out and get under the English flag, the English Government will protect me. The whole English army will come to protect me if need be." On he presses. He is now near the boundary line. One minute he is a slave, and in an instant he is a free man. My friends, don't mistake. These men can be saved to-night if they cross the line. Your old master, Satan, may be pressing down upon you, but there is a land of liberty up there, and the banner of Heaven is the flag of love, and under that flag you are protected from all danger; and if an enemy comes near you, God says: "If you touch him you touch the apple of My eye." And He will hold you in His right hand and keep you for the day of redemption. Will you go out of this hall to-night and doubt sudden conversion? Will you say a man can not be saved all at once? Look what He said to Moses. He told him to put a brazen serpent on a pole, and whenever a man looked at that serpent he would live. If some preachers had lived then they would have said a man may look six thousand years at that and he wouldn't be saved. A man would die while they were discussing it. A few days ago I heard of a minister who said I was preaching a most pernicious doctrine when I preached sudden conversion. But point out to me one single conversion in this blessed Bible that was not a sudden conversion. Why, every conversion recorded in the Bible was instantaneous, and if preachers tell men conversion is a life-work, they are keeping men out of the kingdom of God. We can have instant conversion. "Now is the day of salvation." I tell you, sinners, escape for your lives; fly to the haven of safety—look, look, look, at the crucified One, and you will be saved to-night. Look and live. You will become a child of God for time and eternity. The blessing will come upon you—whenever we look we can be saved. Just go back to that camp of Israel. Every one who looked at that brazen serpent was well. It was instantaneous.

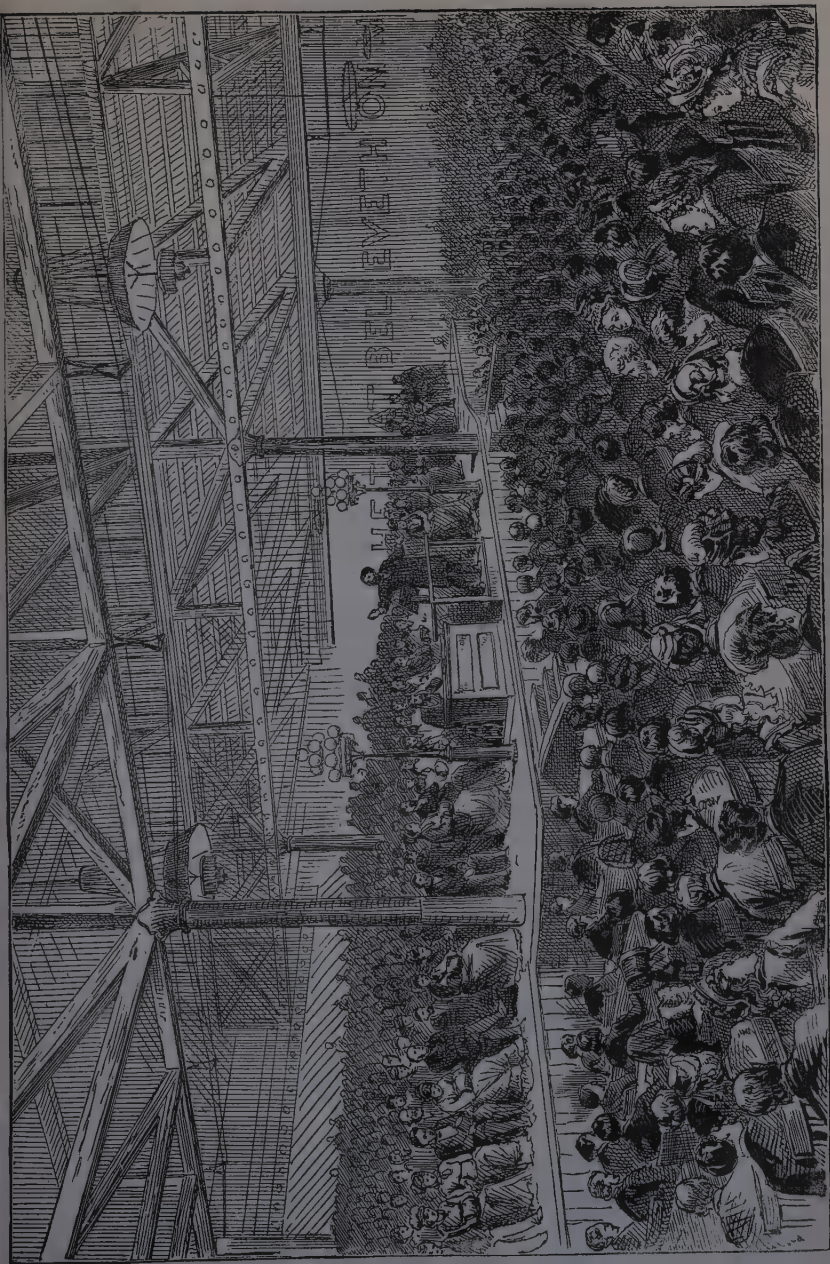
When I was in England they were at me all the time about this sudden conversion. They said it was a life-work from the cradle

down to the grave. I did all I could to show them it. One day I was walking down the streets of York, when I saw a soldier coming down. You can tell a soldier in England in an instant by his coat. I stepped up to him and said: "My friend, I am a stranger in this country, and you will pardon me if I ask you a question. How long did it take you to become a soldier?" Well, he laughed in my face. I suppose he thought I was very green, to ask him such a question. But he told me that he made up his mind to enlist in Queen Victoria's army, and he went to a recruiting sergeant, and he put an English shilling into the palm of his hand, and from that moment he was a soldier. When he has taken that shilling, from that moment he becomes one of the Queen's army, and if he goes back he becomes a deserter, and if caught, is put into prison. He first made up his mind to enlist, and that is the way to become a Christian. Make up your mind. The next thing he did was to take the shilling, and from that moment he became a soldier. When we make up our mind to be a Christian the next thing we have to do is to accept His terms—take salvation as a gift. You wonder how a man can become a Christian as that man became a soldier. He was a citizen one moment; the next moment he was a soldier. He was no longer his own master when he had accepted that shilling. He belonged to the English army. So the moment you enlist in Christ's army you belong to Him. If you want to become a Christian, take Christ's shilling as a gift. The minute you take that gift, that minute you are a child of God. See what He says: "To as many as received Him gave He power to become the sons and daughters of God." When you accept Him He becomes your Way, your Truth, your Light, your all in all. You can have His gift if you will receive Him. While I was in New York an Irishman stood up in a young converts' meeting and told how he had been saved. He said in his broken Irish brogue that I used an illustration, and that illustration saved him. And I declare that that is the only man I ever knew who was converted without being spoken to. He said I used an illustration of a wrecked vessel, and said that all would perish unless some assistance came. Presently a lifeboat came alongside, and the captain shouted, "Leap into the lifeboat—leap for your lives, or you will perish!" and when I came to the point, I said, "Leap into the lifeboat; Christ is your lifeboat," and he just leaped into the lifeboat of salvation and was saved. If a man goes out without salvation, it won't be my fault; it will be your

own. It will not be because the ark is not open, but because you will not accept the invitation to enter; it will not be because the blessing is not there, but because you will not take it, for it's there. May God open your eyes to accept Him before you leave this building—to accept salvation as a gift.

PRAYER.

Oh, our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee that Thou wilt help us to understand the passages we have just read. We thank Thee, Father, for Thy precious blessings; for the faith Thou hast imbedded in our hearts; for the work we have beheld within these walls; and for the precious work that is being done in the homes of the people. We are not worthy that Thou shouldst bless us so much. And now we come to pray Thy blessing on this week's service, and may thousands come to the Lord, and may there be streams of salvation flowing through this city; and as we shall come to Farwell Hall to-morrow night, may we hear a great deal that will please us. We ask it all through the name of Immanuel Thy Son. Amen.



MR. MOODY'S FIRST SUNDAY AT THE DEPOT CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

XLIV.

THE "BEHOLDS."

I WANT to call your attention to this little word "behold." "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity." I want to speak to you for a few minutes about this one word, and you can not forget a simple text with only one word in it. The first thing a man has to learn in coming for salvation is that he has fallen in the sight of God; to know that none are pure in His sight. You have to learn that you are born bad before you can ever approach Him. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity." Now, a man needn't live a great number of years before he finds that out. Whenever he comes to God he will discover this. Every one who has ever taken a prominent place in the Bible has found this out. They might have thought themselves good enough before they came to God, but the moment they came to Him they discovered that they were shapen in iniquity. I suppose Isaiah thought he was as good as most men in his day, and, perhaps, he was a good deal better than most men; but when he saw the Lord he cried, "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." When he saw the Lord, he saw his own deformity, and he fell in the dust before the Lord. And that is the proper place for a sinner. As I have said before, until men realize their uncleanness they talk of their own righteousness, but the moment they catch a sight of Him their mouth is stopped. If we hear a man talking about himself, we may be sure that he has not seen God. Look at that man Daniel. Not a thing can be found against him; but see when he came within sight of God. He found that his comeliness turned to corruption. And look at Job. One would have thought he was all right. He was good to the poor, liberal to all charities—not a better man within a thousand miles. If they wanted to get a thousand dollars to endow a university, a thousand dollars to build a synagogue, if they wanted to have a thousand dollars for any charitable object, why, he was the man. Why, you would have liked to get him into your Presbyterian, or

Methodist, or Baptist Churches; if you wanted a chairman of a benevolent society, you couldn't have found a better man. Yet look at him when God came near him. It is altogether different when He comes within our sight. It is one thing to hear Him, and another thing to see Him. He had heard Him with his ears, but now he saw Him with his eyes, and then he was silent. You couldn't get another word from him. Before he saw Him he could argue and talk about Him to his friends—could argue as well as they could; but the moment Job saw Him he was silent. When He said, "Gird up thy loins like a man," from that time he put no more questions to Him. He had got a lesson. No man can come into His kingdom till he knows he is vile, till he sees Him. He must come down to that. That is God's alphabet. Many men want to begin at Z, and don't want to begin at A, B. A man must commence at the beginning, and learn there is not one thing good in the flesh. It is corrupt. As Paul said, "There is nothing good in it." We have Adam's flesh, and it is bad. God has said so. He can not find anything good in it, and if He can not, let us give up trying to find good spots in it. It is guilty, it is corrupt, it is false, it is at enmity with God. There is evil in it all through.

My friends, if you have learned the lesson I have good tidings for you. You best know if you have. There is good tidings for you. The voice comes down from Heaven, "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour." That is the best news that ever came down from Heaven—the best news that ever fell on the ears of men. Of course, if a man does not believe, he is ruined, he can not appreciate the news; but to the man who knows he is ruined, this is the best tidings that can come to him. The Gospel tells you plainly that you are lost, but let me tell every one in this hall to-night that I bring you good news. It is the Gospel of peace, it is a Gospel of glad tidings, it is a Gospel of joy, it is a Gospel of reconciliation. And all a man has got to do is to believe this Gospel and be saved. A great many people have got a false idea from the preaching of the Gospel. Some think when we preach the Gospel it means condemnation. They shout as did those men in the tombs, when he came to them, "Have ye come to torment us before our time?" So men don't believe we bring good tidings.

When I was in Glasgow I heard a story of old Dr. Arnot. He heard of a poor woman in great distress. She was poor, and her landlord was after her for the rent. He put some money in his

pocket and started for her house. When he reached it he knocked at the door, but got no answer. He knocked again, but none came. He waited, and waited, and knocked, but could not get any one to come, and left. A day or two afterward he met the woman on the street, and said, "I heard you were in distress, and could not pay your rent. I came to the door the other day, but I found no one in your house." The woman threw up both her hands. "Why, I thought it was the landlord; I had the door locked and bolted." She thought it was the landlord after her rent. And people think when Jesus Christ comes to them He comes to demand something. "Why," said a young man, "I would like to become a Christian, but I would have to give up so much." Why, that is a ridiculous idea. When you receive Christ you receive everything. You are in the position of a beggar; you give up your rags and put on a bran-new suit. You give up nothing and receive everything. The idea of a man being so deceived! Do you think the Lord Jesus Christ comes to you to torment you? Ask those men who have received Him if this is so. Ask those who have been deceived for forty or fifty years by Satan, and who have accepted Him. They will tell you they have enjoyed more peace and happiness in the last few days than they have in all those years put together. I heard a Christian saying that he had enjoyed more happiness the first day he accepted Christ than he did in all the previous years of his life. Now, my friends, God doesn't want to take anything from you; He wants to give you everything that is good for your happiness. Now, I have two little children, and I wouldn't like to give them anything but what would be good for them. So the God of Heaven wants to keep nothing from us but that which will ruin us. The Son of God has come into the world to bless us. Look at that Sermon on the Mount. It is filled with the word blessed, blessed, blessed. I think it occurs nine times. His heart was full of blessings for the people. He had to get it out before He gave His sermon. Don't believe He came to make you miserable. That is one of the devil's lies. Don't believe He has come to torment you. I heard some time ago of a little book upon a passage of Scripture—I didn't know there was such a passage—which occurred in the story of David and Mephibosheth. You know, one day Jonathan and David were together, and Jonathan said: "David, I want you to make a vow." I suppose it had been revealed to Jonathan that he was to take his place. Instead of his heart being

filled with jealousy he loved him as a brother. "Now I want you to make a vow that when you get my father's throne, if any of my father's house are alive, that you will show them kindness." "Why, yes, Jonathan," replies David, "I will; I would do it for your sake alone." Well, time went on. You know how Saul persecuted David, and drove him into the cave of Adullam, and if he could have caught him you know how he would have slain him. News came to him that the Israelites were routed, and that Saul and Jonathan were slain, and David came up to Hebron and reigned for seven and a half years, and came after this up to Jerusalem. I can see him in his palace in the height of his power, and the recollection of the old vow he made to Jonathan suddenly comes upon him. His conscience tells him he has made a vow to his old friend, Jonathan, which he has not kept. I can see him order in one of his servants. "Do you know if there are any of Saul's house alive?" "Well, I don't know, but there is an old servant of Saul's, Ziba." David orders him in, and asks: "Are any of Saul's house alive, because, if there is, I want to show kindness to them." I can imagine the expression of his face. The idea of David showing kindness to any of Saul's house—to Saul, who wanted to slay him, and who persecuted him. "Well, yes," the servant answers, "there is a son of Jonathan living." "What!" he cries, "a son of my old friend, Jonathan; where is he?" "He was at Lo-debar the last I heard of him." Now, you may have been a great traveler, and yet you have never heard of Lo-debar. You may have been all around the world and still you have not heard of Lo-debar. You may work in the post-office and you have never heard of Lo-debar—never saw a letter directed to that place. Still that is the place where every one of Adam's sons have been. Every one has been in Lo-debar. Every backslider is there. When David heard where he was, he sent down to bring up Jonathan's son, Mephibosheth. See that chariot sweeping through the town. "Why, the king's chariot is here," the people say. "What does it mean?" We are told that this poor prince was lame, and I can see the poor, lame prince as he comes out to meet the servant. "What is it?" he inquires. "King David has sent for you," the servant replies. I can see the prince trembling from head to foot, when he hears this. He thinks King David wants to slay him; he thinks he is just going to cut off his head. That's the way with sinners. They think that God stands behind them with a double-edged sword ready to annihilate them. The servant

says: "I want you to come down and see the king." "But," replies the prince, "I tell you that means death to me." Just as a good many sinners in Chicago think. "But," continues the servant, "he has sent me, and wants you to come," and he gets him into the carriage and onto the highway, through the streets and unto the palace of the king. Whenever he enters he is brought into the presence of the king. The king looks upon him and sees upon his brow the image of Jonathan, and says to Mephibosheth, "I will show thee kindness for thy father's sake, and I will restore unto you all Saul's possessions, and you shall sit at the king's table." He restores to the lame prince the inheritance he lost, and then gives him a place at the king's table. That is the Gospel. God wants you to come up from Lo-debar to Jerusalem and take your inheritance. The moment you come from your Lo-debar to the city of peace, that moment you will learn the glad tidings.

Now, there is another "behold." We find it here in the first chapter of John, and I want to call your attention to it. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Now, every sin which you have committed can be forgotten—every sin which has been committed during the past eighteen hundred years can be forgiven by Him. Now look at His life—look at Him from the manger to Calvary and see if you can find any flaw in Him. You hear people talking about the imperfections of Christians, and making this an excuse for not accepting Him. They point to some of them and say they have done this and that; but, my friends, it is impossible to find a perfect Christian. They will not be perfect till they arrive in the kingdom of the Master and they are washed in the blood of the Lamb. Lift your eyes from off these puny Christians—from off these human ministers, and look to Christ. He is the Saviour of the world. He came from the throne to this earth; He came from the very bosom of the Father. God gave Him up freely for us, and all we have to do is to accept Him as our Saviour. Look at Him at Gethsemane, sweating, as it were, great drops of blood; look at Him on the cross, crucified between two thieves; hear that piercing cry, "Father, Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;" and as you look into that face—as you look into those wounds on His feet or His hands, will you say He has not the power to save you? Will you say He has not the power to redeem you? Look into His face. Can you say the Lamb of God will not take away your sins? All you have to do is to accept

Him, and they are all forgiven. A great many people want to bring their faith, their works, their good deeds to Him for salvation. Bring your sins and He will bear them away into the wilderness of forgetfulness and you will never see them again.

There is another "behold," and a very important one. It is a "behold" of Paul. "Behold, now is the accepted time." Now, some people may listen to this carelessly. "Why, we have heard that from childhood up. 'Now is the accepted time.' We don't like that forced upon us as if this was the only time to be saved." Suppose I say, "Behold, ten years hence will be the accepted time," wouldn't you think I had gone mad? You would say, "I might die before that time." You know that it is now. You can not roll back the wheel of time. Every hour that passes is gone forever. You can not look forward ten years. You may be in eternity then. You can not say the future is yours. The only time we have is now. "Behold, now is the accepted time," and salvation is offered you to-night, and God wants you to take it. How many have been swept into eternity since we began to hold our meetings in the Tabernacle? Not less than eight or nine to my knowledge have been taken away. How many will go in the coming eight weeks? Only think of it. Some of them now move through those mansions Christ has prepared for them; they are now walking down the crystal pavements of Heaven; they may be walking to the tree of life and plucking its fruit. They are now with the redeemed and the Redeemer. They are now singing the sweet hallelujahs of Heaven—a sweeter song than they ever heard on earth. But think of those who have gone to the dark caverns of hell—now with the fiends of darkness, now in the land where there is no hope, now listening to the wail of despair. You can accept salvation now. The idea of standing still, thinking you have time to accept Christ, is a delusion of the devil. Don't be deceived by Satan. We are in the current of time that is bearing us on to eternity. While we sleep and are unconscious, we are being borne swiftly to the judgment seat, and we may be there before we know. Look at that man on the river that runs to the rapids! Look at him as he drifts with the current on to death! In a few minutes he will be in eternity, and he is not aware of it. There are thousands here sweeping on to death and judgment. "Now is the accepted time." Escape to-night and accept the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

But there is another "behold." "Behold, I stand at the door

and knock." He stands at the door of the sinner's heart and knocks. Does your heart thrill to-night, my friends? That is the Son of God knocking at your heart. You haven't to go down and bring Him up, nor go up and bring Him down. He is right here to-night. Is there a skeptical one doubts His presence here? What man could hold this immense audience during the past eight weeks but Him. Is there any political subject that could keep an audience every night for eight weeks as this has been kept? Or if a man came here to talk poetry or science, could he have such an assemblage? Surely it can not be the singer or the preacher. There is an unseen power—a supernatural agency. It is the Son of God, my friends, and He is here to-night and stands at your heart and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." If any one here hearkens to His voice and opens the door He says to him, "I will come unto him and sup with him and he with Me." And no man, if he only enters to Him, will go down to the caverns of death and damnation; but if you reject Him, and shut and lock and bolt the door of your heart, He can not come in, and, of course, you must perish. In one part of Scripture He says, He "stands with His locks wet with the dew of the night." He stands now. A man in the inquiry-room said he made a vow some years ago to come to Christ. He was knocking at his heart then, but for thirty years he kept Him out. This week he let Him in. Think how merciful God is. He might have called that man away to eternity during those thirty years. Listen, sinners; perhaps He is making His last call to you. A friend of mine once said when Christ came first He knocked pretty loud. The second time, conscience was not so keen, and it was not so loud. When He came a third time, His knock was fainter, and the fourth time fainter still, and the fifth time almost inaudible, till by and by He could not be heard at all. Is not that the case with some here? Christ stands knocking now. You may put Christ off—that is man's free will, but you can not put death off. When he comes and puts his cold hand upon you, feeling for the cords of life, you can not put him off. The question will be then settled for time and eternity, and then you must answer at the judgment-seat. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Sinner, what will you do to-night? Young man, don't laugh. Don't make light of this question. One of two things you must do—either reject Him or receive Him; either keep Him out of your heart or take Him in.

And there is another "behold." It is a behold they heard of in the days of Paul. You know when they heard that Paul was praying, it did not come from Damascus, from Rome, or Jerusalem, but it came from Heaven. "Behold, he is praying." I hope some are praying here to-night. Let the news go up to Heaven, "Behold, he prays," and "Behold, she prays," and an answer will come. If you pray from the depths of your soul, an answer will come to-night. If you want to accept on this, the last night of our meetings this week, the waters of life, you can. Just lift up your heart and the message will go up, "Behold, he prays." Let all Christians here pray. Let a silent wave of prayer go up to Heaven, and let those who have never prayed, ask God for mercy. Let these little children pray. I like to hear children praying. Sometimes a child's prayers have more effect than any others. How many infidel fathers and mothers have been brought to Christ by their praying children? I remember while out in Kansas, while holding a meeting, I saw a little boy who came to the window crying. I went to him, and said, "My little boy, what is your trouble?" "Why, Mr. Moody, my mother's dead, and my father drinks, and they don't love me, and the Lord won't have anything to do with me because I am a poor drunkard's boy." "You have got a wrong idea, my boy; Jesus will love you and save you and your father, too," and I told him a story of a little boy in an Eastern city. The boy said his father would never allow the canting hypocrites of Christians to come into his house, and would never allow his child to go to Sunday-school. A kind-hearted man got his little boy and brought him to Christ. When Christ gets into a man's heart, he can not help but pray. This father had been drinking one day, and coming home, he heard the boy praying. He went to him and said, "I don't want you to pray any more. You've been along with some of those Christians. If I catch you praying again I'll flog you." But the boy was filled with God, and he couldn't help praying. The door of communication was opened between him and Christ, and his father caught him praying again. He went to him. "Didn't I tell you never to pray again? If I catch you at it once more, you leave my house." He thought he would stop him. One day the old temper came upon the boy, and he did something wrong and got flogged. When he got over his mad fit he forgot the threats of his father and went to pray. His father had been drinking more than usual, and coming in, found the boy offering a prayer. He caught the boy with a push, and said,

"Didn't I tell you never to pray again? Leave this house. Get your things packed up and go." The little fellow hadn't many things to get together—a drunkard's boy never has—and went up to his mother's room. "Good-bye, mother." "Where are you going?" "I don't know where I'll go, but father says I can not stay here any longer; I've been praying again," he said. The mother knew it wouldn't do to try and keep the boy when her husband had ordered him away, so she drew him to her bosom and kissed him, and bade him good-bye. He went to his brothers and sisters, and kissed them good-bye. When he came to the door his father was there, and the little fellow reached out his hand—"Good-bye, father; as long as I live I will pray for you," and left the house. He hadn't been gone many minutes when that father rushed after him. "My boy, if that is religion; if it can drive you away from father and mother and home, I want it." Yes, may be some little boy here has got a drinking father and mother. Lift your voice to Heaven, and the news will be carried up to Heaven, "He prays." Yes, Paul prayed, and the news went, "He prayeth," and let all Christians lift their voices up to Heaven, and let all who have not accepted Christ, cry, and He will hear you, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

XLV.

BEST METHODS WITH INQUIRERS.

I'VE chosen as my subject, "How to hold an inquiry-meeting; or, What are the best-adapted texts of Scripture to be dwelt upon at these meetings?" And what I want first to call your attention to, if you are going to be successful in winning souls to Christ, is the need for discrimination in finding out people's differences. People are not the same in their wants, spiritual more than temporal. What is good for one is rank poison for another. You can't treat all alike. I've a friend that always, when he is sick, drinks a lot of hot water and goes to bed; another says to me, "Just take this dose and you will get well." It don't make any difference what's the matter with you, this friend has one single remedy. So, many have just one verse of Scripture. He's always quoting it. It fits his case, and he thinks it does everybody else's. A man I knew up in Wisconsin, was converted under a railway bridge, and to this day he keeps urging people to go right down under that bridge, if they want to get converted sure. But God never repeats Himself. No two thoughts are just alike, no two needs are just alike, no two sinners are going to come to Christ in the same precise way. Instead of looking for others' experiences, look for one for yourself. So, when talking to persons in the inquiry-room, you must find out just these differences. Now, I am going to divide inquirers into classes or divisions this morning, and point out a few passages suitable for each.

The first class, I think, in point of numbers, is that of the doubters, those who are always in doubting castle. And these generally are among professing Christians. Oh, I think we shall make a different start with these when we get to Boston from what we did here. I'm convinced we made a mistake here in not opening the inquiry-rooms for professing Christians first. For twenty or thirty years they have been living on, making empty professions. Now, they just want to get off their crutches and get to walking and run-

ning for Christ. I don't believe they can accomplish much ; I know they can't, if they continue in this half-dead state. If Christians haven't assurance, they are just stumbling-blocks, they are in the way of the work. How many hurts these professing Christians give, who show no sign of their faith. They have no joy in serving the Lord, and their children with reason say, "I don't want that kind of a religion." And here I want to call your attention to a proper remedy for this class, to be found in the book of John. That whole book was written for this one thing, to help people out of doubting castle, and teach them, that they may know they are saved. Very recently I met a woman, a prominent member of a prominent church, who said it was presumption to say with certainty that we are saved. I said it was presumption to say that we are not saved, when we have the very word of the Lord Jesus Christ for it. Oh, if you will just read those precious words, "He that heareth My words and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life;" and then turn to those other divine words: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God;" if you will just read these sure words of God you will not talk about having no assurance as to your salvation. Just believe in the words of the Son of God, and you know right now that you are saved. You know right now, I say, and don't have to put it off till you are going to die. Therefore I would talk to these doubting citizens about the epistle of John. I would say to you, persuade them to just take these words of Jesus. "They have passed from death to life." Oh, yes, it is the privilege of every child of God to know that they are saved.

The next class are the backsliding. They do not want so much assurance as reviving. I know a lady who has a homeopathic doctor's book, and whenever she is at all out of sorts she goes right to it. In spiritual things there is a good remedy for all sorts, and for the backsliders as well. Though they have left God, He makes a way for them to return. I have just turned down the leaves of my Bible at the second and third chapters of Jeremiah. I don't think any one can feel this way with that Bible in hand. "Thus saith the Lord, What iniquity have your fathers found in Me that they are gone far from Me, and have walked after vanity and are become vain?" Now, what did Christ ever do against you? Did He ever lie to you?

Did He ever abuse you? Did He ever deceive you? Only one man ever said that and he was out of his head, and any one would know he was. No man can accuse Christ of any bias or offense. "What iniquity have you found in Me?" None at all. The trouble has been with ourselves. It was He that brought the early Church through the wilderness, through all the dangers of the way, and into the promised land. It is He that gives you power and lifts you up. Oh, say, then, what evil or iniquity have you found in Him? The trouble is with you, O backsliders, who "have forsaken the fountain of living waters and hewed out cisterns—broken cisterns, that can hold no water." The nineteenth verse says, "Thine own wickedness shall convict thee, and thy backsliding shall reprove thee; know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that My fear is not in thee, saith the Lord of hosts." Enforce the miseries of this text, and then use the exhortation of the third chapter, twenty-second verse: "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding. Behold, we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God," and then the fourteenth verse: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God." I remember repeating these promises to a backslider, and he couldn't believe them at first for joy. How tender these words of Scripture to the backslider. Bring these words right to bear on them, and tell how God pleads with them. Read to them the opening words of Hosea, fourteenth chapter: "Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity; say unto Him, Take away all iniquity and receive us graciously. * * I (God) will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for Mine anger is turned away." Then bring up the story of the prodigal for illustration; also the Apostle Peter, how he was drawn to God after grievously backsliding, and how he was even admitted to the blessings of Pentecost. Then say, "You, too, can be restored if you only believe, and God will yet make you a blessing to believers."

The third class are those who are not stricken by their sins, who have no deep conviction of guilt. Just bring the law of God to bear on these and show them themselves in their own true light. Repeat Romans, third chapter, tenth verse: "There is none righteous; no, not one;" also the succeeding verses; and then repeat from Isaiah: "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness,

but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores;" and then bring in that verse: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Don't try to heal the wound before the hurt is felt. You may perhaps get but few satisfactory inquirers in this way, but what you do get are worth something. If a man don't see his guilt, he won't be a valuable or true convert. Read him the first chapter of First John, tenth verse: "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His Word is not in us," and hold Him right to it. Don't attempt to give the consolations of the Gospel until your converts see they have sinned—see it and feel it. I met a man who expressed doubts of his being much of a sinner. "Well," said I, "let's find out if you have sinned. Do you swear?" "Well, as a general rule, I only swear when I get mad." "Yes, yes; but what does the Lord say about not holding a man guiltless that swears? Believe me, He will hold you responsible for that; bear that in mind; you must be able to hold your temper, but if not, beware to take the name of God in vain. Are you not now a sinner?" And the man was convinced. Sometimes, too, I've found a merchant this way, and yet one openly confesses to me that he did cheat sometimes. "You lie, then, don't you?" said I. He didn't want to put it quite so plainly, but pretty soon saw it in my light. Oh, yes; enforce this truth kindly, but firmly, that our natural hearts are as black and deceitful as hell. Man must say from his heart, "I have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

The fourth class are those completely broken down by a sense of sin—those who have too much conviction of sin distinguished from the preceding inquirers, who haven't enough. One of these tells you that God can't save such as he. Then you have to prove his mistake, and show that God can save to the uttermost. Take the first chapter of Isaiah, eighteenth verse: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Just turn your Bible right over to that passage, and many such passages in Isaiah; they will all help in the inquiry-room. The forty-third chapter, twenty-fifth verse, says: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." And the twenty-second verse of the next chapter is stronger: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." Make the anxious soul believe that God has

blotted out his sins as a thick cloud ; make him see the dense cloud vanishing, as it were, from the face of the sun, vanishing forever ; that cloud can never come up again ; others may, but that old cloud of the past guilt is dissolved forever ; the Lord Himself has blotted it out. Use the two verses, John i. 11, 12 : "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." The idea is that those fearing ones can not serve God until they receive Christ fully as their salvation ; it won't do for them to merely take up with some minister or church or creed. The minister dies or moves away ; the only lasting resource is in Christ at the right hand of God, where He will never forsake His own. Yes, press Jesus upon these anxious souls. Tell them, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," etc. "So loved the world ;" that includes them ; if they inhabited some other land they might tremble, but they are in this earth, for all the sons and daughters of which Christ died, the just for the unjust. Use, also, the text : "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My words and believeth on Him that sent Me shall not come into condemnation, but has passed from death into life." Now, some people do not just understand believing in Christ. They believe Christ came as an historical being, as Moses and Elijah came. They believe the Cunard line of steamers will take them to Liverpool in twelve or fourteen days. But these beliefs don't make men good ; they are head beliefs only. They are not what your inquirers want. What you and they want is heart belief, or, in other words, to just trust Christ to save you. Sometimes people can't digest the word "belief ;" then let them take this sweet word "trust." From Isaiah xxvi. 3, 4, read to them, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee ; because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever ; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." By trusting in Him, you see, we have everlasting strength. You must get them to trust and believe entirely in Christ, and not try to save themselves. They can not save themselves by their feelings ; assure them of that. There is not a word of warrant for such a thought from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation. Oh, it is much better to trust in the precious, changeless Word of God than in our own changing feelings ; thank God that this is also our duty.

Then you hear some inquirers say, "I haven't got strength sufficient." But Christ died to be their strength. A loving hand will support them in the Christian journey, and "his strength will be made perfect in weakness." Bid such be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

And then another class that can not be saved in this way, they think, because doubting instantaneous conversion. Read to such from Romans, sixth chapter, twenty-third verse, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Salvation is a gift, and so must have a definite point in time. I say, "Will you take this Bible?" You must first make up your mind to take it, and then reach out and—the work of an instant—grasp the gift. Just so with God's best gift, salvation; to take it is the work of an instant, and your inquirers may have it for the asking. "Let him that heareth say come;" "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely." With the gift, God gives the power to take it. When we get before the tribunal of the great white throne we will have to answer for it, if we refuse to take it. This is the richest jewel that Heaven has; God gives up His Son for our Saviour.

Another class say to you and me, when, in the inquiry-room, we press them to openly confess Christ, "We're afraid we won't hold out." Say to these repeatedly that blessed text, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling." Think, and tell them to think, of the thousands who never fall. The idea that it is necessary to fall into sin is wrong. Then take those passages: "I, the Lord thy God, will take thy right hand;" "Fear not, I will lead thee," and "I am persuaded that I will be able to keep them that are committed unto Me against that day." Let a man just trust the Lord to keep him from falling and He will do it. Suppose I have a hundred thousand dollars with me; it's all I have in the world; thieves are after it, and I'm quaking every minute lest they get it. I find my banker here, and I say, "Here, take it quick; I can't keep my money but by your help; I wish you would hurry and put it in the vault; when it's deposited there, and not before, I shall be safe." Is not this the way to give our all into God's keeping? Is not this the way to live secure from temptation and backsliding? In God's keeping we are safe. "Our life is hid with Christ in God." Oh, let us each make this deposit of our personal trust this morning; trust Him entirely, and then we can

the better lead inquirers in the same way. Jesus can hold us close to Himself. "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." If you just take up the words of Christ in the book of Romans, love, and peace, and joy flow out. One verse tells of love; the next of joy; the next and next of the peace that comes from believing. Romans, fourth chapter and twenty-eighth verse, and all those verses along there, might be read. The result of believing is joy, rest, and peace. John xv. 11—that is joy. Matthew xi. 28—that is rest. John xiv. 27—that is peace. Never, however, tell a man he is converted. Never tell him he is saved. Let him find that out from Heaven. You can't afford to deceive one about this great question. But you can help his faith and trust, and lead him right. I find that those in the inquiry-room do best who do not run about from one to another, offering words of encouragement everywhere. They would better go to but one or two of an afternoon or evening. We are building for eternity, and can take time. The work will not then be superficial. If it is so, it will not be the fault of the workers or preachers. And then, to do all our duty, we must talk more of restitution. I don't think we preach enough the need of our making good to one another injuries to person, property, or feeling. If you have done one a detriment, you must go and pay it back or make it up, if it is a tangible loss; and if it is a wound to the feelings, fully apologize. It is a good deal better to go up and do the fair thing, whatever the result. It may be that some will refuse such amends, but it is our duty to offer them. But in the end a complete reconciliation from such a course is almost sure to result. The antipathy supposed to exist on the other side is often only imagined. You need not expect that God is going to forgive you if you don't forgive others. We say daily, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," and we must show that we understand this conditional request. What if God should take us at our word, and just forgive us to the extent to which our small grievances are forgiven! And this He surely will do; so let us be wise. A young lady in Michigan at a recent revival service was troubled greatly, and to kind inquiries at last confessed that her unwillingness to confess Christ resulted from a school-room quarrel which was still unsettled. She felt she couldn't forgive her enemy, but at last told her trouble and asked for advice, "Must she forgive her mate?" "Certainly, if you want God's forgiveness," was the

answer of the minister ; and immediately she ran with all her might to her old friend, and, instead of meeting a cold reception, they were soon crying on each other's necks. And so it always should be, and most always there will be the same prompt half-way meeting between those aggrieved. My wife was laboring in the inquiry-room recently with a lady who was in just this state of mind, and very soon reparation and complete reconciliation were effected, and two old friends walked off arm in arm, happier than ever before this little misunderstanding. And one of those ladies felt so strong in her new-found charity for all, that she won over her husband, and last Sunday he openly, in the Tabernacle, confessed Christ, remembering that "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Many more texts, did time allow, might be cited, all applicable to anxious inquirers.

But one word more. Do not let a mango out of the inquiry-room without praying with Him. Fear not, but do the work boldly. There was a man the other day who said, "I don't believe there's any God." The resolute Christian worker to whom he spoke answered impetuously, "I will just ask God to shake you—to just shake this demon out of you." And down he fell on his knees by the poor infidel and prayed with loud earnestness. The man began to shake from head to foot. It was God shaking him. And by just these means, more than any others, skeptics and infidels will know there is a God. Let me say a word to those ministers who do not go into the inquiry-room. Many in your flocks, never seeing you there, think you are not in sympathy with this work, and think you don't care anything about their salvation. They feel in bondage, and you do not go to help them. Well, there was a minister in a city we visited who did not "condescend" to be seen in our humble Tabernacle. He would have nothing to do with us. One day he was at a dinner party where they were discussing our work. Said he, "That sort of thing is good enough for those people, but it would never do for me." "Well," said another clergyman of the same belief, "fifty-seven of your congregation stood up in the Tabernacle for prayers to-day, and all of them afterward went into the inquiry-room." The cultured and popular pastor of those Christians could not kill the humane promptings to be charitable to all professing the name of Christ, and to worship along with such even in perhaps irregular modes. But with the cordial co-operation of every Christian pas-

tor in the Tabernacle and inquiry-room, what limit would there be to the Christian inroads on the citadels of sin. Oh, make it a duty, all of you, to talk to some soul at every meeting in these blessed inquiry-rooms. Don't take those in a position in life above your own, but take those on the same footing. Bend all your endeavors to answer for poor, struggling souls that question of all importance to them, "What must I do to be saved?" Yes, this is the question. What else but to answer it brought out these thousands at this early hour! My friends, God is with you in this work; go on more diligently and implicitly trusting in Him; go on to a more and more glorious harvest.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake wilt Thou hear our prayer. May we all be of one mind and of one spirit; and grant that in each of these meetings we may dwell closely by Thy side. May this meeting be one of profit. And oh, now we pray Thee for these young converts. May they learn the power of salvation and come to Thee in the spirit of the Master and believe. Help them, O Lord, to cast all their burdens upon Thee. May they learn that even in gaining the whole world, if they lose their own soul, it profiteth them nothing. We ask it all for Jesus' sake. Amen.

XLVI.

CHRIST SAVED THE BELIEVING ROBBER.

LUKE xxiii. 33-43 : " And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do. And they parted His raiment, and cast lots. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided Him, saying, He saved others ; let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the chosen of God. And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him and offering Him vinegar, and saying, If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself. And a superscription also was written over Him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, This is the King of the Jews. And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us. But the other answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation ? And we indeed justly : for we receive the due reward of our deeds ; but this Man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him : Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

I HAVE spoken two or three times about sudden conversions, and have been approached by several people upon the subject.

Two ladies said they were in darkness, because I had been preaching that people could be converted suddenly. I thought I had got beyond that when trying to prove that conversion was instantaneous ; but it seems we have not, and I want to call attention to it. Well, we are told, by both Matthew and Mark, that these two thieves, who were hung up on either side of Him, reviled Him and scoffed at Him, as did the crowd. They cast His title in His teeth. We are told there was no difference between those men. Both had been in rebellion against God all their lives. Both were led out to execution as thieves and malefactors on the same day ; but one of them was converted during the day, and the other was not. Over one of them came a wonderful change. What was it ? How was it ? What brought him under conviction ? I don't know ; but one thing I do know—he was convicted of sin, and confessed, and

Christ saved him and snatched him from the very borders of hell. It says in Isaiah that He came to take the power from the mighty. Here was one who had been brought to the very borders of the pit by Satan, and yet Christ, whenever he called upon Him, was ready to help him. The thief had only to cry to Him and he was pardoned. You would think He had all He could do in attending to His own sufferings, when nailed to that tree, but the first cry from that thief was heard and answered. My friends, the Son of God was never in a position where He could not hear a sinner's prayers. No sinner ever uttered a cry that was not heard by Him. This man had no works to offer Him, no deeds of righteousness to bring before Him. He was a lost, ruined sinner. He had nothing to commend himself—nothing to offer. There he was, all mangled and bruised, in consequence of his own sin. He had not only been a thief, but the very worst kind of a thief. I suppose he was a companion of Barabbas, and of the most notorious thieves in the country. I have no doubt he was a highwayman, and guilty of murder. He had been tried, but his trial had not broken his heart; the scourge had not softened him; imprisonment had not brought repentance. There he was on the cross, his heart as hard as ever, nailed hand and foot, and reviling the Son of God. I can just imagine what came over him when he heard the Son of God exclaim, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I can imagine this thief saying, when he heard this, "That is a strange thing to say. If I had the power I couldn't forgive them, but would call down fire from Heaven to consume these wretches who are making jests about me." Perhaps it was the very cry of Christ on the cross while all those people were reviling Him and wagging their heads, that convicted him, and that saved him. When He had uttered this prayer one of the malefactors reviled Him, and we find his companion rebuking him, saying: "Dost thou fear God?" We are told in Proverbs that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," and there is no hope for a sinner till the fear of God comes upon him. Sometimes in an audience like this a text similar to this one strikes into the heart of the people, and the fear of God comes upon them and they begin to see knowledge. I hope that may be the case to-night. This thief had been tried and scourged, the nails had been driven into his hands and feet, and he was suffering the agonies of the terrible death of the crucifixion, yet we find that then the fear of the Lord came

upon him, and the moment the fear of God came upon him, he confessed Christ. Not only did he confess Christ, but he confessed his own sins and turned and rebuked the thief on the other side of the cross, for we read that he said, "We receive the due reward of our deeds, but this Man hath done nothing amiss." He confessed that he had been a sinner, and he was getting his just reward—death; and then there was hope for the man to be saved. This was the first step. There is no hope for a man being saved till he knows he is a sinner; there is no hope for a man who folds his arms and says, "I am willing to take the consequences if I am a sinner; I don't think God will condemn me." This thief stood, when he confessed, where every sinner ought to stand. He took his place as a sinner; he confessed his sins, and if you are to be saved to-night, you must take your place before God as a sinner. If a man does not admit that he is a sinner, and that he has gone astray, there is no chance for God to forgive him. Suppose my boy has disobeyed me; suppose he has told me a falsehood, and he won't ask my forgiveness; won't acknowledge that he has told a falsehood; I can't forgive him. I must first get him to admit that he has told a lie, and when he does that, then I can forgive him. So we must confess our sins, acknowledge that we have committed sin in God's sight, before He can forgive us. This thief confessed his sins and confessed Christ. "We receive the due reward of our deeds, but this Man hath done nothing amiss." A great many men in Chicago think that Christ did many things amiss; but the poor thief, who probably never heard the Gospel in his life, who had, perhaps, lived in an atmosphere of crime, said, "This Man hath done nothing amiss." He confessed Him. This must have been a sweet moment in this, the darkest hour of His life. Judas had betrayed Him for thirty pieces of silver; Peter had denied Him; He had been brought before Caiaphas, and had been tried and found guilty by the Sanhedrim, and a howling multitude around Him, jeering at His sufferings and wagging their heads, saying, "If Thou be Christ, save Thyself." How pleasant it must have been to the Son of Man to hear the confession of this thief in those moments of bitterness. We read of Abraham in the promised land twenty-five years, with abundant proofs of God's love to build up his faith, and yet he did not seem to have as much faith as this man. We read of Moses in the wilderness for forty years; he saw God's mighty hand leading the children through the Red Sea; he saw the water coming from the rock; he had every-

thing to give him faith in his God, and yet he had not as much faith as this poor thief, who, during his life, had nothing to school him in the faith of God. Look at Elijah; how much God gave him, how much He did for him, how miraculously He took care of him; he had everything to build up his faith; but here is a man who had never heard the Gospel, who had never met Him before, who had mingled with the blasphemers, who had associated with the revilers, and consorted with the worst classes of thieves. Why, if he had lived in Chicago to-day, and we had looked over the annals of crime, we would have found that he had been familiar with the Penitentiary, and yet this man, as black as sin, and standing on the borders of hell, confessed Him and was saved. Peter had seen Him when raised from the dead, had witnessed the transfiguration, and he hadn't the faith of this man. I consider this one of the most remarkable evidences of conversion suddenly—the faith of this man on Calvary. He had heard none of His sermons, he had seen none of His miracles, and yet the very day he met Christ he was convicted and confessed, and took his place before Him as a sinner. He owned himself a sinner, and I tell you, a man can never be saved till he has owned himself a sinner. If he tries to put before Christ his own deeds, and justify himself, there is no hope for his salvation. This man merely took his place before Christ among the sinners, and his faith saved him.

When I was a boy, I used to be a pretty bad speller—I haven't improved much since—and I remember one day a word was given in the class. All passed the word, but when it came to me I was able to spell it, and got clear up to the head of the class, and I was very proud of my promotion. If you will allow me the expression, this thief by his faith got clear up from the foot to the head of the class. He passed by all the men of God, and took his lead at the top of the class. He surpassed Peter, he surpassed Abraham, Noah, Elijah, Moses, and all of them when he said, "Why, this Man hath done nothing amiss." Thank God for this faith, thank God for this testimony, thank God for this confession. But what did he next do? He called Him "Lord." That is the marvelous thing. He was suffering upon the cross, his hands and feet nailed to it, and he called Him "Lord." Why, there was no sceptre in His hand, there was no crown on His head, except a crown of thorns, which sent the blood trickling down His face, causing Him to look hideous. He was a sorry sight, and amid the jeers of the multitude

he called Him "Lord." Thank God for such faith. My friends, call Him Lord to-night. His prayer was short. He put it into three words, "Lord, remember me." It was short, but it was a chain of golden links. He owned Him. "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." What was it that induced this man to call Him Lord, and ask Him to remember him when He came into His kingdom? The idea of the man nailed to that cross and bleeding from His wounds having a kingdom! If He had a kingdom, where were His subjects? See that howling crowd wagging their heads and reviling Him; and when He asked a draught of water, they bring Him vinegar. They were not His subjects. Where was the kingdom? His faith went beyond that, and that is what faith does. He didn't look upon his surroundings, but trusted Him and cried to Him, "Lord, remember me." And how quick the answer came. "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," and back came the answer, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." He got more than he asked for; and, my friends, when a man comes to Christ in faith, he receives more than he asks. "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Here was instant conversion, sudden salvation, and I think that this is a proof which, if we are honest, ought to forever settle the question. How we linger around the death-bed of a man and hesitate about believing him accepted if he has not partaken of the sacrament. If he hasn't, people are in great distress. Now, the man never partook of the sacrament. Remember, I am saying nothing against the ordinance. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I say anything against the ordinance commemorating the death of our Saviour. I am saying nothing against the blessed ordinance when I say it has nothing to do with salvation. It is distinct. This man's conversion was instantaneous. He had never been a Christian; he had never accepted a single Christian ordinance; he had never worked for Him, and yet when he called upon Him he was saved. The man had been a thief—a highway robber. His feet were nailed to that cross, and he could not have worked for Him if he'd wanted; but they could not nail his heart, and with his heart that man believed, and the blessed Lord gave him salvation. If you but believe on Him with your heart, you will be saved. Christ did not look at his works. My friends, let us keep salvation in its place. It is distinct from works, and any man or woman can be saved before leaving this hall—can be saved without lifting their hands, without mov-

ing an eyelash. If this thief had lived fifty years he could not have done Him better service than by testifying his faith on that cross. His prayer has come down these eighteen hundred years, and its answer as a testimony of His love and forgiveness to the sinner. In the morning he was led out from that prison a blasphemer, reviling Christ, and in the evening he was walking the crystal pavements of Heaven. He only asked to be remembered, and the answer came: "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Thanks be to God, He was not ashamed of the poor thief. The moment the cry came from his lips, a welcome was given him.

Now, my friends, why not make the prayer of this thief? If we make it from the heart, we can be saved. Thank God, we have communication from this Tabernacle to the throne, and an earnest prayer can go from this building, and will be answered. Suppose you make it now, "Lord, remember me." Who can not say that? Who can not say from their heart, "Lord, remember me." Make it a personal prayer. It is a very short one. Every prayer in the Bible that brought salvation is very short. Peter's prayer was only, "Lord, save me." Some one has said, "If he had made a long preamble, he would have been forty feet under the water." It was simply, "Lord, save me." Just say, "Lord, remember me," and He will remember you. Simply do as the thief did, and you will be saved. That is what I call instantaneous conversion.

Now, this thief, as I said before, when led out from the prison that morning, had no thought of being saved. His heart was not touched by the trial; he did not feel sorry for what he had done. He was hung up on one side of Christ, and reviled Him, and the moment he asked Him to be remembered, he got His forgiveness. He might have replied, "You miserable thief, you have scoffed at religion all your life; you were reviling Me just now, and why should I forgive you?" but instead of that came the answer, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." It is said of Whitefield, that he once exclaimed, "Why, the Lord is so anxious to save sinners that He is willing to take the devil's castaways." Lady Huntington heard him, and took exceptions to his utterance. "The idea," she said, "of the Lord being willing to take the devil's castaways." She wouldn't believe him; but shortly after, a poor fallen woman came to him, and said, "You told us the other night that the Lord was willing to take the devil's castaways." She admitted her sin and accepted Him. My friends, the Son will save the vilest

in Chicago to-night, if they will only admit their guilt. I was greatly cheered this afternoon when two men went into the inquiry-room, and I got down to pray with them. After I had prayed with them, they did not spring up on their feet as inquirers very often do. One of them cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner; that's all I can say." "That's enough," I said; "that was all the publican could say, and he went down to his house saved, because it came from his heart." The other man could only say, "Lord, save me," and that is enough. He will save you if you only cry from your heart. Thank God, you can be saved if you will.

I can imagine when they came to take down the body of Christ, and when they came to break the bones of those two thieves—I can imagine him saying to the officers: "Hurry up, for I will soon be with my Master." Christ went up before him to give him a warm welcome, and that thief rejoices that he will soon be in the kingdom. Whenever he put his trust in Him he was changed in the twinkling of an eye, because he had got salvation. But let me say here that Christ drew the dividing line while upon that cross. On one side of Him was unbelief, and the unbeliever died reviling Him. On the other side was belief, and the believer went up to Paradise. He believed in a moment, and yet there are men who can not understand sudden conversion. There are two classes in Chicago—as they were represented by those two thieves—those for and those against Him. They must either accept Him or reject Him. One of them would not receive salvation, and went down to death; the other accepted salvation as a gift, and went up to His kingdom. I can imagine him now singing the sweet songs of Moses and the Lamb. No one sings those sweet songs any louder than does that thief. Ask that poor thief who, when down here, was a reveler, who was a blasphemer, and lived at enmity with God, how he came into that world of light. Ask him how he got that sceptre in his hand, that crown on his brow; how he was permitted to sing the high hallelujahs of the redeemed, and his voice will come back telling you, "I took salvation as the gift of God." Ah, my friends, there is salvation for all who will have it, and damnation for those who won't accept the gift. He commanded His disciples to preach the Gospel as a gift before He left the earth. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature: He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." One of those thieves

believed and was saved, the other rejected Him and was damned. What will you do? Will you believe and be saved? Will you accept this gift of eternal life or trample the gift under your feet? Will you take His offer or reject it? May God open your eyes too, and bring you to Himself on this the last Sunday in November, one of the sweetest months of my life. May this be the Sabbath night of your salvation, and it will be an evening full of sweetness.

XLVII.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF PARENTS.

DEUTERONOMY v. 29: "O that there were such an heart in them that they would fear Me, and keep all My commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever."

Also, vi. 7: "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

I USED to think when I was superintendent on the North Side, when I was laboring among the children, and trying to get the parents interested to save their children, that if ever I did become a preacher I would have but one text and one sermon, and that should be addressed to parents, because when we get them interested, their interest will be apparent in the children. We used to say, if we get the lambs in, the old sheep will follow, but I didn't find that to be the case. When we got the children interested one Sunday, the parents would be, sometimes, pulling the other way all the week, and before Sunday came again the impression that had been made was gone, and I came to the conclusion that, unless we could get the parents interested, or could get some kind Christian friend to look after those children, it is almost a sin to bring them to Christ. If there is no one to nurse them, to care for them, and just to water the seed, why, they are liable to be drawn away; and when they grow up, to be far more difficult to reach. I wish to say to-night that I am as strong as ever upon sudden conversion, and there are a great many ministers, a great many parents who scoff and laugh when they hear of children who have been brought unto Christ at these meetings. Now, in many of the churches the sermons go over their heads; they don't do the young any good; they don't understand the preaching, and if they are impressed here, we ought not to discourage them. My friends, the best thing we can do is to bring them early to Christ. These earliest impressions never, never leave them, and I do not know why they should not grow up in the

service of Christ. I contend that those who are converted early are the best Christians. Take a man who is converted at fifty. He has continually to fight against his old habits ; but take a young man or a young girl and they get a character to form and a whole long life to give to Christ. An old man unconverted got up in an inquiry-meeting recently, and said he thought we were very hard-hearted down in the Tabernacle ; we went right by when we saw some young person. He thought, as he was old, he might be snatched away before these young people ; but with us it seemed as if Christ was of more importance to the young than the old. I confess, truly, that I have that feeling. If a young man is converted, he, perhaps, has a long life of fifty years to devote to Christ, but an old man is not worth much. Of course his soul is worth much, but he is not worth much for labor.

While down at a convention in Illinois, an old man got up, past seventy years ; he said he remembered but one thing about his father, and that one thing followed him all through life. He could not remember his death ; he had no recollection of his funeral, but he recollected his father one winter night taking a little chip, and with his pocket-knife whittling out a cross, and with the tears in his eyes he held up that cross and told how God in His infinite love sent His Son down here to redeem us, how He had died on the cross for us. The story of the cross followed him through life ; and I tell you, if you teach these children truths, they will follow them through life. We have got so much unbelief among us, like those disciples when they rebuked the people for bringing the children to Christ ; but He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." I heard of a Sunday-school concert at which a little child of eight was going to recite. Her mother had taught her, and when the night came, the little thing was trembling so she could scarcely speak. She commenced, "Jesus said," and completely broke down. Again she tried it, "Jesus said, 'Suffer,' " but she stopped once more. A third attempt was made by her, "'Suffer little children—and don't anybody stop them, for He wants them all to come,'" and that is the truth. There is not a child who has a parent in the Tabernacle but He wants, and if you but bring them in the arms of your faith, and ask the Son of God to bless them and train them in the knowledge of God, and teach them as you walk your way, as you lie down at night, as you rise up in the morning, they will be blessed. But I can

imagine some skeptic in yonder gallery saying, "That's well enough, but it's all talk. Why, I have known children of ministers and Christian people who have turned out worse than any others." I've heard that all my life, but I tell you that is one of the devil's lies. I will admit I've heard of many Christian people having bad children, but they are not the worst children. That was tested once. A whole territory was taken in which fathers and mothers were Christians, and it was found that two-thirds of the children were members of churches; but they took a portion of country where all the fathers and mothers were not Christians, and it was found that not one in twelve of the children attended churches. That was the proportion. Look at a good man who has a bad son. Do you want to know the reason? In the first place, children do not inherit grace. Because fathers and mothers are good, that is no reason why their children should be good. Children are not born good. Men may talk of natural goodness, but I don't find it. Goodness must come down from the Father of Light. To have a good nature, a man must be born of God. There is another reason: A father may be a very good man, but the mother may be pulling in another way. She may be ambitious, and may want her children to occupy a high worldly position. She has some high ambition, and trains the child for the world. Again, it may be the reverse—a holy, pious mother and a worldly father, and it is pretty hard when father and mother do not pull together. Another reason is—and you will excuse me the expression—a great many people have got very little sense about bringing up children. Now, I've known mothers to punish their children by making them read the Bible. Do not be guilty of such a thing. If you want children not to hate the Bible, do not punish them by making them read it. It is the most attractive book in the world. But that is the way to spoil its attractiveness, and make them hate it with a perfect hate. There is another reason: A good many people are engaged in looking after other people's children and neglecting their own. No father or mother has a right to do this, whatever may be the position they hold in the world. The father may be a statesman or a great business man, but he is responsible for his children. If they do not look after their children, they will have to answer for it some day. There will be a blight in their paths, and their last days will be very bitter.

There are a great many reasons which I might bring forward if I

had time, why good people's children turn out bad, but let me say one word about bringing up these children—how to train them in Christian ways. The word is very plain: "Teach them diligently." In the street cars, as we go about our business, night and morning, talk of Christ and Heavenly things. It seems to me as if these things were the last things many of us think about, and as if Christ was banished from our homes. A great many people have a good name as Christians. They talk about ministers and Sunday-schools, and will come down and give a dinner to the bootblacks and seem to be strong patrons of the cause of Christ; but when it comes to talking to children personally about Christ, that is another thing. The word is very plain, "Teach them diligently," and if we want them to grow up a blessing to the Church of God and to the world, we must teach them. I can imagine some of you saying, "It may be very well for Mr. Moody to lay down theories, but there are a great many difficulties in the way." I heard of a minister who said he had the grandest theory upon the bringing up of children. God gave him seven children and he found that his theory was all wrong. They were all differently constituted. I will admit that this is one difficulty; but if our heart is set upon this one thing—to have our children in glory—God will give us all the light we need. He is not going to leave us in darkness. If that is not the aim of your heart, make it this very night. I would rather, if I went to-night, leave my children in the hope of Christ than leave them millions of money. It seems to me as if we were too ambitious to have them make a name, instead of to train them for the life they are to lead forever. And another thing about government. Never teach them revenge. If a baby falls down on the floor, don't give it a book with which to strike the floor. They have enough of revenge in them without being taught it. Then don't teach them to lie. You don't like that; but how many parents have told their children to go to the door, when they did not want to see the visitor, and say, "Mother is not in." That is a lie. Children are very keen to detect. They very soon see those lies, and this lays the foundation for a great deal of trouble afterward. "Ah," some of you say, "I never do this." Well, suppose some one comes in that you don't want to see. You give him a welcome, and when he goes, you entreat him to stay; but the moment he is out of the door you say, "What a bore!" The children wonder at first, but they very soon begin to imitate the father

and mother. Children are very good imitators. A father and mother never ought to do a thing that they don't want their children to do. If you don't want them to smoke, don't you smoke; if you don't want them to chew, don't you chew; if you don't want them to play billiards, don't you play billiards; if you don't want them to drink, don't you drink, because children are grand imitators. A lady once told me she was in her pantry on one occasion and she was surprised by the ringing of the bell. As she whirled round to see who it was she broke a tumbler. Her little child was standing there and she thought her mother was doing a very correct thing, and the moment the lady left the pantry the child commenced to break all the tumblers she could get hold of. You may laugh, but children are very good imitators. If you don't want them to break the Sabbath day, keep it holy yourself; if you want them to go to church, go to church yourself. It is very often by imitation that they utter their first oath; that they tell their first lie; and then they grow upon them, and when they try to quit the habit, it has grown so strong upon them that they can not do it. "Ah," some say, "we do not believe in children being converted. Let them grow up to manhood and womanhood and then talk of converting them." They forget that in the meantime their characters are formed, and perhaps they have begun to enter those dens of infamy, and when they have arrived at manhood or womanhood we find it is too late to alter their character. How unfaithful we are. "Teach them diligently." How many parents in this vast assembly know where their sons are? Their sons may be in the halls of vice. Where does your son spend his evenings? You don't care enough for him to ascertain what kind of company he keeps; what kind of books he reads; don't care whether he is reading those miserable, trashy novels or not, and getting false ideas of life. You don't know till it is too late. Oh, may God wake us up and teach us the responsibility devolving upon us in the training of our children. While in London, an officer in the Indian army hearing of us being over there, said, "Lord, now is the time for my son to be saved." He got a furlough, and left India, and came to London.

When he came there for that purpose, of course God was not going to let him go away without the blessing. How many men who are interested in their sons would do as this man did? How many men are sufficiently interested in them to bring them here? How many parents stand in the way of the salvation of their children? I

don't know anything that discouraged me more when I was superintendent on the North Side, than when after begging with parents to allow their children to come to Sunday-school—and how few of them came; whenever spring arrived these parents would take their children from the school, and lead them into those German gardens. And now a great many are reaping the consequences. I remember one mother who heard that her boy was impressed at our meeting. She said her son was a good enough boy, and he didn't need to be converted. I pleaded with that mother, but all my pleading was of no account. I tried my influence with the boy; but while I was pulling one way, she was pulling the other, and, of course, her influence prevailed. Naturally it would. Well, to make a long story short, some time after I happened to be in the County Jail, and I saw him there. "How did you come here?" I asked; "does your mother know where you are?" "No, don't tell her; I came in under an assumed name, and I am going to Joliet for four years. Do not let my mother know of this," he pleaded; "she thinks I am in the army." I used to call on that mother, but I had promised her boy I would not tell her, and for four years she mourned over that boy. She thought he had died on the battle-field or in a Southern hospital. What a blessing he might have been to that mother, if she had only helped us to bring him to Christ. But the mother is only a specimen of hundreds and thousands of parents in Chicago. If we would have more family altars in our homes and train them to follow Christ, why, the Son of God would lead them into "green pastures," and instead of having sons who curse the mothers who gave them birth, they would bless their fathers and mothers. In the Indiana Penitentiary I was told of a man who had come there under an assumed name. His mother heard where he was. She was too poor to ride there, and she walked. Upon her arrival at the prison she at first did not recognize her son in his prison suit and short hair, but when she did see who it was, that mother threw her arms about that boy, and said: "I am to blame for this; if I had only taught you to obey God and keep the Sabbath you would not have been here." How many mothers, if they were honest, could attribute the ruination of their children to their early training. God has said, if we don't teach them those blessed commandments, He will destroy us, and the law of God never changes. It does not only apply to those

callous men who make no profession of religion, but to those who stand high in the Church, if they make the same mistake. Look at that high-priest, Eli. He was a good man and a kind one, but one thing he neglected to do—to train his children for God. The Lord gave him warning, and at last destruction came upon his house. Look at that old man, ninety-eight years old, with his white hair, like some of the men on the platform, sitting in the town of Shiloh, waiting to hear the result of the battle. The people of Israel come into the town and take out the ark of God, and when it comes into the camp, a great shout goes up to Heaven, for they have the ark of their God among them. They thought they were going to succeed, but they had disobeyed God. When the battle came on, they fought manfully, but no less than thirty thousand of the Israelites fell by the sword of their enemies, and a messenger comes running from the field through the streets of Shiloh, to where Eli was, crying, "Israel is defeated, the ark is taken, and Hophni and Phineas have been slain in battle," and there the old priest, when he heard it, fell backward by the side of the gate, and his neck broke and he died. Oh, what a sad ending to that man! And when his daughter-in-law heard the news, there was another death in that family recorded. In that house destruction was complete. My friends, God is true, and if we do not obey Him in this respect He will punish us. It is only a question of time. Look at King David; see him waiting for the tidings of the battle; he had been driven from his throne by his own son, whom he loved; but when the news came that he was slain, see how he cried, "Oh, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee." It was worse than death to him, but God had to punish him because he did not train his son to love the Lord. My friends, if He punished Eli and David, He will punish you and me. May God forgive us for the past, and may we commence a new record to-night. My friends, if you have not a family altar, erect one to-night. Let us labor that our children may be brought to glory. Don't say children are too young. Mothers and fathers, if you hear your children have been impressed with religion, don't stand in the way of their conversion, but encourage them all you can.

While I was attending a meeting in a certain city, some time ago, a lady came to me, and said, "I want you to go home with me; I have something to say to you." When we reached her

home, there were some friends there. After they had retired, she put her arms on the table, and tears began to come into her eyes; but with an effort she repressed her emotion. After a struggle, she went on to say that she was going to tell me something which she had never told any other living person. I should not tell it now, but she has gone to another world. She said she had a son in Chicago, and she was very anxious about him. When he was young he got interested in religion at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. He used to go out in the streets and circulate tracts. He was her only son, and she was very ambitious he should make a name in the world, and wanted him to get into the very highest circles. Oh, what a mistake people make about these highest circles. Society is false; it is a sham. She was deceived, like a good many more votaries of fashion and hunters after wealth at the present time. She thought it was beneath her son to go down and associate with those young men who hadn't much money. She tried to get him away from them, but they had more influence than she had, and finally, to break his whole association, she packed him off to a boarding-school. He went soon to Yale College, and she supposed he got into one of those miserable secret societies there that have ruined so many young men; and the next thing she heard was that the boy had gone astray. She began to write letters urging him to come into the kingdom of God, but she heard that he tore the letters up without reading them. She went to him to try and regain whatever influence she possessed over him, but her efforts were useless, and she came home with a broken heart. He left New Haven, and for two years they heard nothing of him. At last they heard he was in Chicago; and his father found him and gave him thirty thousand dollars to start in business. They thought it would change him, but it didn't. They asked me when I went back to Chicago to try and use my influence with him. I got a friend to invite him to his house one night, where I intended to meet him; but he heard I was to be there, and did not come near. Like a good many other young men, who seem to be afraid of me, I tried many times to reach him, but could not. While I was traveling one day on the New Haven Railroad, I bought a New York paper, and in it I saw a dispatch saying he had been drowned in Lake Michigan. His father came on to find his body, and after considerable searching, they discovered it, all the clothes and his body covered with

sand. The body was taken home to that broken-hearted mother. She said, "If I thought he was in Heaven, I would have peace." Her disobedience to God's law came back upon her. So, my friends, if you have a boy impressed with the Gospel, help him to come to Christ. Bring him in the arms of your faith, and he will unite you closer to Him. Let us have faith in Him; and let us pray day and night that our children may be born of the Spirit.

XLVIII.

YOUNG MEN URGED TO DECIDE FOR GOD.

I KINGS xviii. 21 : " And Elijah came unto all the people and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word."

WE found in this portion of the Word of God that Elijah was calling the people of Israel back, or he was calling them to a decision as to whether they were for God or Baal, and a great many were wavering—just halting between two opinions, like the people of Chicago at the present time. During the last eight weeks a great deal has been said upon the subject of religion. Men have talked about it all over the city. A great many are talking—a great many are taking their stand for, and a great many against Him. Now, what will you do? I will just divide this audience into two portions—one against and one for Him. It seems to me a practical question to ask an audience like this, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." A man who is undecided about any question of any magnitude never has any comfort; never has any peace. Not only that, but we don't like a man who can not decide upon a question. I like men of decision, and firmly believe that more men are lost by indecision than by anything else. It is a question whether I am not talking to many men who intend some day to settle this question. Probably every one here intends to make Heaven his home; but Satan is trying to get you to put off the settlement of the question till it will be too late. If he can only get men to put off till the "to-morrow," which never comes, he has accomplished all he wants. How many in this audience have promised some friend years ago that they would settle this question. May be you said you would do it when you came of age. That time has gone with some of you, and it has not been settled yet. Some have reached thirty, some forty, and others have reached fifty years, their eyes are growing dim, and they are hastening toward eternity,

and this is not settled with them yet. Some of you have promised dying brothers that you would meet them in that world; some have promised dying wives that you would see them in that land of light, and again others have given their word to dying children that you would meet them in Heaven. Years have rolled away, and still you have not decided. You have kept putting it off week by week and year by year. My friends, why not decide to-night? "How long halt ye between two opinions?" If the Lord be good, serve Him; if not, turn your backs upon Him. It seems to me a question every man can settle if he will. You like those grand old characters in the Bible who have made a decisive stand. Look at Moses! The turning point in his life was when he decided to give up the gilded court of Pharaoh and cast his lot with God's people. You will find that every man who has left a record in the Bible have been men of decision. What made Daniel great? It was because he was a man of decision. What saved the prodigal? It was not that he got into his father's arms, it was not his coming home. The turning point was when he decided the question: "I will arise and go to my father." It was the decision of the young man that saved him. Many a man has been lost because of indecision. Look at Felix, look at Agrippa. Felix said, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee." See what Agrippa said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Look at Pilate—all lost; lost because of their indecision. His mind was thoroughly convinced that Jesus was the true Christ; he said, "I find no fault in Him," but he hadn't the courage to take his stand for Him. Thousands have gone down to the caverns of death for want of courage. My friends, let us look this question in the face. If there is anything at all in the religion of Christ, give everything for it. If there is nothing in it—if it is a myth, if our mothers who have prayed over us have been deceived, if the praying people of the last eighteen hundred years have been deluded—let us find it out. The quicker the better. If there is nothing in the religion of Christ, let us throw it over and eat, drink, and be merry, for time will soon be gone. If there is no devil to deceive us; no hell to receive us; if Christianity is a sham, let us come out like men and say so. I hope to live to see the time when there will only be two classes in this world—Christians and infidels—those who take their stand bravely for Him and those who take their stand against Him. This idea of men standing still and saying, "Well, I don't

know, but I think there must be something in it," is absurd. If there is anything in it, there is everything in it. If the Bible of our mothers is not true, let us burn it. Is there one in this audience willing to say and do this? If it is a myth, why spend so much money in publishing it? Why send out millions of Bibles to the nations of the earth? Let us destroy it if it is false, and all those institutions giving the Gospel to the world. What is the use of all this waste of money? Are we mad, are we lunatics who have been deluded? Let us burn the book and send up a shout over its ashes. "There is no God; there is no hell; there is no Heaven; there is no hereafter. When men die, they die like dogs in the street!" But, my friends, if it is true—if Heaven, if a hereafter, if the Bible is true, let us come out boldly, like men, for Christ. Let us take our stand, and not be ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Why, it seems to me a question that ought to be settled in this nineteenth century easy enough, whether you are for or against Him or not. Why, if Baal be God, follow him; but if the Lord be God, follow Him. If there is no truth in the religion of Jesus Christ, you may as well tear down all your churches, destroy your hospitals, your blind asylums. It's a waste of money to build them. Baalites don't build blind asylums, don't build hospitals, don't build orphan asylums.

If there hadn't been any Christians in the world, there would have been no charitable institutions. If it hadn't been for Christianity you would have had no praying mothers. Is it true that their prayers have exercised a pernicious influence? Is it true that a boy who had a praying father and mother, or a good teacher, is no better off than a boy who has been brought up amid blasphemy and infamy? Is it true? It must be either one way or the other. Did bad men write the Bible? Certainly not, or they wouldn't have consigned themselves to eternal perdition. The very fact that the Bible has lived and grown during these eighteen hundred years is a strong proof that it came from God. Men have tried to put it out of the world; they have tried to burn it out of the world, but they have failed. It has come down to us—down these eighteen hundred years amid persecution, and now we are in a land where it is open to all, and no man need be without one. What put it into the minds of those men to give money liberally to print and circulate this book? Bad men wouldn't do this. This is a question that, it seems to me, could be decided to-night. If it is not good, then take your

stand. If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if God be Baal, then follow him. Some one asked Alexander how he conquered the world, and he replied that he conquered it by not delaying. If you want to conquer the devil you must not delay—accept eternal life as a gift.

Let us take the surroundings of this text. We are told that Elijah stood before Ahab and told him, because of the evil deeds of Israel and the king, there would no rain come upon the land for three years and a half. After that Elijah went off to Brook Cherith, where he was fed by the ravens, after which he went to Zarephath, and there dwelt with a poor widow for months and months. Three years and a half rolled away, and not one drop of rain or dew had come from Heaven. Probably when Elijah told the king there would be no rain he laughed at him. The idea that he should have the key of Heaven! He scouted the very idea at first. But after a little it became a very serious matter. The brooks began to dry up; the cattle could not get water, the crops failed the first year, the next year they were worse, the third year they were even a worse failure, and the people began to flee out of his kingdom to get food, and yet they did not call upon Elijah's God. They had four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and four hundred prophets of the groves, and yet all their prayers did not bring rain. Why did they ask God for rain? Baal was not an answerer of prayer. The devil never answers prayer. If prayer has ever been answered, it has been answered by the God of our fathers, by the God of our mothers. After Elijah had been gone three and a half years he returns and meets Obadiah, the governor of the king's house, and Ahab says: "You go down that way and I'll go down this way, and see if we can't discover water." They hadn't been separated long when Obadiah meets Elijah and asks him to come to the king. The prophet tells him to go and say to Ahab, "Elijah is here. But Obadiah don't want to leave him. If I lose sight of you this time, when the king knows you have stepped through my lands it may cost me my life. Don't you know I've been a servant of the true God all the time, and I've had a hundred of the prophets of the Lord in a cave? If you don't come I will lose my life." Elijah tells him to go and bring Ahab, and instead of Elijah going to Ahab, Ahab comes to him. Whenever the king comes he says, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" That is the way with men; they bring down the wrath of God upon themselves and then blame God's people. A great many people are blam-

ing God for these hard times.. Look on the millions and millions of money spent for whiskey. Why, it is about time for famine to strike the land. If men had millions of money it wouldn't be long before all the manhood would be struck out of them. Now, the people of Israel had gone over to Baal; they had forgotten the God that brought them out of Egypt, the God of Jacob and Abraham, and of their fathers. "Now," says Elijah, "let's have this settled. Let some of your people make an offering to their god on Mount Carmel, and I will make an offering to my God, and the God that answers by fire will be the God." The king agreed, and the day arrives. You can see a great stir among the people that day; they are moving up to Mount Carmel. By and by Ahab comes up in his royal carriage, and those four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and four hundred prophets of the groves, made a great impression. Dressed in priestly robes, they move solemnly up that mountain. The king has swept along in his chariot, and perhaps passed by the poor priest Elijah, who comes slowly up, leaning upon his staff, his long, white hair streaming about his shoulders. People don't believe in sensations. That was one of the greatest sensations of their age. What is going to happen? No doubt the whole nation had been talking about this Elijah, and when he came to that mountain the crowd looked upon him as the man who held the key of Heaven. When he came up he addressed the children of Israel. Perhaps there were hundreds of thousands. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if he be Baal, then follow him; and the people answered not a word." These eight hundred and fifty prophets made a great impression upon them, and the king was afraid, too. These people are just like a great many now; they are afraid to go into the inquiry-room for what people will say. If they do go in, they get behind a post, so that they can't be seen. They are afraid the people in the store will find it out and make fun of them. Moral courage is wanted by them, as it was wanted by those people. How many among us have not the moral courage to come out for the God of their mothers? They know these black-hearted hypocrites around them are not to be believed. They know these men who scoff at their religion are not their friends, while their mothers will do everything for them. The truest friends we can have are those who believe in Christ. "And the people answered not a word. Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord

but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them, therefore, give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under it; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under it. And call ye on the name of your god, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and the God that answereth by fire let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken." "Yes, sir, that's right. We'll stand by that decision." They built an altar and laid their bullock on it, and began to cry to Baal, "O Baal! O Baal! Baal! Baal!" No answer. They cry louder and louder, but no answer comes. They pray from morning till noon, but not a sound. Elijah says, "Louder; you must pray louder. He must be on a journey. He must be asleep; he must be on a journey or asleep." They cry louder and louder. Some people say it don't matter what a man believes so long as he is in earnest. These men were terribly in earnest. No Methodists shout as they did. They cry as loud as their voices will let them, but no answer. They take their knives and cut themselves in their earnestness. Look at those four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and four hundred prophets of the grove, all covered with blood as they cry out in their agony. They have no God. Young man, who is your master? Whom do you serve? If you are serving Baal, I tell you if ever you get into trouble he will not answer you. No answer came. Three o'clock came, the hour for the evening sacrifice, and Elijah prepared his altar. He would have nothing to do with the altar of Baal. He merely took twelve stones, representing the twelve tribes of Israel, and built his altar, and laid his bullock on. No doubt some skeptic said he had some fire concealed in his garment, for he digs a trench all around it to hold water. Then he tells them to bring four barrels of water, and empties them over his sacrifice. Four more barrels are brought and thrown on the bullock, making eight, and then four barrels more are added, making twelve in all. Then there lies that bullock, dripping with water, and Elijah comes forward. Every ear and eye is open. Those bleeding Baalites look at him. What is going to be the end of it? He comes forward, calm as a summer evening. He prays to the God of Isaac and Abraham—when, behold, look! look! down it comes—fire from the very throne of God and consumed the wood, and the stones, and the sacrifice, and the people cry, "The Lord is the God." The question is decided. The God that answereth by

fire is the God of man. My friends, who is your God now? The God who answers prayer, or have you got no God?

I can imagine some of you saying, "If I had been on Mount Carmel and seen that, I would have believed that." But I will tell you of a mount on which occurred another scene. That was a wonderful scene, but it does not compare with the scene on Calvary. Look there! God's own beloved Son hanging between two thieves and crying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Talk about wonderful things. This has been the wonder of ages. A man once gave me a book of wonderful things. I saw a good many wonders in it, but I did not see anything so wonderful in it as the story of the cross. My friends, see His expiring look; see what happened. The very rocks were rent; the walls of the temple were rent; and all nature owned its God. The sun veiled its face and darkness fell over the earth when the Son of Man expired on Mount Calvary. Where can you find a more wonderful sight than this? Those Israelites lived on the other side of the cross; we live on this side of it. If a man wants proof of His Gospel, look around this assembly. See men who thirty days ago were slaves, bound hand and foot to some hellish passion which was drawing them to hell. What a transformation there is. All things seem changed to them. They have got a new nature. Is not this the power of God? Said a young convert to me to-day: "It seems as if we were living in the days of miracles, and the Son of God is coming down and giving men complete victory over lusts and passions." That is what the Son of God does for men, and yet, with all the proofs before their eyes, men are undecided.

What is it that keeps you from your decision? I wish I had time to tell you many of the reasons. Hundreds of thousands of men are thoroughly convinced, but they lack moral courage to come out and confess their sins. Others are being led captive by some sin. They have got some darling sin, and as long as they hold on to it there is no hope. A man, the other day, said he would like to become a Christian, but he had a bet upon the election, and he wanted that settled first. He did not think that he might die before that was decided. Eternity is drawing on. Suppose we die without God, without hope, without everlasting life; it seems to me it would have been better never to have been born. My friends, I ask you, why not come out like men? Say, "Cost what it will, I will accept Jesus." Now, have moral courage. Come. How many

of you are thoroughly convinced in your minds that you ought to be Christians? Now, just ask yourselves the question, "What hinders me; what stands in my way?" I can imagine some of you looking behind you to see how the one sitting there looks. If he seems serious, you look serious; if he laughs, you will laugh, and come to the conclusion that you'll not accept Him. You think of your companions, and you say you can not stand their jeers. Is not that so? Come. Trample the world under your feet and take the Lord, cost what it will. Say, "By the grace of God I will serve Him from this hour." Turn your backs upon hell, and set your faces toward Heaven, and it will be the best night of your lives. Have you ever seen a man who accepted Christ regret it? You can not find a man who has changed masters and gone over to Christ who has regretted it. This is one of the strongest proofs of Christianity. Those who have never followed Him only regret it. I have seen hundreds dying, when in the army and when a missionary, and I never saw a man who died conscious but who regretted if he had not lived a Christian life. My friends, if you accept Him to-night, it will be the best hour of your life. Let this night be the best night of your lives. Let me bring this to your mind, if you are lost it will be because you do not decide. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." How many men in this assembly want to be on the Lord's side? Those who want to take their stand on the side of the true God, rise.

XLIX.

PRAISE AN ELEMENT OF POWER IN THE CHURCH.

NEHEMIAH viii. 10: "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

NOW, praise is a step in advance of thanksgiving. If you receive blessings from a man, you may thank him, yet you may not praise him. Now, praise is not only speaking to the Lord on our own account, but it is praising Him for what He has done for others. We have had a great many prayers going up in this Tabernacle during the past eight weeks for others, and hundreds, and I may say thousands of them have been answered. We should give praise for this. We have in our churches a great deal of prayer, but I think it would be a good thing if we had a praise-meeting occasionally. If we could only get people to praise God for what He has done, it would be a good deal better than asking Him continually for something. We like to have our children ask us for things; but if they keep on asking without ever giving thanks, we become discouraged. Bear this in mind: God expects us to praise Him for what He has done; and, if our heart is full of gratitude and we will praise the Lord, He will do a great deal more for us. And I want to say here, a praise church is what the Lord wants now. A cold church—a church that is full of formalism—will never be full of praise; but a church that is full of joy, full of gladness, is praising God all the time. "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free spirit, then will I teach transgressors Thy ways." It seems to me that if we had that text all over Christendom at the present time, the ministers holding it up to the people till the Church is filled with peace, till it is filled with rest, till it is filled with gladness, with promise—it seems to me that we would then see a revival as lasting as eternity itself. Now, as I said one night here before, the world is after the best thing. If a man wants to buy a horse, he goes where he can get the best horse for

his money. If a woman wants to get a dress, she'll hunt till she gets the very best she can. Why, I've heard of a woman going for half a day from store to store to get the best piece of ribbon she could. It's a universal law; the world wants to get the very best thing it can. Now, if we can show the world that the religion of Jesus Christ is the best thing in it, the world will take it; but if we are despondent or cast down, look gloomy, are not full of praise, if we are not full of joy, the world will not want it. We will only drive men out of the kingdom of God. If we have a praise church we will have people converted. I don't care where it is, what part of the world it's in, if we have a praise church we'll have a successful Christianity.

A young man went down to a church in the East, the pastor of which had become an old man. The people got asleep. The new man came and tried to rouse them, but it was of no use. He preached and preached, and tried to get them aroused and to go to the prayer-meetings, but he could not. One night, he said: "To-night we'll have no prayer-meeting." They wondered what it meant—the idea that this young minister should do away with this prayer-meeting which they had had for fifty years. They were astonished. "But," said he, "we will have a praise-meeting." At the close of the meeting one old elder came to another one. "What's he going to give up the prayer-meeting for? Has he consulted you about it?" "No." "Well," replied the former, "that's a very serious matter; what is the meaning of a praise-meeting?" They had been going along without any praise-meeting, and they did not know what a praise-meeting meant. They went to ask him, but he wouldn't tell them, but said to wait till Friday night and then they would see. They began to talk about it, and out of curiosity a great many came to see what it was. The young minister read some of those good old psalms. "Now," said he, "if you can think of anything in your past life that you have received from God, praise God for it. You have been asking God for everything, and it chills the church through. Now, if you can think of any benefits you have received, praise God for them." They began to think, and they found they had a good many things to praise God for. One man got up and praised God for a praying mother who had led him to Christ. Another man got up and praised God for the Bible. Another praised God for this and that, and the result was that when the meeting was over, instead of get-

ting up and walking out, they stopped and shook hands with one another and spoke to one another, and said, "I believe we are going to have a revival." My friends, if we don't thank God for what He has done for us, and be full of joy and gladness, the world will not come to Christ. Would to God that we had a praise church all over Christendom. Let Christ's name be in the churches. Let them praise Him for what He has done, and the world will come. Let the world know that that is the name in which we trust, that that is the name we speak well of, and when His disciples begin to do this, then the world will realize the goodness of His Gospel. Thank God, the people of Chicago begin to talk about Christ, and if we can get men to talk about Christ in the steam cars, in the places of business, in the horse cars, in the streets—if we can get them to talk about Christ and His loveliness, it won't be long before thousands are converted in a day. May God wake up Christians to praise Him for what He has done. Did you ever stop to think that the heart of man is the only thing that does not praise the Lord?

The Heavens declare His glory, the sun praises Him, the moon and stars praise Him; as the rain falls from Heaven it praises God; all nature praises God—the very dumb creatures give Him praise, and it is only the heart of man that won't praise Him. Oh, how deceitful is the heart of man. He who gets the most temporal blessings is the man that praises God least. A man may be thankful for those blessings, yet he does not praise Him. In fact, I don't believe that any man can praise God till he is born of God. You may be thankful for His blessings, but praising Him is another thing; praise is the occupation of Heaven. Those people who don't praise God here, I don't know what they will do when they get into Heaven; they will be strangely out of place there, because that is the occupation of Heaven. The redeemed praise Him all the time. There was a little boy converted and he was full of praise. When God converts a boy or man his heart is full of joy—can't help praising. His father was a professed Christian. The boy wondered why he didn't talk about Christ, and didn't go down to the special meetings. One day, as the father was reading the papers, the boy came to him and put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Why don't you praise God? Why don't you sing about Christ? Why don't you go down to those meetings that are being held?" The father opened his eyes and looked at him, and said, gruffly, "I am

not carried away with any of those doctrines. I am established." A few days after they were out getting a load of wood. They put it on the cart. The father and the boy got on top of the load and tried to get the horse to go. They used the whip, but the horse wouldn't move. They got off and tried to roll the wagon along, but they could neither move wagon nor horse. "I wonder what's the matter?" said the father. "He's established," replied the boy. You may laugh at that, but this is the way with a good many Christians. The reason is, they are not born of God, or else they have got so far away that they don't exactly know where they are. Now, if we are really born of God, if our heart is really filled with the Spirit of God, we can not help praising Him. I pity the Christian that has no praise in his heart. You are living a life of formalism—you are living on doctrines. You haven't got Christ in your soul if you don't praise Him. Now, that ought to be the text. Ask yourself have you praised God this peaceful day of thanksgiving. You say, "Oh, yes, I've thanked Him." But have you spoken well of Christ? Have you spoken well of what He has done? Have you sang, "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" for these six months or a year, for this is what they say in Heaven. If a man is born of God, he can't help praising God. Fill this building with young converts and see how they will sing,

"Oh! happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

They can not hear such songs without praising God. The first impulse of a young convert is to praise, and if he don't feel like praising the God who saved him, it is a true sign that he hasn't been converted by the grace of God; he has been born to some creed or profession, some man or some church, and not to the loving Son of God, because when Christ comes into the heart He brings joy. Now, take a servant of the devil, he don't praise. Fill this building full of unregenerated men, and try to get them to sing praises. You can't do it; their mouths are sealed; there is no praise in their heart. But you get this building filled with men with the Lord Jesus Christ in their hearts, they can not help praising Him. How can a man whose master is the devil praise Him? Have you ever heard a man rejoice in his service? I never heard one.

Now a great many of you say, "It is all very well for him to

stand up there and talk about praise. If I was in a comfortable condition, good health, and everything I wanted like a good many others I see, I would praise God." It is circumstances with a good many, but I have found people who were poor in this world's goods, in bad health; and yet continually praising God. I can take you to a poor, burdened one who has not been off her bed for ten years, and yet she praises Him more than hundreds of thousands of Christians. Her chamber seems to be just the ante-room of Heaven. It seems as if that woman had just all the secrets of Heaven. Her soul is full of the love of God, full of gladness, and she is poor. Like Elijah at the brook Cherith, she is just fed by the Almighty; God provides for all her wants. Any man that knows God can trust Him and praise Him. He knows that the Word of God is true, for he knows that He will care for him. He who cares for the lilies of the field—He, without whose knowledge not a sparrow can fall to the ground—He who knows every hair of our heads—any man who knows this, can not he rejoice? Is there any one here who, although he is poor, can find no reason to praise God? Some of those Christians who are so poor, but who have the love of God, would not give up their place for that of princes. Now my experience is that a man who lives nearest to God, praises Him most, whether he is rich or poor. The nearer he gets to Heaven the more he praises Him. The man who is furthest from God praises Him least. Now, if there is any Christian here who can not praise God, there is something between you and God, and take my advice and have it removed before you go to bed to-night. What the world wants is joyful Christianity, and if we have not that, we are not going to see a saved world. A backslider can not see God. Fill this building with backsliders and see if they will sing praises. That prodigal off there in that foreign land would sing strangely, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Men astray from God can not praise. Do you think that Peter, when he had denied Christ, could sing a song of praise to Him? The moment a man turns his back on God there is no praise. I think that is the reason there are so many quartette choirs in the churches. The people can not sing themselves, and they have to hire people to sing for them, giving them four or five thousand dollars per year to sing the songs of praises. Look at a church filled with the children of God. The moment a minister gives out the song, their hearts burst with praise; they don't want anybody to sing for them.

If they can't sing with their mouths, songs will bubble out of their hearts; but when a man is backslidden he wants artistic sounds—wants fine music to touch his ears—don't want it to affect his heart. Now, Israel could not sing there in Egypt when they were making bricks with straw; they could not sing with the crack of the slave-driver's whip in their ears; but when they got through the Red Sea they struck up the song of redemption, and when a man is redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, he can not help praising God. Do you know I believe the devil is very wise in this. He don't want a singing church; he don't want a praise church. If we have a praise church—a singing church—he knows there will be a good many joining us. He knows that is the native air of Heaven; and the moment a child is born in Heaven he catches the enthusiasm. I am told that once during a campaign the general of an army forbade the playing of the soldiers' native airs, because it made them so homesick and despondent that they could not fight. So when we hear the songs of Zion we are weaned from this world and want to go home. We feel that we are pilgrims and strangers here and we have a better world yonder.

Now, how is it that the Church does not praise God more? I tell you I think it is very plain. The trouble is, we have got settled down and gone to sleep. I never heard of a bird that sung in its nest, and I don't believe that any man ever did, and when a church gets settled down it goes to sleep. It is when the bird is on the wing that it sings, and so it is when the church is up it sings songs of praise. And it can sing in the dark; a nightingale can sing in the dark. Paul and Silas in the darkness of that Philippian jail sung songs of praises. When they put them into that jail, Almighty God was with them. You know when Joseph went down to Egypt how God was with him. When they put him in prison they had to lock God Almighty up with him, and Joseph sung songs of praise. But, my friends, if we are down in Egypt and have turned our backs on God and been taken captive, we are dumb. It is only when we have been true to God that we can sing in the darkness. Now, I am told that an English lark never sings when coming down; only when mounting up. That may be true or not; but when a church is coming down, it is not a praise church. When mounting up, and it knows it is coming nearer and nearer to God, it is full of praise. It can not help it. When the lark is mounting up, up, up—when it is nearly out of sight, so that you can scarcely see it, it sings

sweetest. And so when the Christian is rising up near to Christ, so that you can not see him, he gives out the sweetest notes of praise from his heart.

Now, I can imagine some of you saying, "I have got a good many things going against me; I've got a good many reasons for not praising God." I find there is no reason in the world why you should not praise God. If we have troubles, if we have sorrows or afflictions, we have brought them upon ourselves. They are only to wean us to God. Every good gift we have had, from the cradle up, has come from God. If a man just stops to think what he has to praise God for, he will find there is enough to keep him singing praises for a week. As the flakes of snow come down from the heavens, He showers His blessings upon us, and if we praise Him abundantly for them He will bless us more abundantly. Now, there are people always praising. If you are sick, it is like good medicine to see them. Then there are other people always looking on the dark side. There was a man converted here some years ago, and he was just full of praise. He was living in the light all the time. We might be in the darkness, but he was always in the light. He used to preface everything he said in the meeting with "Praise God." One night he came to the meeting with his finger all bound up. He had cut it, and cut it pretty bad, too. Well, I wondered how he would praise God for this; but he got up and said, "I have cut my finger, but, praise God, I didn't cut it off." And so, if things go against you, just think they might be a good deal worse. A soldier who came from the war, always used to say he could tell when a Christian addressed a soldier. One man would say, "You lost your leg. Where did you lose it?" "In the army." "What a pity you ever went into the war," he would reply; "I feel sorry for you." Another would come along, "You've lost an arm; have you been in the army?" "Yes." "Well, that is a pity; but, bless God, you didn't lose the other arm." There was a man on the North Side, and I never came out of his house without praising God. He was deaf, he was dumb, blind, and had the lockjaw. He had a hole in his throat, and all the food he took was put through that hole. My friend, do you ever thank God for your senses? Do you ever thank God for your eyes, by which you can read His Word? Think of the three millions of people in this world who haven't any sight at all. Hundreds of thousands of them never saw the mother that gave them birth; never saw their own offspring; never saw nature

in all its glory ; never saw that beautiful sun and all the stars. Do you ever praise God for the ears by which you can hear the voice of man, by which you hear the Gospel preached, by which you hear the songs of Zion? Did you ever praise Him for your hearing and for your reason? Go down to yonder mad-house ; I never come out of it without feeling full of praise to God. There you will find fathers, and mothers, and children without the light of reason. Now, my friends, let us praise God we have a home in this Gospel land ; let us praise God for this blessed Bible ; let us praise God for the gift of His only Son ; let us praise Him that He gave up that Son freely for us all ; let us praise Him to-night for the Son of His love, and let us go out of this building with our hearts full of joy.

L.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES OF THE LAW.

DAN. v. 27: "TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

THE history of this king, Belshazzar, is very short. Only one chapter tells us all we know about him. One short sight of his career is all we see. He just seems to burst upon the stage and then disappears. We are told that he gave a great feast, and at this feast he had a thousand of his lords, and they were drinking and praising the gods of silver, of gold, of brass, of iron, and of wood, out of the vessels which had been brought from the Temple at Jerusalem. As they were drinking out of these vessels of gold and silver from the house of God—I don't know but what it was at the midnight hour—all at once came forth the fingers of a man's hand and began to write upon the wall of the hall. The king turns deathly pale, his knees shake together, and he trembles from head to foot. Perhaps if some one had told him the time was coming when he would be put into the balance and weighed, he would have laughed at him. But he knows the fatal hour has come, and that hand has written his doom in the words, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." He calls the wise men of his kingdom, and the man who can interpret this will be made the third ruler of his kingdom, and be clothed in scarlet, and have a chain about his neck. One after another tried, but no uncircumcised eye could make it out. He was greatly troubled. At last one was spoken of who had been able to interpret the dream of his father, Nebuchadnezzar. He was told if he would send for Daniel he might interpret the writing. And now the prophet came in and looked upon the handwriting, and told him how his father had gone against God, and how he, Belshazzar, had gone against the Lord of Heaven, and how his reign was finished. And this was the writing: "Mene: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting; Peres: thy kingdom is divided, and given to

the Medes and Persians." The trial is over, the verdict is rendered, and the sentence brought out. That very night the king was hurled from his throne. That very night the army of Darius came tearing down the streets, and you might have heard the clash of arms, shouts of war, and have seen the king's blood mingling with the wine in that banquet hall.

Now I want to call your attention to that word "tekél." We are weighed in the balance. Now you cavil at the Word of God; you make light when all is going well in the hour of your prosperity. But when the time of trial comes, and we are called into judgment, it will be altogether different. Suppose the sentence should come down from Heaven upon every man and woman in this Tabernacle to be weighed in the balance to-night, how would it be with you? Come, my friends, are you ready to be weighed to-night? Not in our own scales, but in God's balance. Suppose the scales were dropped now from the kingdom of God; are you ready to step into the balance and be weighed? Are you willing to be weighed by the law? I can imagine some of you saying, "I wouldn't be weighed by that law (meaning the decalogue); I don't believe it." Some men think we are away beyond the Mosaic law; we have got out of it. Why, Christ said in the fifth chapter of Matthew: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." "Heaven and earth may pass away, but My law shall never pass away;" but not until Heaven and earth shall be removed will the Word of God be removed. Now the commandments that I read to you to-night are as binding as ever they have been. Many men say that we have no need of the commandments, only the sermon on the mount. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." Now, my friends, are you ready to be weighed by the law of God—by that majestic law? What is the first commandment? "Thou shalt have no other gods but Me." Are you ready to be weighed by this commandment? Now, the question is, have you fulfilled, or are you ready to fulfill all the requirements of this law? A great many people say if they keep the commandments they don't need Christ. But have you kept them? I will admit if you keep the commandments you can be saved by them; but is there a man in this audience who can truly say that he has done this? Young lady, can you say: "I am ready to be weighed by the law to-

night?" Can you, young man? Now, suppose we have these commandments written upon pieces of iron. You know when you go into a grocery store you see them taking a weight and putting it into the scales against what you have bought. Now, suppose the pieces of iron as weights, and the law of God written on them. Take this first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other god but Me," upon one of the weights. Put it in one of the scales and just step on the other. "Thou art weighed in the balances." Is your heart set upon God to-night? Have you no other idol? Do you love Him above father or mother, the wife of your bosom, your children, home or land, wealth or pleasure? Have you got another god before Him? If you have, surely you are not ready to step in and be weighed against that commandment, "Thou shalt have no other god before Me." That is the commandment of God, and it is binding to-night. Then take another. You will say there is no trouble about this one. We might go off to other ages or other lands, and we can find people who worship idols, but we have none here. But how many evils have we in our hearts? Many a man says, "Give me money and I will give you Heaven; what care I for all the glories and treasures of Heaven; give me treasures here. I don't care for Heaven; I want to be a successful business man." They make money and business their god. Although they don't make gods of silver and gold, they bow before them. There are more men who worship silver and gold in Chicago than any other god. But take another one: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Is there a swearing man ready to put the weight into the scales and step in? Young man, have you been taking the name of the Lord in vain to-day? What does He say? "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." I don't believe men would ever have been guilty of swearing unless God had told them not to. They don't swear by their friends, by their fathers and mothers, by their wives, by their children; but because God has forbidden it, man wants to show how he despises His law. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Blasphemer, go into the scales, and see how quick you will fly out. You will be like a feather in the balance. A great many men think there is nothing very serious in swearing; they don't think there's much wrong in it. Bear in mind that He sees something in it when He says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." You can not trifle with God. Some

men say they never swear except when they get angry. Suppose you swear only once in six months, or a year—suppose you swear once in ten years, do you think God will hold you guiltless for that one act? A man that swears once shows that his heart is rebellious to God. What are you going to do, blasphemer? If the balances were here, and God told you to step in, what would you do?

But take the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Suppose you could see the law written over those walls, "Remember to keep the Sabbath day holy," could you say that you had observed it? Are you ready to be weighed by the weight, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" Some of us may be professed Christians, but do we observe the Sabbath? If this country fail to keep the Sabbath holy, it will go the way of France, Mexico, and Spain. Every nation that gives up the Sabbath must go down. It is only a question of time with them. Look, when the children of Israel refused to obey the injunctions of the Lord in regard to the cultivation of their land, how He took them into bondage and kept them for seventy years, to let them know that God's law was not to be trampled under their feet. Are you guilty or innocent in regard to this law: "Thou shalt keep the Sabbath day holy?" When I was in France, in 1867, I could not tell one day from another. On Sunday stores were open; buildings were being erected the same as on other days. See how quick that country went down. Only a few years ago it stood abreast of other nations, it stood side by side almost with England. But it didn't have any respect for the Sabbath; it trampled God's message under foot, and when the hour of battle came, God left them alone. My friends, every nation that tramples the Sabbath under its feet must go to ruin. Are you innocent or guilty? Do you keep the Sabbath day holy or not? I have been talking to those car conductors—and if there's one class of men I pity more than another it is them—and they have to work on the Sabbath. Some of you are breaking this law by coming down here on Sunday in the cars. What will you do? Foot it—it will be better for you. I make a point of never allowing myself to break the Sabbath of any man. When I was in London—and it's a pretty big city, you know—in my ignorance I made arrangements to preach four times at different places one Sunday. After I had made the appointments I found I had to walk sixteen miles, and I walked it, and I slept that night with a clear conscience. I want no hack-

man to rise up in judgment against me. My friends, if we want to help the Sabbath, let business men and Christians never patronize cars on the Sabbath. I would hate to own stock in those horse-car companies, to be the means of taking the Sabbath from these men, and then have to answer for it at the day of judgment. No man can work seven days a week and save his soul. And the very best thing we have is being taken from these men by us Christians. Are you willing to step into the balance and be weighed against "Thou shalt keep the Sabbath day holy?"

Well, here is the fifth: "Honor thy father and mother." Are you ready to be weighed against this? Have you honored them? Is there any one here to-night who is dishonoring father or mother? Now, I've lived nearly forty years, and I've learned one thing if I've learned nothing else: that no man or woman who treats disrespectfully father or mother ever prospers. How many young ladies have married against their father's wishes, and gone off and just made their own ruin. I never knew one case that did not turn out bad. They brought ruin upon themselves. This is a commandment from Heaven: "Honor thy father and mother." In the last days men shall be disobedient to parents, void of natural affection, and it seems as if we were living in those days now. How many sons treat their mothers with contempt—make light of their entreaties. God says, "Honor thy father and mother." If the balances were placed in this hall, would you be ready to step into them against this commandment? You may make light of it and laugh at it, but, young man, remember that God will hedge your way. No man shall succeed that disobeys this commandment. But bear in mind, you are not going to be weighed only against this solitary commandment—every weight will be put in.

"Thou shalt not kill." Most of you say, "That don't touch me at all; I never killed any one; I'm no murderer." Look at that sermon on the mount, which men think so much of. Look at it. Did you never in your heart wish a man dead who had done you an injury? That's murder. How are you? Innocent or guilty? If you have, you are a murderer at heart. Now, come, my friends, are you ready to be weighed against the law? Ah, if most of us were weighed to-night we would find this word written against us, "Tekel; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

But let us take another, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." I don't know any sin that afflicts us like this. It is a very delicate

subject to approach, but I never preach without being compelled to touch upon it. Young men among us are being bound hand and foot with this evil. Young men, hear this law to-night, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Are you guilty even in thought? How many men have come into this Tabernacle but they are tied hand and foot, but who have been in the halls of vice, and some harlot, whose feet are fastened in hell, clings to him, and says, "If you give me up, I will expose you." Can you step on the scales and take that harlot with you? "Thou shalt not commit adultery." You may think that no one knows your doings; you may think that they are all concealed, but God knows it. He that covers his sins shall not prosper. Out with it to-night. Confess it to your God. Ask Him to snap the fetters that bind you to this sin; ask Him to give you victory over your passions, and shake yourself like Samson, and say, "By the grace of God I will not go down to hell with a harlot," and God will give you power. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." As I said the other night, I don't know a quicker way to hell. How many men have by their lecherous life broken their mothers' hearts, and gone down to their grave rotten, leaving the effect of sin to posterity!

Well, let us take up the next, "Thou shalt not steal." How many have been stealing to-day? I may be speaking to some clerk, who, perhaps, to-day has taken five cents out of his employer's drawer to buy a cigar; perhaps he took ten cents to get a shave, and thinks he will put it back to-morrow; no one will ever know it. If you have taken a penny, you are a thief. Do you ever think how those little stealings may bring you to ruin? Let an employer find it out. If he don't take you into the courts, he will discharge you. Your hopes will be blasted, and it will be hard work to get up again. Whatever condition you are in, do not take a cent that does not belong to you. Rather than steal, go up to Heaven in poverty—go up to Heaven from the poor-house—and be honest rather than go through the world in a gilded chariot of stolen riches. A man who takes money that does not belong to him, never gets any comfort. He never has any pleasure, for he has a guilty conscience. "Thou shalt not steal." Are you ready to be weighed to-night in the balances?

Then let us take the ninth commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor;" or, in other words, thou shalt not be guilty of lying. If you had a chance to make two or three

hundred dollars, are you not willing to go into a court and lie to get it? "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Are you ready to step into the balances against this?

Then take another, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." Are you innocent or guilty? How many times I used to covet that which belonged to other people before I was converted. I believe that is one of the greatest sins among us. My friends, how is it? Innocent or guilty? But suppose you are innocent of all these ten commandments, let us take that eleventh commandment of Christ's, "A new commandment I give unto you; thou shalt love one another." My friends, how is it to-night? Is love reigning in your hearts? Do you love your neighbors? Do you try to do them good, or are you living a life of selfishness, merely for yourself?

Now, I can imagine that nearly every man or woman is saying to himself or herself, "If we are to be judged by these laws how are we going to be saved?" Every one of them has been broken by all people. The moral man is just as guilty as the rest. There is not a moralist in Chicago who, if he steps into those scales, can be saved except he has been born again. "Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God." "Except ye repent ye shall all perish." That is on one side of the scales, and he will see on the other, "Except ye be converted ye shall not enter the kingdom of God." I have heard a good many pharisees saying, "These meetings are reaching the drunkards, and gamblers, and harlots; they are doing good;" but they don't think they need these meetings. They are all right; they are moral men. "Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God." I don't care how moral he is. Nicodemus was probably one of the most moral men of his day. He was a teacher of the law; yet Christ said: "Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God." I would a good deal rather preach to thieves, and drunkards, and vagabonds, than preach to self-righteous pharisees. You don't have to preach to those men weeks and months to convince them that they are sinners. When a man learns that he has need of God, and that he is a sinner, it is very easy to reach him. But, my friends, the self-righteous pharisee needs salvation as much as any drunkard that walks the streets of Chicago. There is another class I want to speak of. If I had time I would just like to take up the different classes in the city. That class is the rum-sellers.

Put the rum-sellers in the balances. They ignore God's laws; but by and by He will say to them: "Tekel," "Woe be to the man that put the bottle to his neighbor's lips." My friends, I would rather have that right hand cut off before I would give the bottle to a man; I would rather have my right arm cut off than deal out death and damnation to my fellow-men. If there is a poor drunkard summoned into eternity to-night, weighed in the balances, what would he hear? "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." I can see how he would reel and stagger when he heard that. "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven."

My friends, if you don't repent of your sins and ask Him for mercy, there is no hope for you. Let me ask you to take this question home to yourself. If a summons should come at midnight to be weighed in the balances, what would become of your souls, because the law of God must be kept? Now, there are many of you only making professions. You belong to the First Methodist church, or you may be a member of a Baptist church, but are you ready to be weighed—ready to step into those scales? I think a great many would be found like those five foolish virgins. When the hour came they would be found with no oil in their lamps. If there is a person here to-night who has only an empty lamp, or is living on mere formalism, I beg of you to give it up. Give up that dead, cold, miserable lukewarmness. God will spit it out of His mouth. He will have none of it. Wake up. Some of you have almost gone to sleep while I have been trying to weigh you in the balances. God will weigh you, and then if you have not Christ, it will be "Tekel."

I can imagine some of you saying: "I would just like Moody to put those tests to himself. I wonder what would become of him." My dear friends, if God was to ask me I would tell Him, "I am ready." I don't say this in any spirit of egotism, of self-righteousness, remember. If you ask me if I have broken the law of Moses, I would answer, "Yes, sir." Ask me if I have broken the commandments: "Yes, sir." You may ask me then how I am ready to be weighed. If I step into the scales, the Son of God will step into the scales with me. I would not dare to go into them without Him. If I did, how quick the scales would go up. If a man has not got Christ, when the hour comes for him to be weighed, it will be "Tekel, tekell, tekell." Are you, my friend, ready to be weighed? Suppose I put the question to every man and

woman in this audience. How quick many of them would begin to color up. Oh, my friends, if you haven't got Him, get Him. May God open your eyes and your minds to receive Him before you leave this Tabernacle. Christ kept the law; Christ was the end of the law. If He had broken the law He would have had to die for Himself; but He kept it, and we are enabled to be clothed in righteousness. My friends, it is the height of madness to go out of this hall to-night and run the risk of being called by God and have to answer without Him. Now is the day and hour to accept salvation, and then He will be with us. Then there will be no alarm with us. I pity those Christian people who are afraid of death. They need not be afraid of death if they have Him. When He is with us it is only a translation. We are absent from the body to be present with the Lord. Here is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Will you be saved? If you do not, when by and by God summons you into these scales, it will be written over you, "Tekel, tekel; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." My friends, what will you do? Remain as you are and be lost, or accept salvation and be saved?

LI.

THE EIGHT "I WILLS" OF CHRIST.

WE very often say "I will" when we don't mean to fulfill what we say ; but when we come to the "I will" of Christ, He means to fulfill it ; everything He has promised to do He is able and willing to accomplish, and He is going to do it. I can not find any passage in Scripture, in which He says "I will" do this, or "I will" do that, but it will be done. The first "I will" I want to call your attention to occurs in Matthew .xi. 28, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light." Now what is it that man wants more than rest? What is it that the world is in pursuit of? What are all the men in Chicago after, if it isn't rest? What do business men toil for, if it isn't for rest? What do men spend their lives in hunting for wealth, if it is not for rest? But, my friends, that is not the way to get rest. A man can not find it in wealth ; he can not find it in pleasure. Take the pleasure-seekers of Chicago, and ask them if they have rest. They are like the waves of the sea, perpetually troubled. My friends, the man who is away from God never knows what rest is. You can see this in their faces—in the wrinkles of their brow. They don't know what rest is. What does Christ say? "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." It isn't in the market for sale. How many men in Chicago would not gladly go up to the Board of Trade to-morrow morning and give thousands for it, if it was for sale? They would give thousands of dollars for it if they could buy it. But it ain't for sale. If you get it you must take it as a gift from Him who came from Heaven to give it. The moment a man is willing to take it as a gift, it is his. There is one thing I notice, that a man goes in every direction, seeks every means,

tries every person for rest before he comes to the true Source. He will try to get rest in the world, he will try to find it in business, in honor, in pleasure, in politics, but he don't get it. You can not find one of these politicians who knows what rest is; you can not find one of those business men who knows what rest is unless he has Christ. Ask any man who is after the things of the world, if he really knows what rest is, and he will answer you, "No." If you come to Christ He tells you, "I will" give it. I like this "I will;" He means it; and if you want rest, go to-night and say you are weary and your soul is seeking rest, and He will give it. He will give it without money and without price. Take it. "O man, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help." In Him is your help, and in Him will you find rest. If there is a poor, mangled one here, come to Christ and confess to Him. Come to Christ and He will take your burden away and put it behind His back, and He will give that weary soul rest. Now just test it. Let every one who is weary and heavy laden come to Him.

The next "I will" is in John, sixth chapter: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." That is as broad as the world itself. It takes that man in the gallery yonder; it may be there is a poor, afflicted one hidden behind that post, it takes him; it just sweeps around this building, taking rich and poor alike—"He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." He is so anxious to save sinners He will take every one who comes. He will take those who are so full of sin that they are despised by all who know them; who have been rejected by their fathers and mothers, who have been cast off by the wives of their bosoms. He will take those who have sunk so low that upon them no eye of pity is cast. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Now, why not take Him at His word? I remember a few years ago a man in Farwell Hall was greatly troubled about his soul. "Now," said I, "take that verse; what does the Lord mean when He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?' When He says that, He means it." The man replied, "I will just take Him at His word." He started home, and while going over the Clark street bridge something whispered to him: "How do you know but that is a wrong translation?" He was just laying right hold of it when this was whispered to him. The poor fellow didn't sleep any that night. He was greatly troubled, but at last he made up his mind that he would just believe it, and when he got to the Lamb of God he would tell Him of it,

and the devil left him. Now, my friends, just take it. Some men say: "I am not worthy to come." I never knew a man yet go to church that was worthy. He doesn't save worthy men; He saves sinners. As a man said in the inquiry-room, He didn't come to save make-believe sinners—painted sinners, but real sinners. A man don't want to draw his filthy rags of self-righteousness about him when he comes to Him. The only thing a sinner has that God wants is his sin. You need not bring your tears, your prayers, your good works, or deeds; you must come to Him as a sinner, and He will clothe you in a garment fit to come before Him. Now, the kings of this earth call around them the wealthy and influential men of their kingdom; but when Christ came down here, He called the outcasts, the publicans, and sinners around Him. And that was the principal fault the people found with Him. Those self-righteous Pharisees were not going to associate with harlots and publicans. The principal charge against Him was: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Who would have such a man around him as John Bunyan, in his time. He, a Bedford tinker, why, he couldn't get inside one of the princely castles. I was very much amused when I was over on the other side. They had erected a monument to John Bunyan, and it was unveiled by lords and dukes and great men. Why, while he was on earth they wouldn't allow him inside the walls of their castles. Yet he was made one of the mightiest instruments in the spread of the Gospel; no book that has ever been written comes so near the Bible as John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." And he was a poor Bedford tinker. So it is with God. He picks up some poor, lost tramp, and makes him an instrument to turn hundreds and thousands to Christ. It is a question whether, in all Chicago, there is a man who is exercising such an influence for good as this man Sawyer. Four years ago he was a tramp; he had been cast off by his own mother, by his own sisters, by his wife, and he hadn't seen his own son for fifteen years. Then he was a lost man—cast off by every one, but the Son of God stooped low enough to save him. I doubt, as I said before, whether there is a man who has so much influence as that man has to-day. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Is there some poor outcast, some poor tramp here? I've got a good message for you. May be you are hiding away behind that post. I've got a good message for you—the best message you ever heard: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Come all—

just as you are. Don't wait. He will take you as you sit, into His loving bosom; He will make you a champion of the cross, and you will become an instrument in His hand to build up His kingdom. Thank God for such a book; thank God for such a Gospel; thank the God of Heaven for such a text: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

The next "I will" is found in Luke. We are told of a man who was full of leprosy; he was just rotten with it. Perhaps his fingers had rotted off; it might have been that his nose was eaten off. That is the way leprosy affects a man. Well, there is a man full of leprosy, and he comes to Christ just as he was. A good many people, if they had been in his place, would have waited till they got a little better before they came before Him; but this man wanted to get the leprosy away. If he had waited to see if he got better, there would have been no sense in it. A man might as well, if he had a sick child, say, "When it gets better I will send for the doctor." It is because your child is sick that you want the doctor. It was because this man had the leprosy that he wanted Christ. The leper came to Him and said: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." There's faith for you; and the Lord touched him, saying, "I will; be thou clean," and away went the leprosy as if it had been struck by lightning. I have often wondered if he ever turned around to see where it had gone. No doubt, like Naaman, his flesh became as the flesh of a little child. He didn't wait to see whether the leprosy would improve, because he was convinced it was growing worse and worse every day. So it is with you. You will never have a night so favorable for coming to Christ as this one. If you put off till to-morrow, your sins will have become more numerous. If you wait till Sunday next, a whole week's sins will be built up upon those you have already. Therefore, the sooner you come, the fewer sins you will have to be forgiven. Come to Him to-night. If you say to Him, "Lord, I am full of sin; Thou canst make me clean." "Lord, I have a terrible temper; Thou canst make me clean." "Lord, I have a deceitful heart; cleanse me, O God; give me a new heart, O God; give me power to overcome the flesh and the snares of the devil"—if you come to Him with a sincere spirit, you will hear the voice, "I will; be thou clean." It will be done. Do you think that the God who created this world out of nothing—who, by a breath, put life into the world—do you think that if He says, "Thou wilt be clean," you will not? A great

many people say, "If I become converted, I am afraid I will not hold out." Why, don't you see that we can not serve God with our own strength? When you accept Him, He gives you strength to serve Him. When He has taken away the leprosy of sin, it is easy to live for Him—it is easy to serve Him. And I want to call your attention to the fact that even if you are bad, He don't care. It may be that some one here has disgraced his or her father or mother; it may be they have disgraced every friend they ever had, and that they just despise themselves. Come to Him and He will cleanse you. It is to you I am speaking. He can save you to the utmost.

The next "I will" I want to call your attention to is the "I will" of confession in Matthew: "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven." Let me say right here that this is the very verse up to which men in Chicago have come. Men come to me and say: "Do you mean to affirm, Mr. Moody, that I've got to make a public confession when I accept Christ; do you mean to say I've got to confess Him in my place of business, in my family; am I to let the whole world know I am on His side?" A great many are willing to accept Christ, but they are not willing to publish it, to confess it. A great many are looking at the lions and the bears in the mountains. Now, my friends, the devil's mountains are only made of smoke. Why, he can throw a straw into your path and make a mountain of it. He says to you: "You can not confess and pray to your family; why, you'll break down. You can not tell it to your shop-mate; he will laugh at you." But when you accept Him you will have power to confess Him. He has said: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." It is the way to Heaven—by the way of the cross, and I believe in my soul that more men are stumbling upon this verse than upon any other. They are willing to do everything necessary except take up the cross and follow Him. Now let me read this verse again: "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven." When I was in London there was a leading doctor in that city, upwards of seventy years of age, wrote me a note to come and see him privately about his soul. He was living at a country seat a little way out of London, and he only came into town two or three times a week. He

was wealthy and was nearly retired. I received the note right in the midst of the London work, and told him I could not see him. I received a note a day or two after from a member of his family urging me to come. The letter said his wife had been praying for him for fifty years, and all the children had become Christians by her prayers. She had prayed for him all those years, but no impression had been made upon him. Upon his desk they had found the letter from me, and they came up to London to see what it meant, and I said I would see him. When we met, I asked him if he wanted to become a Christian, and he seemed every way willing, but when it came to confession to his family he halted. "I tell you," said he, "I can not do that; my life has been such that I would not like to confess before my family." "Now there is the point; if you are not willing to confess Christ, He will not confess you; you can not be His disciple." We talked for some time, and he accepted. I found while I had been in one room, the daughter and some friends, anxious for the salvation of that aged father, were in the other room praying to God, and when he started out willing to go home and confess Christ, I opened the door of the other room, not knowing the daughter was there, and the first words she said were, "Is my father saved?" "Yes, I think he is," I answered, and ran down to the front door and called him back. "Your daughter is here," I said; "this is the time to commence your confession." The father, with tears trickling down his cheeks, embraced his child. "My dear daughter, I have accepted Christ," and a great flood of light broke upon him at that confession. A great many here in Chicago are ashamed to come out and take their stand for Christ. If you want peace and joy, my friends, you must be willing to confess. I am told that in China the height of a Chinaman's ambition is to have his name put in the house of Confucius. He must have performed some great act of valor, or done the State some great service before he can have his name there. That is the highest point of a Chinaman's ambition. It ought to be the height of our ambition to have our name registered in Heaven, and have Christ to confess us in the courts of Heaven. How excited we used to be during the war when some general did something extraordinary, and some one got up in Congress to confess his exploits. How the papers used to talk about it. If we come out for Christ here, He will confess us in Heaven before the throne and the angels. May God help you to confess Him to-night.

Another "I will"—to me a very precious "I will"—was given to those early fishermen. He said, "If you will follow Me, I will make you fishers of men." That is the "I will" of service. I pity those Christians from the very depth of my heart, who have only made a profession of religion, and stopped there. My friends, they don't have the joy of salvation. I tell you, the only happy Christians are those who are fishers of men. If a man be a true Christian, he wins souls. He can not help it, for He says, "If you will follow Me, I will make you fishers of men." Peter caught more men at Pentecost than he ever caught fish in his nets. I have often thought of the remark one of the disciples made to Him as they were standing together one day, "Lord, we have left all to follow Thee." What did they leave? A few old fishing-boats and broken nets. They were looking to those they had left behind, and a great many people here are looking to what they will leave if they serve Him. It ain't necessary to leave the things of this life when you follow Him. It is not necessary to give up your business, if it's a legitimate one, in order to accept Christ. But you mustn't set your heart on the old nets, by a good deal. Now, my friends, if you want to be a religious Christian, follow Him fully. No man follows Christ and ever regrets it, and the nearer we get to Him, the more useful we become. Then we will save men. It seems to me after I am dead and gone I would rather have a man come to my grave and drop a tear, and say, "Here lies the man who converted me; who brought me to the cross of Christ"—it seems to me I would rather have this than a column of pure gold reaching to the skies, built in my honor. If a man wants to be useful, follow Him. You will succeed if you will follow Him. Whenever you find a man who follows Christ, that man you will find a successful one. He doesn't need to be a preacher; he doesn't need to be an evangelist to be useful. They may be useful in business. See what power an employer has if he likes. How he could labor with his employés and in his business relations. Often a man can be far more useful in a business sphere than he could in another. If we want to spend a life of usefulness, accept Him, and He "will make you fishers of men." Young man, don't you want to win souls to Christ? Well, then, just follow Him. "You follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

The next "I will," a very precious one, is, "I will not leave you comfortless." "I will not leave you comfortless" down here in this dark world. Now, some people think they have a very hard battle

before them when they accept Him. A lady came to me lately, and said, "I am the only one of my family who is a Christian, and I feel lonely." "Why," said I, "Christ is with you; if you have got an Elder Brother sitting at the right hand of God, what more do you want?" Oh, this precious "I will;" this comfort and joy, "I will be with you to the end of the world;" "I will never forsake you." You may take comfort to-night. He will be with you always. You may not see Him with the eye of flesh, but you will see Him by the eye of faith.

The next "I will" is found in the fourth chapter of John: "I will raise him up at the last day." These bodies of ours are going down to the grave, but they are not going to lie there long; the Son of God will wake them up. When He was here He raised up three bodies; and let me say to you, young children, that the first one He raised was a little child. Ah, there will be many little children there, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." He gave us three instances. The first was the little girl. When the people heard He had raised up some one from the dead, they thought it was a mistake. She wasn't dead—only asleep; it wasn't a real miracle. The next one was a young man. "Oh, no," they thought; "that's no miracle; if they had left him alone he'd awoke up; he was only asleep." But the next case that came along was that of Lazarus, and Matthew tells us he had been dead four days—had been laid away in the sepulchre, and the Son of God merely said: "Lazarus, come forth." Now, I like a religion that gives me such comfort, that when I lay away loved ones in the grave, I know they will by and by hear the voice of the Son of God calling them forth. I used to wonder how Christians had so much comfort in affliction, and used to question whether I could have as much; but I have learned that God gives us comfort when we need it. A few weeks ago I stood at the grave of a man I loved more than any one on earth, except my wife and family. As he was laid down in the narrow bed, and the earth dropped upon the coffin-lid, it seemed as if a voice came to me saying, "He will rise again." I like a religion by which we can go to the grave of our loved ones and feel that they will rise again; I like a religion that tells us, although we sow them in corruption, they will rise incorruptible; that, although we sow them in weakness, they will rise in power and glory and ascend to the kingdom of light. This is the comfort for Christians. Thank God for this—"I will not leave you comfortless."

"I will that thou may be with Me" is the sweetest of all. The thought that I will see Him in His beauty; the thought that I will meet Him there, that I will spend eternity with Him, is the sweetest of them all. This last week we had Thanksgiving Day. How many families gathered together, perhaps the first time in many years, and the thought would come stealing over some of them, Who will be the first to break the circle? Perhaps many of these circles of friends will never meet again. Thank God, yonder the circles shall never be broken—when the fathers, and mothers, and children gather around Him in those mansions into which death never enters, where sickness and sorrow never enter through yon pearly gates. Oh, thank God for this blessed religion—thank God for the blessed Christ—thank God for those blessed eight "I wills"—"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;" "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven;" "If you will follow Me I will make you fishers of men;" "I will, be thou clean;" "I will not leave you comfortless;" "I will that thou may be with Me." May God bless every soul in this building, and bring you to the Cross.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that Thy blessing may rest upon all of these friends that have arisen here to-night for prayers. We pray Thee that they may take hold on eternal life, and may many of them lift up their hearts to-night to Thee. May they be transformed to-night from death unto life. May they be born again. May they be born of the Spirit. Many of them have mothers that are praying for them. May the prayers of their mothers, of their fathers, of their sisters, of their brothers, of their wives, of their children, avail for them. May they from this hour take hold on eternal life. May they not leave this building until this question of salvation has removed them from their sins. Holy Father, accept them. Help, accept, and strengthen us all. May the Spirit of God take hold of every one in this building to-night. May they move from death unto life this night. And when we go into the inquiry-room, may they confess their sins and find Jesus; and unto Christ shall be the praise and the glory. Amen.

LII.

LOT IN SODOM.

GEN. xiii. 12: "And Lot dwelt in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom."

ONE reason why I take up this character is because I believe he is a representative man, and perhaps there is no Bible character that represents so many Chicago men at the present day as Lot of Sodom. Where you can find one Abraham, or one Daniel, or one Joshua, you can find a thousand Lots. He started very well; he got rich, and that was the beginning of his troubles. He and Abraham, his uncle, went down to Egypt, and they came out of Egypt with great wealth, and the next thing we hear of is strife among their herdsmen. He could not get up a quarrel with Abraham. Abraham said to him, "You are my nephew, and I can not quarrel with you; but take your goods and go to the right and I will go to the left, or I will go to the right and you go to the left," and they separated. Right here Lot made his mistake. He should have said, "No, I don't want to leave you; the Lord has blessed me with you and I don't want to leave you;" or, if he had been determined to leave his uncle, he should have asked Abraham to choose for him. Instead of that he lifted up his eyes and saw the well-watered plains of Sodom, and that decided him. No doubt he was very ambitious; he probably wanted to become richer. Perhaps there was a little spirit of rivalry toward his uncle. He wanted to excel Abraham in worldly goods, to become rich faster. So he saw and determined upon the well-watered plains of Sodom. If he had asked Abraham he would not have gone there. If he had asked God, Lot would never have entered Sodom; no man ever goes into Sodom by God's advice. He determined himself and pitched his tent toward Sodom. I don't know how long he lived on these well-watered plains, but no doubt the men of those days said of him when he had settled down: "There is a shrewd man; he's a smart man. Why, I can predict

that in a very short time he will be a wealthier man than his uncle Abraham. Look at these well-watered plains; why, he is a great deal better off than Abraham now." He is in a position in which he can soon become rich. How long he remained on these plains I don't know, but the next thing we know is that he got into Sodom. We are told that Sodom was very wicked. He lived near it, and he went into it with his eyes open, and he knew all about it. The wickedness of Sodom was coming up to God; He was going to destroy it soon. And do you think, if Lot had asked Him, He would have allowed Lot to enter that city? I think one of the greatest mistakes the people of the present day make is that they won't let God choose for them; He would not choose ruin for them. All the years Lot was in Sodom we don't read that he had any family altar. He thought it would be ruin for his family to take them in there. He did not look at that, however. It was business that took him in there. He might have said, "Well, I've got a large family; I've got a great many dependent upon me, and I must get rich faster, so I will go into Sodom. Business is the first consideration, and it must be attended to." So he goes into Sodom, and the next thing we hear he is in trouble. Sodom had a war on hand, and when he went into the city he had to take its side. In the war he was taken captive. It is a great mercy he wasn't killed in the battle. The first thing his uncle did when he heard of his nephew's trouble he set out after him. When he was taken in battle he was liable to be taken into slavery, and his children also. He might have died in slavery if Abraham hadn't gone after him. But Abraham takes his servants, and sets out and overtakes the warriors who had taken Lot captive, and brought him and all the property back that had been taken. Now, you would have thought that he would have kept out of Sodom; you'd have thought that he would have said, "I've had enough of Sodom; I won't go near it again." You would think that men, when they get into this and that difficulty and affliction, would strike out of Sodom; but they won't. It is one of the greatest mysteries to me why men will remain in their Sodom when they have continual trouble. So he went back. Probably he said, "I've lost a good deal, and I must go back and try and recover it; I must go back and make it up for my children." And he prospered in Sodom. If you had gone into Sodom before these angels came down, you would probably have found that no man had got on so well. If they had a Congress, perhaps they sent

him to represent Sodom, because no man had done better in business. That is the way of the world. Perhaps they might have made him Mayor of Sodom. If you could have seen his "turn-out" it would have been one of the very best. Mrs. Lot must have moved in the very best society of the city. The Misses Lot were looked upon as the most fashionable people there. They got on well. Oh, yes; that is the way the men talk now. Men thousands of miles from God take their children right into the whirlpool that takes them to sure ruin. Perhaps he was a judge and had great influence. When the angels got to the gate they might have heard of the name of the honorable Judge Lot. It sounded pretty well. He might have owned a good many corner-lots; he might have owned a good many buildings with "Lot, Lot," painted all over them; and on account of his property he might have been a very high man in Sodom. That is the way the world looks at it. No doubt the dispositions of the people were exactly as they are to-day; human nature has been pretty much the same always.

But time rolls on, and Lot, while sitting at the gate one evening, saw two strangers upon the highway. They are coming toward Sodom. Likely these Sodomites did not know them, but twenty years before, Lot had been in the company of Abraham, and he had seen these men at his uncle's home, had seen them sitting at his uncle's table, and he knew these angels when they approached, and bowed down and worshiped them, and bowed down to the ground and invited them into his house. But it was a sink of iniquity and they would not go in; they preferred to walk about the streets. But he pressed his invitation upon them and they accepted. It soon got noised around the streets that he had two strangers there, and it wasn't long before a crowd was around the door, and wanted to know who he had inside. And he came out to try and pacify them, but they received him with cries of "Who made this fellow a judge over us?" and Lot was dragged into the house and the door was shut against the mob. His influence was gone; he had been in the city twenty years and hadn't made a convert. My friends, no man ever goes down to Sodom and retains his influence. Talk about men of influence whose hearts are not with God! What is their influence? Some one said to me to-night, "You have been preaching to drunkards and vagabonds; why don't you preach to those sinners who live in marble-front houses and have influence?" Why, I would rather preach to harlots and drunkards, because it is

easier to get them into the kingdom of God than those sinners who live in marble-front houses; we can reach them sooner; it doesn't take so long to convince them they are sinners. I suppose Lot lived in a marble-front house there, and his heart was away from God. Then these men said to Lot, "Who have you got here besides yourself? What is your family? Have you got any others besides yourself in this town?" Well, the father and mother had to own up that they had married their children to some of the Sodomites; that was the result of his going into the city. You go into the world, and live like the world, and see what the result will be. How many mothers and fathers are now mourning on account of marrying their sons and daughters to Sodomites, marrying them to death and ruin. "Now," they say, "if you have any, get them out of this place, for God is going to burn it up. Tell them this, and if they won't come, escape for your lives and leave them, for He will destroy the city." People say, "Why are we so afflicted? Why have we so many sorrows?" I believe it is because our hearts are from God. They have gone down to Sodom and left the God of their fathers. Now, all these twenty years we do not know that he had ever a family altar. He could not call his children around him and pray to his God. They had become identified with Sodom and its people. Look at that scene. There are the men at the outside of the door groping about to find it, and the door opens and Lot starts out to tell his son-in-law of the coming destruction. I can see the old man's head bowed down passing through the streets of Sodom at midnight. He goes to a house and knocks. No sound; all are asleep. He knocks again, and, perhaps, too, shouts at the top of his voice, and the man gets up and opens the window. He puts his head out. "Who's there?" "Your father-in-law," answers the old man. "What has brought you out of bed at this hour? What's up?" "Why," says Lot, "two angels are at my house, who say that God is going to destroy Sodom and every one who remains." "Why, you go home and go to bed," replies the son-in-law, and mocks him. They mock him. He had lost his testimony, my friends. They think he is deluded. I can see him now going off to another daughter's house. I don't know how many daughters he had. He might have had as many daughters as Job; and he goes to them, and they mock him too. I tell you, my friends, if we have got into Sodom our children will mock us. There is that old man in that midnight hour, plodding along those

streets of Sodom to urge them to flee from the city, and they mock him. He had been long enough with Abraham to know that everything that came from God could be relied upon. Now, he starts back home. You can see him, his head bowed down, his long white hair flowing over his bosom, and the tears flowing from those aged eyes. The world calls him a successful man; but what a miserable end is his. Look at him to-night. He had got wealth; that's what he was after. He obtained what he wanted, but he got leanness of soul. You can see him go back bowed down with grief. Next morning the angels take him by the hand, and he, his wife, and two daughters are led out of the city. And they lingered. How could they do otherwise than linger, when they had left their sons and daughters in the city, and knew they would be destroyed? Where are your sons and daughters now? Have you taken them down to Sodom, saying they must live in the pleasures of society—they must get on in the world? Where are they now? Have you got them into some store or some office where they will hear nothing but infidelity? If you have, those gray hairs will come down to an untimely grave. You will learn the folly of your course when it is too late. Take your children from that city; urge them to come from the Sodom in which they are living; tell them to flee before it is too late, for the city will be destroyed. Yes, they linger. I don't blame them. They probably had a lingering hope that the storm might be stayed, and they could get their children out. But the angels took them by the hand and hastened them out of the city. Poor mother! Ah! how sad when God came in judgment! I can see that mother hesitating, but God orders her not to look back. "Flee for thy life; escape or you will be destroyed." "No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." She gets out of Sodom, but she looks back, and judgment falls upon her. And I believe that the condition of Lot's wife is the condition of hundreds in Chicago. They have come out of Sodom, but their heart is in the world. They say, "Have I to give up the world? have I to give up all and follow Christ?" They linger and look back, and judgment will fall upon them.

We are told in that portion of Scripture which was read to-night that they were eating, drinking, buying and selling, planting and building till the very moment Lot went out of Sodom. Perhaps not a man in all Sodom took any account of his going out. It might have got rumored around that he was going because he be-

lieved the city was to be destroyed, but no man believed it. His sons and daughters didn't believe what their father said to them, and so destruction fell upon them; and the Son of God says they were all destroyed—great and small, learned and unlearned, rich and poor, all perished alike. Bear in mind that if you live in Sodom, destruction will come upon you. The world may call you successful, but the only way to test success is to take a man's whole life; not the beginning or the middle, but the whole of it. If a man is in Sodom, as Mr. Sankey sang to-night, he will find at last the fruits of his life to be

“Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves.”

Lot spent his life in gaining worldly goods for his children, and he lost all and his children besides. How many men in Chicago are there who can only say they have the same object in view that Lot had? They have come to this city to make money. They haven't any family altar. They recognize only two things—money, money, business, business. “My sons,” they say, “may become gamblers and drunkards; my daughters may go off into ungodly society and marry drunkards and make their lives miserable; but I want money, and I'll have all I want if I can get it.” That is the condition of thousands of people. My friends, was Lot's life a successful one? It was a stupendous failure. He lost his sons and daughters, he lost his property, his wealth, his hold on the society and friendship of his uncle Abraham. Is not that the condition of hundreds here to-night? Let us strike for a higher plane; let us go up to Bethel; let us call upon God to save our children before it is too late. If your children have wandered off and got among the Sodomites, let one piercing cry go up: “O God, save my children! forgive me, O Lord, for taking them into Sodom.” Let us turn from our lukewarmness, our worldly-mindedness, and seek His face. Oh, may the Spirit of God come upon you, and may you flee from the doomed city before it is too late. A mother came to me a few days ago and said, “Mr. Moody, I want you to pray for me.” “Well,” I asked, “why do you want to be prayed for?” She said, “I feel I am to blame. I've got three sons and they have all gone astray, and I am the most wretched woman living. I feel I haven't been true to the charge God gave me, and the thought is killing me. I want you to pray for me, and if God will forgive me, and if I get right in His sight, with His grace and by my prayers and

faith they may be brought back." Are there not hundreds here in the same condition as this poor woman? You have been ambitious for your children; you were after great things for them, and you have led them into Sodom, and now ruin has come upon them; darkness and misery cover them. Let us humble ourselves before God that He may forgive us our lukewarmness for His cause in our ambition to obtain great things in this world. Let us not follow in the footsteps of this man Lot. Look at a representative of Lot here. I can imagine him starting as a moderate drinker, but the passion grows, and his children are infected, and he becomes, as it were, the father of a whole army of backsliders. He becomes the father of backsliding and worldly-mindedness by turning away from God himself. If you are in the city of Sodom, flee from it at once—escape for your lives, for destruction will come. May God bring every one in this hall out of Sodom, is the prayer of my heart.

PRAYER.

Oh, Thou most gracious Saviour, we thank Thee that Thou art not far off, but that Thou art nigh; and, Lord, we know that Thou art here to-night. We rejoice in Thy presence. For all of the mercies that have gone out from these walls and blessed so many homes, we thank Thee. O Lord, we would come before Thee now and thank Thee for all the blessings we have received under this roof. Many a soul Thou hast redeemed in Thy grace within this house. O Lord, now we pray Thee that Thou wouldst come this night and remove everything from our hearts that can hinder us from coming to Christ. We pray that Thou wouldst appear here in this great assembly, and give us all a heart to listen to the things that shall be spoken here. We know that the wages of sin is death, but that the gift of Thy Son is life eternal through Jesus Christ our Lord. May there be many here to-night that shall know and believe, and who shall ask of Him the gift of God, the loving Saviour; who shall drink and never thirst again. We pray that Thou wouldst give the stream of salvation to many a soul here to-night. Bless the songs that have been sung by Thy servant. May the Gospel be a source of rest to many a weary soul. We shall never forget Thy goodness through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

LIII.

THE RELIGION OF JESUS BETTER THAN ALL ISMS.

DEUT. xxxii. 31 : "For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

I WISH that this audience, for about thirty minutes, would just imagine they are sitting in judgment—that each one is sitting upon the case brought up. We want every man, woman, and child in this building to decide the question brought before them, "For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." This was uttered by Moses in his farewell address to Israel. He had been with them forty years, day and night. He had been the king, or president, or judge, or whatever you may call it; he had been their leader or instructor; in other words, he had been a god to them, for all the blessings of Heaven came through him. And the old man was about leaving them. He had taken them to the borders of the promised land, and all who had had left Egypt with him but Joshua and Caleb, had been laid in that wilderness. Now he is making his farewell address; and, young man, if you have never read it, read it to-night. It is the best sermon in print. I do not know any other sermon in the New or Old Testament that compares with it. His natural activity hadn't abated—he had still the vigor of youth. I can see him as he delivers it; his long white hair flowing over his shoulders, and his venerable beard covering his breast as he gives them the wholesome instruction.

The old man was giving his farewell address, in which he said, "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." Now I am not going to call upon Christians to settle this question; but the ungodly, the unconverted must decide this question, and if you be fair with the argument you will have to admit that "your rock is not as our Rock;" your peace is not as our peace; because we have got our feet on the rock of Jesus.

You know, in the first place, that the atheist does not believe in any God. He denies the existence of a God. Now, I contend that his rock is not as our Rock, and will let those atheists be the judges. What does an atheist look forward to? Nothing. He is taking a very crooked path in this world. His life has been dark; it has been full of disappointments. When he was a young man, ambition beckoned him on to a certain height. He has attained to that height, but he is not satisfied. He climbs a little higher, and, perhaps, he has got as far as he can get, but he is not contented. He is dissatisfied, and if he takes a look into the future, he sees nothing. Man's life is full of trouble. Afflictions are as numerous as the hairs of our head; but when the billows of affliction are rising and rolling over him, he has no God to call upon; therefore, I contend his "rock is not as our Rock." Look at him. He has a child. That atheist has all the natural affection for that child possible. He has a son—a noble young man—who starts out in life full of promise, but he goes astray. He has not the will-power of his father, and can not resist the temptations of the world. That father can not call upon God to save his son. He sees that son go down to ruin step by step, and by and by he plunges into a hopeless, Godless, Christless grave. And as that father looks into that grave, he has no hope. His "rock is not as our Rock." Look at him again. He has a child laid low with fever, racked with pain and torture, but the poor atheist can not offer any consolation to that child. As he stands by the bedside of that child, she says, "Father, I am dying; in a little while I will go into another world. What is going to become of me? Am I going to die like a dumb beast?" "Yes," the poor atheist says; "I love you, my daughter; but you will soon be in the grave, and eaten up by worms, and that will be all. There is no Heaven, no hereafter; it is all a myth. People have been telling you there is a hereafter, but they have been deluding you." Did you ever hear an atheist going to their dying children and telling them this? My friends, when the hour of affliction comes, they call in a minister to give consolation. Why don't the atheist preach no hereafter, no Heaven, no God in the hour of affliction? This very fact is an admission that their "rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being the judges." But look again. That little child dies, and that atheist father follows the body to the grave, and lays it down in its resting-place, and says, "All that is left of my child is there; it will soon become the

companion of worms, who will feed upon it. That is all there is." Why, the poor man's heart is broken, and he will admit his "rock is not as our Rock." A prominent atheist went to the grave with the body of his friend. He pronounced a eulogy, and committed all that was left of his friend to the winds—to nature—and bade the remains farewell forever. Oh, my friends, had he any consolation then? His "rock was not as our Rock."

A good many years ago there was a convention held in France, and those who held it wanted to get the country to deny a God, to burn the Bible—wanted to say that men passed away like a dog and a dumb animal. What was the result? Not long since, that country was filled with blood. Did you ever think what would take place if we could vote the Bible, and the ministers of the Gospel, and God out from among the people? My friends, the country would be deluged with blood. Your life and mine would not be safe in this city to-night. We could not walk through these streets with safety. We don't know how much we owe God and the influence of His Gospel among even ungodly men. I can imagine some of you saying, "Why this talk about atheists? There are none here." Well, I hope there isn't; but I find a great number who come into the inquiry-rooms! just to look on, who confess they don't believe in any God or any hereafter.

But there is another class called deists, who, you know, don't believe in revelation—who don't believe in Jesus Christ. Ask a deist who is his God. "Well," he will say, "He is the beginning—He who caused all things." These deists say there is no use to pray, because nothing can change the decrees of their deity; God never answers prayer. "Their rock is not as our Rock." In the hour of their affliction they, too, send off for some Christian to administer consolation. But there is another class. They say, "I am no deist; I am a pantheist; I believe that God is in the air; He is in the sun, the stars, in the rain, in the water"—they say God is in this wood. Why, a pantheist the other night told me God was in that post; He was in the floor. When we come to talk to those pantheists, we find them no better than the deists and atheists. There was one of that sort that Sir Isaac Newton went to talk to. He used to argue with him, and try to get the pantheist into his belief, but he couldn't. In the hour of his distress, however, he cried out to the God of Sir Isaac Newton. Why don't they cry to their god in the hour of their trouble? When I used to be in this city I used to be called

on to attend a good many funerals. I would inquire what the man was in his belief, and if I found out he was an atheist, or a deist, or a pantheist, and when I would go to the funeral, and in the presence of his friends said one word about that man's doctrine, they would feel insulted. Why is it that in a trying hour, when they have been talking all the time against God—why is it that in the darkness of affliction they call in believers in that God to administer consolation?

The next class I want to call attention to is the infidel. I contend that his "rock is not as our Rock." Look at an infidel. An infidel is one who doesn't believe in the inspiration of Scripture. These men are very numerous, and they feel insulted when we call them infidels; but a man who doesn't believe in the inspirations of Scripture is an infidel. A good many of them are in the church, and not a few of them have crept into the pulpit. These men would feel insulted if we called them infidels, but if a man says—I don't care who he is or where he preaches—if he tries to say that the Bible is not inspired from back to back, he is an infidel. That is their true name, although they don't like to be called that. Now, in that blessed Book there are five or six hundred prophecies, and every one of them has been fulfilled to the letter; and yet men try to say they can not believe the Bible is inspired. As I said the other night, those who can not believe it have never read it. I hear a great many infidels talk against the Bible, but I haven't found the first man who ever read the Bible from back to back carefully and remained an infidel. My friends, the Bible of our mothers and fathers is true. How many men have said to me, "Mr. Moody, I would give the world if I had your faith, your consolation, the hope you have from your religion." Is not that a proof that "their rock is not as our Rock?" Now look at these prophecies in regard to Nineveh, in regard to Babylon, to Egypt, to the Jewish nation, and see how literally they have been fulfilled to the letter. Every promise God makes He will carry out. Although the infidel professes his disbelief in the inspiration of Scripture, they do not believe what they declare in their hearts, else why, when we talk with them, if they have any children, do they send them out of the room? Now, not long ago I went into a man's house, and when I commenced to talk about religion, he turned to his daughter and said: "You had better go out of the room; I want to say a few words to Mr. Moody." When she had gone, he opened a perfect torrent of infidelity upon me. "Why," said I,

‘did you send your daughter out of the room before you said this?’ “Well,” he replied, “I did not think it would do her any good to hear what I said.” My friends, his “rock is not as our Rock.” Why did he send his daughter out of the room if he believed what he said? When these infidels are in trouble, why do they not get some of their infidel friends to administer consolation? When they make a will, why do they call in a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ to carry it out? Why, it is because they can not trust their infidel friends. “Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.”

Now, did you ever hear of a Christian in his dying hour recanting? Did you ever hear of them regretting that they had accepted Christianity, and in their dying hour embracing infidelity? I would like to see the man who could stand and say he had. But how many times have Christians been called to the bedside of an atheist or deist, or infidel, in his dying hours, and heard him crying for mercy. In that hour infidelity is gone, and he wants the God of his father and mother to take the place of his black infidelity. It is said of West, an eminent man, that he was going to take up the doctrine of the resurrection, and just show the world what a fraud it was, while Lord Lyttleton was going to take up the conversion of Saul, and just show the folly of it. These men were going to annihilate that doctrine and that incident of the Gospel. A Frenchman said it took twelve fishermen to build up Christ’s religion, but one Frenchman pulled it down. From Calvary this doctrine rolled along the stream of time, through the eighteen hundred years, down to us, and West got at it and began to look at the evidence; but instead of his being able to cope with it, he found it perfectly overwhelming—the proof that Christ had risen, that He had come out of the sepulchre and ascended to Heaven and led captivity captive. The light dawned upon him, and he became an expounder of the Word of God and a champion of Christianity.

And Lord Lyttleton, that infidel and skeptic, hadn’t been long at the conversion of Saul before the God of Saul broke upon his sight, and he too began to preach. I don’t believe there is a man in the audience who, if he will take his Bible and read it, but will be convinced of its truth. What does infidelity do for a man? “Why,” said a dying infidel, “my principles have lost me my friends, my principles have sent my wife to her grave with a broken heart; they have made my children beggars, and I go down to my grave with-

out peace or consolation." I never heard of an infidel going down to his grave happily. But not only do they go on without peace, but how many youths do they turn away from God. How many young men are turned away from Christ by these infidels and devils. Let them remember that God will hold them responsible if they are guilty of turning men away from Heaven. A few infidels gathered around a dying friend lately, and they wanted him to hold out to the end, to die like a man. They were trying to cheer him, but the poor infidel turned to them. "Ah," said he, "what have I got to hold on to?" My friends, let me ask you what you have got to hold on to. Every Christian has Christ to hold on to—the resurrected man. "I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." Thank God, we have some one to carry us through death and the grave, and into the promised land. Yes, the Son of God wipes away more tears in this world of sorrow than all the infidels put together in a lifetime. Infidels never take away sorrow. What can those false gods of infidelity do for them in the hour of trial? They are like the false gods of the Hebrews; they never hear their cry. Whereas, if we have the God of Daniel, of Abraham, He is always ready to succor us when in distress, and we can make Him our fortress, and we have a refuge in the storm of adversity. There we can anchor safely, free from danger and disaster. I was reading to-night almost the last words of Lord Byron, and I want to draw a comparison between the sorrowful words of Byron and those of St. Paul. He died very young—he was only thirty-six—after leading an ungodly life.

" My days are in the sere and yellow leaf,
The flower and fruit of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grave
Are mine alone."

Compare those words with the words of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." What a contrast! What a difference! My friends, there is as much difference between them as there is between Heaven and hell, between death and life. Be judges which is the most glorious—atheism, deism, infidelity, or the Christianity St. Paul practiced. May God take all these isms and sweep them from the world.

I want to read to you a letter which I received some time ago. I read this to you because I get letters from infidels who say, that not an infidel has repented during our meetings. Only about ten days ago I got a letter from an infidel, who accused me of being a liar. He said there had not been an infidel converted during our meetings. My friends, go up to the young converts' meeting any Monday night, and you will see there ten or twelve every night who have accepted Christ. Why, nearly every night we meet with a poor infidel who accepts Christ. But let me read this letter. We get many letters every day for prayer, and, my friends, you don't know the stories that lie behind those letters. The letter I am about to read was not received here, but while we were in Philadelphia. When I received it I put it away, intending to use it at a future day.

"DEAR SIR:—Allow me the privilege of addressing you with a few words. The cause of writing is, indeed, a serious one. I am the son of an aristocratic family of Germany—was expensively educated, and at college at Leipsic, was ruined by drinking, etc.; was expelled for gambling and dishonesty. My parents were greatly grieved at my conduct, and I did not dare return home, but sailed for America. I went to St. Louis, and remained there for want of money to get away. I finally obtained a situation as bookkeeper in a dry-goods house; heard from home, and of the death of my parents. This made me more sinful than ever before. I heard one of your sermons, which made a deep impression on me. I was taken sick, and the words of your text came to me and troubled me. I have tried to find peace with God, but have not succeeded. My friends, by reasoning with me that there was no God, endeavored to comfort me. The thought of my sinfulness and approaching the grave, my blasphemy, my bad example, caused me to mourn and weep. I think God is too just to forgive me my sins. My life is drawing to a close. I have not yet received God's favor. Will you not remember me in your prayers, and beseech God to save my soul from eternal destruction? Excuse me for writing this, but it will be the last I shall write this side of the grave."

Ah, my friends, "his rock was not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." I have two more letters I would like to read. I am not accustomed to read so many letters, but on this occasion I will read them to you. Some of you remember me speaking of a man who came in here who was a fugitive from jus-

tice. The Governor of the State from which he came had offered a reward for him, and he came into this Tabernacle. He received Christ, and returned to his State. This morning I received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Owing to the law's slow delay I am yet a prisoner of hope. By Thursday or Friday my case will be reached, and I'll be committed to the Penitentiary, for how long I do not know. This condition is voluntary, or of my own seeking, because I feel it due the cause of God, or the only evidence I can give of my repentance and desire to do better. My family and friends hope ultimately to obtain a pardon. I desire to thank you for the interest you have taken in me, and I ask your prayers, and those of God's people in Chicago, that I may have strength and grace to live under these calamities; that my poor heart-broken wife and children may be sustained; and, further, that God's blessing may rest on all efforts being made for my future. After it is all over, and I am in a felon's cell, I'll write you. In your efforts to warn men to do better and lead a new life, bid them beware of ambition to accomplish an undertaking at all hazards. Such is my condition. Had I left off speculation in an invention I might now be happy. Step by step I yielded until my forgeries reached over thirty thousand dollars. My aim was not to defraud, but to succeed, and pay it all back. Oh, pray for me—for all who suffer with me. While in Chicago I was under an assumed name. Here I am, in my native village, in my father's home, a prisoner, not daring to go out, or even to see my children (we have three, two boys and one girl). I hear their voices, and when they sleep I silently go in their little room and look at them in innocent slumber. My crimes are in another county, whither I go Thursday. May our heavenly Father bless your labors. Humbly and repentant, I am,

* * *

To-morrow probably he will go into the penitentiary to suffer for his crime, but now his Rock is our Rock.

Last week a beautiful-looking young man came into the inquiry-room. He had been brought up in a happy home with a good father and mother. He had gone astray. When he came into the inquiry-room, he said he intended to become a Christian, but he could not because he knew what it would make him do. He had robbed an express company, and that sin came between him and God. He had been heard and received a verdict in his favor, but he knew he was guilty. He had gone into the witness box and

committed perjury. He turned away and left the building. Last Friday, however, he was at the noonday meeting; he was in my private room for a while, and I never felt so much pity for a man in my life. He wanted to become a Christian, but the thought of having to go back and tell his father that he was guilty, after his father had paid two thousand dollars to conduct his trial. After a great struggle he got down on his knees and cried out, "O God, help me; forgive me my sins;" and at last he got up and straightened himself and said, "Well, sir, I will go back." A friend went down to the railway station and saw him off, and shortly after I got this dispatch from him:

"MR. MOODY:—God has told me what to do. The future is as clear as crystal. I am happier than ever before."

He went on his way, reached his native village, and I received this letter from him this morning, and I have felt my soul filled with sorrow ever since it came. Let me say here, if there is any one in this hall, who has taken money from his employer, go and tell him of it at once. It is a good deal better for you to confess it than have it on your mind—than to try to cover it up. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." If you have taken any money that doesn't belong to you, make restitution by confession at least. If any one here is being tempted to commit a forgery or any crime, let this be a warning to them:

"MY BELOVED FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I am firm in the cause. I have started, and feel that God is with me in it. And, oh, dear brother, do never cease praying for my dear father and praying mother, and I wish you would some day write them and tell them that God will make this all for the best. If I live for ages I will never cease praying for them, and I never can forgive myself for my ungratefulness to my dear broken-hearted sisters and brothers and dear good parents. Oh, that link that held the once happy home is severed. O God! may it not be forever. Would that I had been a Christian for life; that I had taken my mother's hand when a child and walked from there, hand in hand, straight to Heaven; and then the stains would not have been. But we know, O God, that they can't follow me into Heaven, for then I will be washed of all my sins, and the things that are on this earth will stay here.

"Oh, my dear Christian brother, my heart almost failed me when I was approaching my dear, happy home, and the thought that I was the one out of eight brothers and sisters to break the chain of happiness that surrounded that once happy and beautiful home,

which is now shaded with misery, and the beautiful sunshine that once lit that happy, that dearest of homes, is now overshadowed with darkness. Oh, I fear it will take my dear parents; it is more than they can bear. When I reached home, and they all greeted me with a kiss, and I told them I had started for Heaven, and God sent me home to tell them, my mother shed tears of happiness, and when I was forced to bring the death-stroke upon her, the tears ceased to flow, and God only can describe the scene that took place. I called them all around me, and I thought I could not pray if I were to attempt it. But when I knelt with them in prayer, God just told me what to say, and I found it the will of God; and after I had prayed, I kissed them all, and asked their pardon for my ungratefulness, which I received from them all. Then I made my preparations to leave home, for how long God only knows; but I got grace to leave in a cheerful way, and it appeared for a short time; and if God lets me live to return home, I will join my mother's side, take her to church, and bring my brothers and sisters and father to God. We will all go to Heaven together. My beloved brother, I must see you some day, and just tell you what God has done for me, and I know He will never forsake me, when I am shut up in those prison walls for a crime I justly deserve. When I can't communicate with any one else, I know I will not be shut off from God. Oh, glory!

"I came to Cleveland last night, and was going to get that money and return it to the General Superintendent, but my attorney had made that arrangement already. I find there is an indictment at Akron against me now for perjury, and I am going to take the morning train and go to Akron. Court is in progress now, and I am going to ask the court if there is an indictment against me, and if there is, I will hear it and then plead guilty. I will write you again soon, and give you all the particulars, and the length of my sentence."

I want to urge this letter upon your consideration as a warning. Think of the punishment that young man has brought upon himself; think of the agony of that father and mother when he broke the news to them—when he told them of his guilt. His "rock was not as our Rock." May God bless every young man here, and may they be brought to the acceptance of salvation. May they turn to Thee, God of their fathers and of their mothers, so that they can say, "Your Rock is our Rock—we are servants of God."

LIV.

JESUS CHRIST MUST BE RECEIVED OR REJECTED.

MATT. xxvii. 22: "Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let Him be crucified."

PILATE was in difficulty. Pilate had the question sprung suddenly upon him—not like the citizens of Chicago before whom the question has been from their cradle up, and to whom it has been present continually. One morning—I suppose it was about six o'clock—the governor was aroused by a mob in front of his palace, clamoring for a decision about this man. Pilate examined the case, and he wavered. There he made his first mistake. Instead of taking his place like a man, saying, "I will never sanction this injustice; I have been placed here by the Roman Emperor to administer justice to men, and I can not deliver this innocent man to you." Instead of that he compromised with them; he wanted to be on both sides at once. "I will chastise Him," he says, and that will shift the responsibility on to the Jews. But he found they were enraged at this, and wanted His life. When he found He was from Galilee he thought he would shift the responsibility onto Herod, and imagined he could in this way get rid of this great question—that question which appeals to every man and woman here to-night—"What are we going to do with the Son that God gave up, with the gift He gave for us?" Well, he sent them off to Herod. I don't know how long they were gone—perhaps about an hour; but back they came again to Pilate, after finding that even Herod, that blood-thirsty governor, had refused to judge Him, to get him to decide the case and have Him crucified. He again wants to release Him. He is thoroughly convinced that He is a just man—an innocent man; in fact, it is said it was envy that prompted them to seek His life. Pilate knew deep down in his heart that it was envy and malice that prompted them to bring

Christ before him, yet instead of taking his stand like a man and deciding for himself, as he ought to have done, he tried to be on the side of every party. He took the most notable prisoner of the time along with Jesus and said to the multitude, "I will release one of them; which will you have?" I suppose he thought sure they would say, "Release Jesus of Nazareth;" he thought they would keep a man who gave life to the people and did good everywhere. He went. But the chief priests ran through the crowd and got them to be all of one mind, and they cried, "Barabbas, Barabbas, give us Barabbas." Then he said, "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" And they cried, "Let Him be crucified." The poor, blind, heathen governor then turned to them and said, "What evil hath He done?" But they cried the more, and he turned Him over, and he took water and washed his hands of the iniquity—the poor, blind, deceived man. He thought he was freed from his decision by the act, but bear in mind that God held Pilate responsible for that decision, as he holds every man and woman responsible for the manner in which they treat the gift of His Son. It is an individual matter with us as it was with Pilate. God gave Him to every one here just as He was given to Paul when he says, "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

Now, look at this man Pilate. His judgment was convinced that Jesus was the Saviour of the world. How many men and women are just convinced in their judgment that Jesus Christ was sent into the world for the express purpose of saving them. You believe it, don't you? If I were to put it to every one here to-night and ask them to rise and give their conviction, probably every one would say, "I believe Christ was sent to save the world." Well, you are like Pilate; you are convinced. But not only was his judgment reached, but his conscience was reached. He knew, deep down in his own conscience, he ought to let Him go free, but he didn't come up to his conscience. His conscience was telling him to release this man; even his black, treacherous heart was telling him to release Him. He ought to have bowed before Him and called Him as his Lord and Saviour. Not only his conscience and his heart were telling him this, but his wife sent to him, saying, "Have nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream this day because of Him." And with all this the man was lost for want of decision—lost owing to a vacillating character, like hundreds and thousands of people who will be lost in Chicago. How many are

thoroughly convinced that Jesus Christ can save, that He will save, yet they are not willing to let Christ save them. Just like poor Pilate. What was the trouble that kept him back? The trouble was, he wanted the applause of men. He knew that He was Jesus Christ of Nazareth, that in Him there was no guile; he knew that He was pure as the angels of Heaven, yet poor Pilate wanted the applause of his fellow-men, he wanted to keep his office, and decided against Christ, and so you can say he was lost by his decision; and you are in the position of Pilate to-night—for or against Him. I don't know but some of you will get angry at this, as you did the other night, but I like to put men in a corner and hold them till they answer the great question. I made a remark the other night that every man and woman in this assembly had got to decide that night "What they were going to do with God's Son." A great many have an idea that they have got plenty of time to decide the question as to receiving or rejecting Him. This is a delusion. Christ has been presented to us from our earliest years—since the time we first knew what salvation was—and during all these years we have been guilty of either rejecting or else receiving Him. Every time He is offered we must do either of the two things. Pilate came very near the kingdom of God. The Son of God was beside him; he talked with Him. No doubt he was in the presence of Jesus Christ for two hours, and he could have called upon Him and would have been saved. Yet he neglected to do so, and he was lost.

Then look again. He was false to his own convictions. He was convicted of the fact that Jesus was put into his hands through envy. He was probably convicted that Jesus was what He claimed to be—the King of the Jews, the Saviour of the world—not only that, but he was unstable; he didn't dare to have a mind of his own; he didn't dare to decide this question according to his convictions, on account of public clamor; not only that, but he allowed others to decide for him. Young lady, is it not that which keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Do you not let other people decide for you? Are you not looking around to see what other people will say—what they will think if you accept Him, when you know deep down in your heart that He is your only salvation? You look to see what your companions will say, and if they lift up their voices in derision, you haven't the moral courage to decide according to your convictions. You let them decide for you. Pilate never ought to have let this question go from him. All those

judges against Him looked to worldly interests in their decision; but did you ever glance through the Scriptures to see what those people gained by fighting against Christ? Did you ever take a look into profane history to see what those men gained? Go and see what calamities befel them who fought against Christ. You all know what became of Judas. Look at him when he came back with the money. His conscience became a hell, and he came back to the Temple into the office where the chief priests were and threw down the thirty pieces of silver. Look at the picture of despair. He had for thirty pieces of silver, bought his own eternal damnation. He couldn't keep the money, because he had been the means of shedding innocent blood, and threw it down before the men who gave it to him and went out and committed suicide. Judas was dead and damned before Christ died on the cross. Look at Caiaphas. Before the end of the year he was deposed. Then that wicked Herod had him dressed up like a mock king, and said, "Hail, King of the Jews," in derision, and his soldiers spat upon him. Herod died an infamous death after he had been hurled from his throne, and banished to a foreign country. And this man who gave his sentence was banished, and he, too, committed suicide. I don't know what made him commit suicide, but I can imagine. When they took his office from him, and sent him off to a foreign land, his conscience began to smite him. He thought of that day when Christ was brought before him. That was his day of decision—that was the crisis in his life. I believe there is a day of decision in our lives; a day upon which the crisis of our lives occurs. There is a day when the Son of Man comes and stands at our heart and knocks and knocks for the last time and leaves us forever. I can imagine when Pilate was banished how this recollection troubled him day and night. He remembered how that Saviour had looked on him—how innocent He was; he remembered how, when the Jews were clamoring for His death, and the cry echoed through the streets of Jerusalem, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" it seemed as if He had nothing but love for them. Probably some one told him the story of the crucifixion, and how, when nailed to the cross, and the howling mob around Him, He cried: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do;" he remembered how they clamored for His life, and now he hadn't the moral courage to stand up for the despised Nazarene, and that preyed upon his mind, and he put an end to his miserable existence. My friends, what did these men

gain by fighting against Christ? Let me ask you to-night, What does a man gain by fighting against Him? Does the devil pay you for your service? You men who make light of everything pure and holy; you men who make light of salvation's gift—of the gift of God's only Son, what do you gain by it? I have to find the first man who ever gained anything by fighting against Christ. My friends, "It is hard to kick against the pricks. It is hard to contend against God Almighty."

Now, it seems to me, the best thing that every man and woman in this audience can do to-night, is to make an unconditional surrender of your soul and body to Jesus Christ. Decide this question to-night, "What shall I do with this Jesus?" and it may be that an angel is hovering over you—hovering over that young man as he says, "What shall I do?"—waiting to carry the answer back to Heaven. I beg of you, settle this solemn question. Say, "I accept." I don't know whether Herod was touched, but Pilate, Agrippa, and Felix were; but they preferred a worthless bauble to salvation. They have come almost to a decision to accept Him, but, on account of unholy influences, they reject Him. As I said before, men don't like this idea of being forced to a decision. A man the other day got offended at me when I asked him, "Do you coolly, calmly, and deliberately reject the Son of God?" "I do." "Do you know what it is to reject the Son of God? it is condemnation." "I deny it, sir." "Well, 'He that believeth in Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already.'" "Well, I don't like you to put it so plain," he answered. "God has put it plain, so that we can understand it, and if we reject it we are condemned." Why, people in this audience have got a good deal more light than Pilate had; yet because he didn't take his stand and believe, he was condemned. Now, are you going to take your stand beside Pilate, and spend eternity with him, or are you going to take your stand with Herod and mock Him? From what I hear, many people on going out of this building mock everything about the meetings. They mock the singers, they mock the preaching, the Christian people they see. Well, you can mock and go down with Herod. Yes, mocker, you can come into this building and take a chair yonder, and trifle and mock everything you hear. You can do it; but, my friends, if you trifle with His offer He will condemn you. The devil, who prompts you to trifle with sacred things, will by and by become your tormentor. Go trifle

with the forked lightning, trifle with small-pox, with yellow fever, but don't, I pray you, trifle with the Son of God. I beg of you don't get up and leave this building laughing and scoffing at the text to-night. I don't care how much sport you make of the minister, but I beseech you don't make sport of the solemn question, 'What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?' Don't trifle with this gift of God for a wicked world. It was an unspeakable gift; it cost God all He had. There was once a Welsh minister who read out the passage of Scripture: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" And he paused and leaned over his pulpit and said: "My friends, this is a question I can not answer; it is a question that the angels from Heaven can not answer." "How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" What will you do with the gift to-night? Will you hurl it from you—trample it under your feet? will you send back the insulting message, "I don't want it?" O, man of pleasure, what will you do? Look at Solomon, how he took up mirth, and then wine, and then another and another pleasure, and after he had got to the end of the whole catalogue of pleasures he just bundled them together and said: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." O, man of pleasure, what are you going to do? You may be after honor or position—that was what Pilate wanted; you may seek to be governor of men, but if you seek pleasure and happiness in position, or in the attainment of great things, you will be disappointed. If you want solid comfort and peace, decide to-night to take Him as your Saviour—to take Him as your Redeemer, as your way, your light, your righteousness, your justification—decide to-night to take Him as your all-in-all. My friends, what will you do with Him? As I said before, an angel of light may be here—may be bending over that man in the gallery yonder. He may be scoffing; I don't know. He may have a mother in the East who is praying for him now, or he may have a mother in the celestial kingdom. I don't know; there may be more angels than people in this room waiting for your decisions. May this young man and that young lady say, "I will decide this question to-night; I will not go out of this world without Him; I can not reject again; I may not have another opportunity." How many of those who were lost in the Brooklyn Theatre if they had been spoken to last Sunday about Christ and Heaven would have rejected Him? but how much would they give now if they could have the opportunity

you have to-night? Angels may be hovering over every one of you, waiting for your answer. "I will, I will receive Him, cost what it may; I will break through every obstacle and take salvation as a gift to-night." And how that angel will wing his way to the mansions of Heaven, and how the bells of Heaven will peal forth their anthems, and songs will go up. "There are men and women in the Tabernacle to-night deciding the question." My friends, let this blessed Sabbath evening be the night of your salvation. Do not be like Caiaphas, or Pilate, or Agrippa, or any of those men who despised or trifled with the question.

The last time I preached upon this question was in old Farwell Hall. I had been for five nights preaching upon the life of Christ. I took Him from the cradle and followed Him up to the point in the judgment-hall, and on that occasion I consider I made as great a blunder as ever I made in my life. If I could recall my act I would give this right hand. It was upon that memorable night in October, and the Court-house bell was sounding an alarm of fire, but I paid no attention to it. You know we were accustomed to hear the fire bell often, and it didn't disturb us much when it sounded. I finished the sermon upon "What shall I do with Jesus?" And I said to that audience, "Now, I want you to take the question with you, think over it, and next Sunday I want you to come back and tell me what you are going to do with it." What a mistake. It seems now as if Satan was in my mind when I said this. Since then I never have dared give an audience a week to think of their salvation. If they were lost, they might rise up in judgment against me. "Now is the accepted time." We went down-stairs to the other meeting, and I remember what Mr. Sankey was singing, and how his voice rang when he came to that pleading verse:

"To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly.
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh."

After the meeting we went home. I remember going down La Salle street with a young man, who is probably in the hall to-night, and saw the glare of the flames. I said to the young man, "This means ruin to Chicago." About one o'clock Farwell Hall went; soon the church in which I had preached went down, and everything was scattered. I never saw that audience again. My friends,

we don't know what may happen to-morrow ; but there is one thing I do know, and that is, if you take the gift you are saved. If you have eternal life you need not fear fire, death, or sickness. Let disease or death come, you can shout triumphantly over the grave if you have Christ. My friends, what are you going to do with Him to-night ? Will you receive Him ? Or put it this way : How many will reject Him ? Suppose I was to put it to the vote, is there any one here who would rise and reject Him as their Saviour ? Say, friend, what are you going to do to-night ? It is a solemn question, and may God drive it home to your heart : " What shall I do with Jesus ? " How many are there here who will say, " I will receive Him ; I believe it ; from this time I will trust Him to save my soul ? " He will save you if you but say this sincerely. May God bring you to a decision, and may this be the happy hour when you shall receive the Son of God as your Saviour and Redeemer.

PRAYER.

Our Father in Heaven, as we come this night we pray Thee to bless these men. Save them. We have come up here to pray for their souls' salvation. May they realize the gift of Thy holy Son, Jesus Christ, and accept Him as their Saviour before they leave this building. May they realize the awful end that awaits them if they continue in their sins. May they realize the sweet influence of Christ's love, and turn and serve Him to-night. May these fathers, these brothers, these sons, be converted and go from this house to their homes and erect there the family altar. May the prayers of their mothers, their sisters, their daughters, their wives, avail much, and may they be brought to see Christ their Saviour in the true light. And when many of them have grown old, may they look back to this night, and realize that it was the happiest of their life. We thank Thee for the great assembly within these walls to-night, for when we see this, we know that the Spirit of the Lord is here. Tarry with us, O Father, through this meeting, and may we all go home blessing Thee because we have found the Lord. We ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.

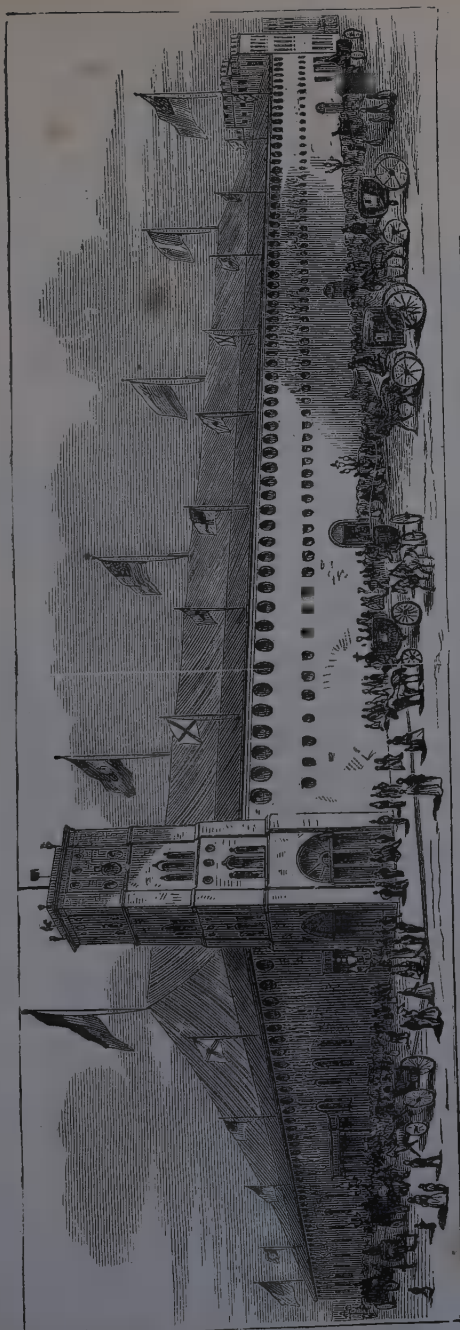
LV.

THE RICH FOOL.

LUKE xii. 20: "But God said unto him: Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

YOU will see by reading this portion of Scripture that he was what we would call nowadays a successful business man—a man that many parents would hold up to their sons as a model. I don't think he was a drinking man; there's nothing in the story that would lead us to suppose he was. He hadn't made his money in getting up corners on grain; he didn't get it by any acts of usury by which he drew twenty percent.; he didn't get it by making a corner on gold or getting up a Black Friday; he didn't make his money by betting on elections or buying stocks, but he got it lawfully. No doubt he was a moralist; certainly there is nothing in what we have read to-night against his character. That was not his fault. He didn't rent his property for billiard halls, for liquor saloons, or to harlots; he was a farmer. I don't know of a more lawful occupation than that of a farmer. He was a successful man. I don't believe he ever compromised with his creditors by paying fifty cents on the dollar when he could pay a hundred. He didn't get his money that way. He didn't get it by shaving notes, or by taking advantage of the widow and orphan, or those who were poor, but he got it lawfully. He was an upright man. I presume if he was here we would send him to Congress, or if we could not send him to Congress, we would make him Mayor. He was a thoroughly good business man, who paid all he promised to pay. He was what we would call a shrewd man—a long-headed man, just deluged with business, and, undoubtedly, if you had spoken to him about his soul's welfare he would have turned to Scripture and said, "Be not slothful in business." Business must be attended to first; that's what Scripture teaches. And I think that Chicago men have got as far as that in Scripture, and there they stop. A man came out here from the East, and a minister asked him to preach in his pulpit,

and he picked out the text, "Not slothful in business," but went no further. "Why," said the minister to him, "don't you know that all Chicago have got that down in their soul; why don't you preach upon the whole of the text, and not a part?" "Not slothful in business." Chicago doesn't want that kind of preaching. He forgot the rest—"fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." This man was earnest with business. He had got off that part of the text. Undoubtedly he moved in the best society of his time. He had the best turnout in that part of the country. He had the best farm in that section of the country, and the best horses and cattle. If he had been living to-day, probably he would have had the best short-horn cattle and the very finest-wool sheep. He had the very best, undoubtedly, in his time, and had been called a great success. No doubt, in those days they had revival-meetings; of course they had, because one of the greatest revivals that ever took place occurred in those days under John the Baptist. Perhaps it took place near his farm; but he could not leave his business to attend it. Great multitudes flocked past his house from early morn till late at night on their way to the banks of the Jordan to hear the greatest revivalist that ever lived, except Jesus Christ. But he didn't leave his business to go; he probably thought they were fanatics. The idea of a business man turning from his legitimate business, from his merchandise—should waste his time to hear that preacher. No doubt he belonged to the synagogue. He believed in set doctrines, and walked accordingly. He would not hear of those innovations. The idea of spending his time in going to listen to a man who was clothed with a leather girdle, and fed on locusts and wild-honey! No, sir; he wouldn't hear him. Undoubtedly, Jesus and His apostles passed by that way; and he might have, one night, entertained Him. Perhaps he had heard about the dead being raised by this man, as these drunkards are being raised in Chicago to-day—men who are being lifted from sin and degradation, and a new song put into their mouth. Like a great many of these business men to-day, perhaps, he said, "Oh, it's only a nine-days' wonder, and the excitement will be gone soon." Christ came and went; but he was so pressed with business that he hadn't time to attend to what that Heavenly preacher said. He hadn't time to go to those meetings on the banks of the Jordan. So it is with men to-day. They haven't time to look into this great question of Jesus Christ. They have heard of Him, but can't stop to see how He



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE "HIPPODROME," NEW YORK, FROM MADISON AVENUE.



came, why He came, or what He has done. Business is so pressing. Undoubtedly he had the very best wine there was in the land, and it was always on his table, although he wasn't a drunkard. He had the very best fruit, the very best fish and game upon his table. The very best material he wore—perhaps he sent all the way down to Egypt to buy clothing for his wife and daughters. His turnout was the most stylish—probably he was often seen with a four-in-hand on the highway. Everybody said he was getting along nicely. If a friend came to see him, he would take him all around, and show him his land and his barns, and point to this and that part that he was going to pull down and make larger; business was increasing. He would show him all through his grand house, and tell how he was once a poor boy, how his father died, and how the creditors came and took everything—how he had commenced life with nothing, and he had made all his friend saw. Just like a great many men here. They will tell how they came to Chicago poor boys, how by hard work, by incessant toiling, they have gained what they have now, taking all the glory to themselves, instead of giving it to God.

Look at him! If a man cheated him out of five dollars how he would resent it. Shrewd, practical business man: and yet the devil was cheating him out of his soul. That is the way to-day. The world calls successful men—though they neglect their eternal welfare—shrewd, practical men. Oh, how blind—how short-sighted they are! They are just living for time. The great trouble with this man was, he was blind—he was just living from the cradle to the grave. He didn't want to take death into his plans. "In every man's garden there is a sepulchre." My friends, in every man's home there is a sepulchre. Death is inevitable, and is not a man mad who does not take it into his plans?

Look at him! One night he is in the drawing-room of this beautiful palatial home, and he stands with an architect looking over plans. He is going to have a new barn built. It is going to be the best that money can erect. He doesn't want any of his neighbors to approach him. It is going to be the very best. The architect has gone away, and he stands there looking over the plans. His family have retired, and all the servants have gone to bed. The doors and windows are all double-locked, double-barred, sealed, chained—fastened securely; but a stranger comes in slowly and lays a cold hand upon him, and says, "Come! I must take thee away."

"Who art thou, stranger?" "I am Death." He should not have been any stranger to him. The idea of Death being a stranger to any of us. Why, death is all around us. No doubt he had attended many funerals, and, perhaps, acted as pall-bearer. Perhaps he was like some people in Chicago; he never heard a sermon except when he attended a funeral. He had heard a sermon then and had seen the body laid in the ground, and now his time has come. He wants to bribe Death, and offers him thousands of dollars to give him a little more time; but he can not bribe Death. You can bribe politicians, you may bribe these business men, but there is an officer that never can be bought, never can be bribed, and when he comes, we have to obey his summons. When Death says, "Come, you must go with me," we have to obey him. When Death entered that chamber and said, "Come, I want thee," he might have cried, "Let me live a little longer; let me have these places finished; just a few years longer." "Come," says Death, "come." "Why, what are you going to do with me? Where are you going to take me?" "You have had time enough to see to that; you must come now." The man weeps and cries, "I've got a loving wife, I have loving children, I have got a perfect palace—a beautiful home, which I have been all my life preparing; I've just got it fixed up now; don't summon me away now; oh, Death, spare me a little longer." Like that queen he cries, "O for an inch of time!" But says Death, "Come!" and lays his cold hand upon that heart, and it ceases to beat. Perhaps when the servants come in they find him sitting at his desk dead. The news spreads through the house, and that wife learns that she is a widow. I see that widow and those children gathering around the body of that father. The family physician comes. He looks at that body and puts his hand on that pulse, but the pulse that told the man how fast he was traveling toward eternity has ceased to beat. There is a stir in that community next morning—"Squire so-and-so is dead; he was a shrewd man; practical, successful man." Perhaps, at the funeral, the whole community turned out, and probably got a minister, as they get them in our day, to come to the funeral and deliver a eulogy over him, and say he was very benevolent to the poor; he was very philanthropic, and held him up as an example. It seems to me there is more lying at funerals than anywhere else. Men stand up and pronounce a eulogy over men who have lived a churchless, Godless life—who have gone down to a Christless, Godless grave, and hope, because they have been wise and

good to the poor, they have gone to a better world. God sees differently. You and I may try to make out this man as a shrewd man, a wise man, a man to be held up as an example, but just see what the Son of Man says about him. He says such a man is an abomination to God. The Son of Man says, "Thou fool." He wrote his epitaph, and it has been handed down to us as a warning—handed down for eighteen hundred years.

I can imagine some of you saying, "If I had known that he would have talked about death to-night, I would not have come. Why doesn't he talk about life, about happiness? Why doesn't he tell us about how to get on in business—how to get through the battle of life? Why does he speak about death only?" I will tell you why it is. It is because nine out of every ten die unexpectedly; it is because nine out of every ten die wholly unprepared. They may have been warned, death may have come very near, it might have entered their house and taken away a loved wife, loved children, a loved father or mother—death may have come into their homes four, five, six, seven, ten times, and taken relatives from their midst, yet they're unprepared. Do you know that six millions of people die annually in this world? Since I came here and began preaching in this Tabernacle, death has thrown its mantle around many a one. Do you remember that Death, in this cold, dark, bleak night, is doing his work? I am speaking to some who may be in eternity to-morrow. I come to tell you to be prepared. Is not it downright folly to spend your lives in piling up wealth, and to die as this man died, without hope, without Christ, without eternal life? Let me call your attention to this. The sin of this man was simply neglect, it is clear. We can not condemn his business; it was honest, legitimate. But the thing we do condemn is, that he neglected to secure his soul's salvation. A great many say, "Am I not kind to the poor, am I not honorable in all my transactions, do I not pay a hundred cents on the dollar always?" But are you honest to your soul's salvation? You may fold your arms and depend upon your deeds, but if you do not seek salvation in this world, you will be lost. You know that there are three steps down the hill, and they are to neglect, to refuse, and to despise. Now all in this audience are standing on some of the steps of this ladder. You can see if a man neglects his salvation he will be lost. All you men, if you neglect your business, leave it to itself, you know you will soon become bankrupt. And if a man wants to die, all he has to do is to

neglect to call in a doctor. Look at a general of an army of ten thousand men. He knows that there is an army of ten thousand coming to meet him, but he goes and takes his glass and sees in the distance another army of ten thousand men who are coming up to reinforce his enemy. He knows he can not delay; if he does he will soon be overwhelmed by the twenty thousand men ahead of him. A man who neglects his soul's salvation does not look at what is ahead of him, and the enemy comes up and overwhelms him. Death comes, as it probably came to this man, at the midnight hour, unexpectedly and unbidden. You know more men die at night than in the day—from twelve to three o'clock in the morning. How many die unexpectedly. Look at the millions and millions who die unexpectedly. Although we live the allotted time—three-score and ten—when death comes it comes unexpectedly. This man had provided for his family; he had built up a great business, had provided for his own wants, but he made no provision for his own soul. You might have gone to his house and taken up a pencil and written on everything he possessed, "Thou fool." He spent all his life in accumulating money, and then he had to leave it all. A sailor was telling a man that his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather were all drowned at sea, and the man said, "Why don't you get prepared to die, then; you may be drowned any day, too?" "Where did your father die?" inquired the sailor. "On land." "And your grandfather?" "On land." "And your great-grandfather?" "On land, too." "Are you prepared to die?" "Well, no." "Why don't you get prepared?" asked the sailor. He didn't think he was in danger continually himself, but that the sailor was.

I think the greatest text that is given to us is, "Prepare to meet thy God." Are you ready? Why do you neglect any longer to accept salvation? All the children of Israel had to do to be cured was to look on that brazen serpent; they were healed instantly. If they neglected to look upon that serpent they died. All you have got to do is to look upon Christ and receive life. Look at that Indian who is in his canoe. He has gone to sleep. Perhaps he may be dreaming about the hunting-grounds, perhaps he may be dreaming of his friends in the Indian village. Yet he is in the rapids which are taking him over the cataract. He is not rowing toward it; he is sound asleep, the paddle lies in the bottom of that canoe. Without any effort of his own, the current is taking him toward the

falls. By and by the poor man wakes up, he sees he is on the brink of the cataract. In a few moments he will plunge over. He gives an unearthly cry, and down he goes into the jaws of death. How many men are here to-night who are in the current that is carrying them to the cataract—rushing on to judgment. A great many things in this land are not sure. You may buy grain, you may buy land, you are not sure whether the value will go up or down; but there is one thing that you are sure of, and that is death. "For it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." After that the judgment. You can be sure of that.

Now the question is, Are you ready? I can imagine some of you saying, "I've got time enough; I don't propose to settle this question just yet; there's a good many years before me." Is there a man who can say this? Is there a man who can say, "Tomorrow is mine?" We are on a journey toward the judgment. Have you got a hope in the future—have you that which will take you over the grave—have you that power which will carry you through death and judgment? You go to Graceland and summon up the dead. Bring them into this hall in the midst of this audience with their ghastly winding-sheets and see how many of them died old. You will find that more have died young than old. Why, whole populations are swept into eternity before they reach their allotted age. Instead of three-score and ten, the allotted age nowadays is about thirty years. My friends, we will soon be in eternity. What are you doing? Are you reflecting?

Some of you are on the second round of the ladder. You are refusing. I was talking to a lady last night, and she said calmly, coolly, and deliberately, "I don't want Him; I don't want Christ." "Do you really mean this?" I asked. "Yes, I don't want Him." I presume a few years ago she would not have said this, but she had got on the second round of the ladder; and some now despise it. If you get a tract upon the streets you will just tear it up. You mock or make light of the God of your father or your mother. You have got on the bottom round of the ladder and you despise the gift of God. My friends, that is the last round. A man has sunk pretty low when he despises the gift of God—when he hurls it back to God and says, "I will not have it."

Now, I want to ask you this question, What are you going to do? Will you think a few minutes, young men? Will you stop for a few minutes and just think? I wish I could wake this audience up

for five minutes. Just ask yourselves where you are; or to make it more personal, "What am I? Where am I going?" A dying man called a Hindoo priest to his bedside, and asked him where he was going. The priest said he was going into an animal. "Well, after that where am I going?" "Going into another animal." "Where next?" "Into another animal;" and he went on telling the man he would enter into this and that animal until he stopped. Then the man asked, "Where shall I go after that?" The poor heathen priest could not tell him. Ah, won't you settle this question to-night? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Suppose a man has the whole wealth of Chicago rolled at his feet, and then he dies, what has he gained?

A father was on his death-bed lately, and he called in his son. The boy was careless; he would not take death into account. He wanted to enjoy the pleasures of life, and he took no heed for a future. The old man said, "My son, I want to ask you one favor, and that is, when I am dead I want you to promise me you will come into this room for five minutes every day for thirty days. You are to come alone; not to bring a book with you, and sit here." The thoughtless young man promised to do it. The father died.

The first thing when he went into that room that he thought of was his father's prayer—his father's words, and his father's God, and before the five minutes expired he was crying out, "God, be merciful to me." It seems to me if I could get men to ask themselves, "What is going to be my end?" "Where am I going to spend eternity?" it would not be long before they would come to Christ. You may be moralists, you may be proprietors of a successful business, you may be what the world calls successful business men, yet "Where are you going to spend eternity?" Can you tell me where you will be next year?—can you tell me where you are going to be ten years hence? Can you tell me? I want to read a little notice on a card which is headed, "I have missed it at last."

A few months ago, in New York, a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside, examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a short time to live. The young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. He forgot that death comes "in such an hour as ye think not." At length he looked up in the face of the doctor, and with a most despairing

countenance repeated the expression, "I have missed it—at last." "What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted, sympathizing physician. "I have missed it—at last," again the young man replied. The doctor, not in the least comprehending what the poor young man meant, said, "My dear young man, will you be so good as to tell me what you—" He instantly interrupted, saying, "Oh, doctor! it is a sad story—a sad, sad story that I have to tell. But I have missed it." "Missed what?" "Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul." "Oh! say not so. It is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?" "Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that *he* never said to the Holy Spirit, Go thy way. But *I did*. And now He is saying to me, Go *your way*." He lay gasping awhile, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said, "I was awakened and was anxious about my soul a little time ago; but I did not want religion then. Something seemed to say to me, 'Don't postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote and more favorable. I bargained away, insulted, and grieved away the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have religion, and make my salvation sure. And now I have missed it—at last." "You remember," said the doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour." "My eleventh hour," he rejoined, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost." "Not lost," said the doctor, "you may yet be saved." "No—not saved—never. He tells me I may go my way now. I know it—I feel it here," laying his hand upon his heart. Then he burst out in despairing agony, "Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather, a straw—undone forever." This was said with such unutterable, indescribable despondency, that no words were said in reply. After lying a few moments he raised his head, and looking all around the room as if for some desired object—turning his eyes in every direction—then burying his face in the pillow, he again exclaimed, in agony and horror, "Oh! I have missed it at last," and he died.

Dear friends, you may not hear my voice again. I may be speaking to you for the last time. You may never come into this Tabernacle again, and I beg of you, as a friend, and as a brother, do not

go out of this Tabernacle without salvation. Let this night be the night that you will accept everlasting life. Let this be the night on which you will cry from the depth of your heart, "Let me have Christ—let me have salvation." "Though it cost me my right hand or my right eye I will have Christ to-night." May that be the cry of every one here to-night, and salvation be accepted for time and eternity by every soul in this building. May God wake up every soul here to-night, and when the summons comes, may you go to triumph over the grave and so enter into a glorious immortality.

LVI.

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN; OR, PRIDE AND PENITENCE.

LUKE xviii. 9-14.

TWO men went up to the Temple—one to pray to himself, and the other to pray to God, and I think it will be safe to divide the audience into two bodies, and put them under these two heads. I think, however, whether we divide the audience or not, we come under these two heads—those who have the spirit of the publican, and those who have the spirit of the Pharisee. You can find that the whole community may be divided into these two classes. The spirit of the prodigal and the spirit of an elder brother are still in the world; the spirits of Cain and Abel are still in the world, and these two are representative men. One of them trusted in his own righteousness, and the other didn't have any trust in it; and I say I think all men will come under these two heads. They have either given up all their self-righteousness—renounced it all, and turned their back upon it—or else they are clinging to their own righteousness; and you will find that these self-righteous men who are always clinging to their own righteousness, are continually measuring themselves by their neighbors. "I thank God that I am not as other men are." That was the spirit of that Pharisee, and that is the spirit to-day of one class in this community, and the other class comes under the head of this other man.

Now, let us look at the man Christ pictured first. It is evident that he was full of egotism, full of conceit, full of pride; and I believe, as I have said before on this platform, that is one of the greatest enemies the Son of God has to-day; and I believe it keeps more men from the kingdom of God than anything else. Pride can grow on any soil, in any climate—no place is too hot for it, and no place is too cold for its growth. How much misery has it caused in this world! How many men here are kept from salvation by

pride! Why, it sprung up into Heaven, and for it Lucifer was cast out; by pride, Nebuchadnezzar lost his throne. As he walked through Babylon, he cried, "Is not this a great Babylon which I have built?" and he was hurled from his throne. How many men who have become drunkards, who are all broken up—will gone, health gone—are just as full of pride as the sun is of light. It won't let them come to Christ and be saved. A great many live like this Pharisee—only in the form of religion; they don't want the wheat, only the husk; they don't want the kernel, only the shell. How many men are there in Chicago who are just living on empty form. They say their prayers, but they don't mean anything. Why, this Pharisee said plenty of prayers, but how did he pray? He prayed with himself. He might as well pray to this post. He didn't pray to God, who knew his heart a thousand times better than he did himself. He thought he knew himself. He forgot that he was as a sepulchre, full of dead men's bones; forgot that his heart was rotten, corrupt, and vile, and he comes and spreads out his hands and looks up to Heaven. Why, the very angels in Heaven veil their faces before God as they cry, "Holy, holy, holy." But this Pharisee comes into the temple and spreads out his hands, and says, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are; I fast twice a week." He set before God what he had done in comparison with other men, and was striking a balance and making out God to be his debtor, as thousands in Chicago are doing to-day; and then he says, "I give one-tenth of all I possess." I suppose if he was living in Chicago now, and we had gone to him and asked him for a donation to put up this Tabernacle, he would have said: "Well, I think it will do good; yes, I think it will—it may reach the vagabonds and outcasts—I don't need it, of course—but if it will reach that class it will do good. I will give fifty dollars, especially if you can get it in the morning papers; if you can have it announced, 'John Jones gave fifty dollars to build the Tabernacle.'" That's the way some of the people give donations to God's cause; they give in a patronizing way, but in this manner God won't accept it. If your heart don't go with your gift, God will not accept it. This Pharisee says, "I give one-tenth of all I have; I keep up the services in the Temple; I fast twice a week." He fasted twice a week, although once was only called for, and he thought because of this he was far above other men. A great many people nowadays think because they don't eat meat, only fish, on Fridays, they

deserve great credit, although they go on sinning all the week. Look at this prayer; there's no confession there. He had got so bad and the devil had so covered up his sins that he was above confession. The first thing we have to do when we come to God is to confess. If there is any sin clustering around the heart, bear in mind we can have no communion with God. It is because we have sin about our hearts that our prayers don't go any higher than our head. We can not get God's favor if we have any iniquity in our heart. People, like the Pharisee, have only been educated to pray. If they didn't pray every night their conscience would trouble them, and they would get out of bed and say their prayers; but the moment they get off their knees, perhaps you may hear them swearing. A man may just as well get a string of beads and pray to them. It would do him as much good. This Pharisee's prayer showed no spirit of contrition; there was no petition; he didn't ask anything from God. That is a queer kind of prayer. "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterous, or even as the poor publican." Not a petition in his prayer. It was a prayerless prayer—it was downright mockery. But how many men have just got into that cradle and been rocked to sleep by the devil. A short time ago I said to a man, "Are you a Christian?" "Of course I am; I say my prayers every night." "But do you ever pray?" "Didn't I tell you I prayed?" he answered. "But do you ever pray?" "Why, of course I do; haven't I said so?" was his reply. I found that he prayed, but he only went through the form, and after a little I found that he had been in the habit of swearing. "How is this?" I asked, "swearing and praying! Do your prayers ever go any higher than your head?" "Well," he replied, "I have sometimes thought that they didn't." My friends, if you are not in communion with God, your prayers are but forms; you are living in formalism, and your prayers will go no higher than your head. How many people in this assembly just go through the form. They can not rest until they say their prayers. How many are there with whom it is only a matter of education.

But this man trusted in his own righteousness; he ignored the mercy of God, the love of Jesus Christ. He was measuring himself by his own rule. Now, if you want to measure yourself, do it by God's law; by God's requirements. A great many people have a rule of their own by which they measure themselves, and by that

rule are perfectly ready and willing to forgive themselves. So it was with this Pharisee. The idea of coming to God and ask His forgiveness never enters his mind. While talking to a man—one of those Pharisees—some time ago about God and his need of Christ, he said, "I can do without Christ; I don't want Him; I am ready to stand before God any time." That man was trusting in his own righteousness. There are a good many in Chicago like this man; they think they can get on without Christ—without a mediator. Now take a good look at this man. You know I have an idea that the Bible is like an album. I go into a man's house, and, while waiting for him, I take up an album from a table and open it. I look at a picture. "Why, that looks like a man I know." I turn over and look at another. "Well, I know that man." By and by I come upon another. "Why, that man looks like my brother." I am getting pretty near home; I keep turning over the leaves. "Well, I declare, there is a man who lives in the street I do—why, he is my next-door neighbor." And then I come upon another, and I see myself. My friends, if you read your Bibles you will find your own pictures there. It will just describe you. Now it may be there is some Pharisee here to-night; if there is, let him turn to the third chapter of John, and see what Christ said to that Pharisee: "Except a man be born again he can not enter the kingdom of God." Nicodemus, no doubt, was one of the fairest specimens of a man in Jerusalem in those days, yet he had to be born again, else he couldn't see the kingdom of God. But you may say, "I am not a Pharisee; I am a poor, miserable sinner, too bad to come to Him." Well, turn to the woman of Samaria, and see what He said to her.

See what a difference there was between that publican and that Pharisee. There was as great a distance between them as between the sun and the moon. One was in the very highest station, and the other occupied the very worst. One had only himself and his sins to bring to God, and the other was trying to bring in his position and his aristocracy. I tell you, when a man gets a true sight of himself, all his position, and station, and excellences drop. See this prayer: "I thank God," "I am not," "I fast," "I give," "I possess." Why, if he had delivered a long prayer, and it had been put into the hands of printers, they would have had to send out for some "I's." "I thank God," "I," "I," "I." When a man prays, not with himself, but to God, he does not exalt himself, he doesn't pass a eulogy upon himself. He falls flat down in the dust

before God. In that prayer you don't find him thanking God for what He had done for him. It was a heathen, prayerless prayer—merely a form. I hope the day will come when formal prayers will be a thing of the past. I think the reason why we can not get more people out to the meetings is, because we have too many formal prayers in the churches. These formal Christians get up like this Pharisee, and thank God they are better than other men; but when a man gets a look at himself, he comes in the spirit of the publican. You see this man standing praying with himself, but God could not give him anything. He was too full of egotism—too full of himself. There was no religion in it. God could not bless him.

Now, for a moment, take a look at that poor publican. Just give his prayer your attention. There was no capital "I" there, no exalting of himself—"God, be merciful to this Pharisee; God, be merciful to other people who have injured me; God, be merciful to the church members who have not been true to their belief." Was that his prayer? Thank God he got to himself. "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." It was very short. He had got his eye upon himself; he saw that his heart was vile; he could not lift his eyes to Heaven, but, thank God, he could lift his heart to Heaven. There is not a poor publican in the audience to-night but can send up this prayer. No matter what your past life has been—no matter if it has been as black as hell—if you but send up the prayer, it will be heard. He didn't buy his own righteousness; and God heard his prayer. Spurgeon, speaking of that publican, said he had the soundest theology of any man in all England. He came before God, struck his hand on his heart, and cried, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

There was a man at one of our meetings in New York City, who was moved by the Spirit of God. He said, "I am going home, and I am not going to sleep to-night till Christ takes away my sin; if I have to stay up all night and pray, I'll do it." He had a good distance to walk, and as he went along he thought, "Why can't I pray now as I go along, instead of waiting to go home?" But he did not know a prayer. His mother had taught him to pray, but it was so long since he had uttered a prayer that he had forgotten. However, the publican's prayer came to his mind. Everybody can say this prayer. That man in the gallery yonder, that young lady over there, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." May God write it on your hearts to-night. If you forget the sermon, don't forget that prayer. It is a very short prayer, and it has brought joy—salvation

—to many a soul. Well, this prayer came to the man, and he began, "God, be merciful to me, a —," but before he had got to sinner God had blessed him. He got up in the young converts' meeting and told us that as he said those words the light of eternal truth broke upon his soul—the light from the celestial regions of glory broke upon him—and when we left New York City he was walking in the righteousness of God.

In a meeting recently a man got up. I didn't know him at first. When I was here he was a rum-seller, and broke up his business and went to the mountains. This is how it happened. When I was here before, he opened a saloon and a grand billiard hall. It was one of the most magnificent billiard halls on the West Side, all elegantly gilded and frescoed. For the opening he sent me an invitation to be present, which I accepted, and went around before he opened it. I saw the partners, and asked them if they would allow me to bring a friend. They said certainly, but asked me who it was. Well, I said it wasn't necessary to tell who it was; but I said, "I never go without him." They began to mistrust me. "Who is it?" they again inquired. "Well, I'll come with him, and if I see anything wrong, I'll ask him to forgive you." "Come," said they; "we don't want any praying." "You've given me an invitation, and I'm going to come." "But if you do come, you needn't pray." "Well," said I, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll compromise the matter, and if you don't want me to come and pray for you when you open, let me pray for both of you now," which they agreed to. It turned out that one of them had a praying mother, and the prayer touched his heart, and the other had a sister in Heaven. I asked God to bless their souls, and just to break their business to pieces. In a few months their business did go all to pieces. The man who got up in the prayer-meeting told me a story that touched my soul. He said with his business he hadn't prospered—he failed, and went away to the Rocky Mountains. Life became a burden to him, and he made up his mind that he would go to some part of the mountains and put an end to his days. He took a sharp knife with him which he proposed driving into his heart. He sought a part of the mountains to kill himself. He had the knife ready to plunge into his heart, when he heard a voice—it was the voice of his mother. He remembered her words when she was dying, even though he were a boy. He heard her say, "Johnny, if ever you get into trouble, pray." That knife dropped from his

hand, and he asked God to be merciful to him. He was accepted, and he came back to Chicago and lifted up his voice for Him. He may be in this Tabernacle to-night. Just the moment he cried for mercy he got it. If you only cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," He will hear you. Is there anything to hinder you from doing this to-night? is there anything to hinder any man, woman, or child in this hall to-night from sending up this prayer? What a glorious thing it would be if every soul in this hall would but lift up their hearts with the prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

Now, a man asked me the other day, "How is it that a man who has lived an ungodly life can come in here and be saved all at once?" Why, God so loves the sinner that He is willing to give them salvation instantly—He wants to save every one now in Chicago. The trouble is that we don't want God to be merciful; we don't want His forgiveness. God is full of compassion and love. It is the spirit of the devil that makes you believe the sins committed during the past twenty years can not be forgiven to-night. My friends, won't you try Him? But I will take you who believe this way, upon your own ground. Here is a father down here. He is full of self-righteousness; he is a Pharisee. He has a boy whom he has not seen for twenty years. Well, as he goes home to-night his servants tell him, "Your absent son has returned." "What!" he exclaims; "my absent boy, Johnny, here—in this house?" "Yes; he is down in the kitchen; we wanted him to go into the parlor, but he wouldn't; he said the kitchen was good enough for him." He tells those servants to take him to his son; and for a moment the boy looks at him. "Father, father," he cries, "I have been bad; I haven't done a good act in twenty years; I have been very unkind to you; but, father, won't you forgive me?" Say, father, wouldn't you forgive him? Wouldn't you? I would like to see a man in Chicago who would not. I can give you a little experience of my own family. Before I was fourteen years old the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business and failed. Soon after his death the creditors came in and took everything. My mother was left with a large family of children. One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy was fifteen years of age, and to him my mother looked as a stay in her calamity, but all at once that boy became a wan-

derer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away and make a fortune. Away he went. I can remember how eagerly she used to look for tidings of that boy; how she used to send us to the post-office to see if there was a letter from him, and I recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, "No letter." I remember how, in the evenings, we would sit beside her in that New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned, she would hush us into silence. Some nights when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all the rest of us put together, and I believe she did. On a Thanksgiving day—you know that is a family day in New England—she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up and her boys left home. When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day while in Boston the news reached me that he had returned. While in that city I remember how I used to look for him in every store—he had a mark on his face—but I never got any trace. One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door he stopped. My mother didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and great beard flowing down his breast, the tears trickling down his face. When my mother saw those tears she cried, "Oh, it's my lost son," and entreated him to come in. But he stood still. "No, mother," he said, "I will not come in till I hear first you have forgiven me." Do you believe that she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him standing long there? She rushed to the threshold and threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness. Ah, sinner, if you but ask God to be merciful to you, a sinner—ask Him for forgiveness, although your life has been bad—ask Him for mercy, He will not keep you long waiting for an answer. May that be the cry of every lost soul in this Tabernacle to-night: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Now, do you want to have mercy? Say, young man, will you ask Him to-night? Young lady, will this be your cry to-night: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner?" May the love of God break every obdu-

rate heart here to-night, and may this be the cry of every sinner. Don't have so much pride; don't have the spirit of the Pharisee—that's the spirit that keeps you from entering the inquiry-room and coming to the God of love, the God of compassion, the God of mercy, of peace, of joy, of everlasting happiness. Let every man and woman in this assemblage out of Christ take the place of this publican and go into the inquiry-room.

LVII.

“WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?”

GAL. vi. 7, 8, 9: “Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”

THERE are some passages which we do not have to prove by the Word of God, but merely by our own experience. Your own lives will prove many passages of Scripture. You can take up the daily papers and see them fulfilled under your own eyes. This is one of them. Perhaps there has not been a text of Scripture run out in this Tabernacle as this one has. Night after night we have spoken about it. Night after night Mr. Sankey has sung out, “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.” My friends, we can not quote it too often. We want to quote it, and preach it till it gets down to the hearts of the people. Now it is very natural to be deceived. I suppose there is not a man or woman here but who has been deceived by his or her most intimate friends. You have been deceived by your own friends, and you have been deceived by your enemies, and how many could rise up here and say they have not been deceived by themselves. How many of us have found our own heart more treacherous than anything else. How many of us have not found the truth of that passage, “The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

We can be deceitful to each other, to our friends and to ourselves, but bear in mind, we can not deceive God. How often does man find that Satan has deceived him? But has he ever found God deceiving him? I have never found a man who has said that he has seen or that he has heard of anybody whom God has deceived. How many times has man said he has been deceived by his fellows--by his own treacherous heart; and our experience

in this direction only shows that we can not rely upon man, upon ourselves, but only upon God.

Now, it is a law of nature that if a man sows he will reap what he sows. If a man sows watermelons, he doesn't look for cauliflower; if a man sows potatoes, he doesn't look for cabbages; if he sows onions, he doesn't look for corn. If he plants potatoes, he expects potatoes; if he sows corn, he looks for corn; or wheat, he expects to reap wheat. So in the natural world a man expects to reap what he sows. If a man learns a carpenter's or a builder's trade, he expects to put up buildings for a living. If a man toils and studies hard for a profession, if he is a lawyer, he expects to practice law. He doesn't expect to have to preach the Gospel for a living. He has been sowing for years, and he expects to reap. As a man sows, so he expects to reap. This is the law in the natural world, and so it is with the spiritual. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God;" "Blessed are they which hunger and thirst for righteousness' sake." Why? Because they shall get rich? No; "for they shall be filled." Now you see this is the result of spiritual conditions, and you will find it carried out all through this world. If a man is drunken and dissipated we look as a natural consequence of his dissipation to see him go to ruin. A friend of mine who was coming down with me to-night said, "When I look back I can see that I started wrong when I came here. It seems as if I must have been blind. I did not see this till within the last two or three weeks." My friends, that's what Satan does with a man—he just blinds him, and when he has got a man blinded, he does anything he wants with him. It is very hard to make men understand this simple truth, that they will have to reap what they sow, especially young men from seventeen to twenty-one. That, you know, is the ugly stage. There is more trouble with them then that at any other stage. I knew a good deal more than my mother or any of my friends. You take a young man at that age, and you'll find he knows a great deal more than his father, his grandfather, or even his great-grandfather, all put together. "He is wise in his own conceit." It is during that ugly age that characters are forming for good or evil, and bear in mind, young men, that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If a man sows tares, he has got to reap them. It may not be to-morrow, or next week, or next year, but the time of reaping will assuredly come; and when the

reaping time comes, you will moan bitterly; then you will like to change places with those Christians whom you despise now. When the reaping time comes, you would give a good deal if you could exchange places with the humblest-looking Christian. I suppose that Cain would give a good deal to exchange places with Abel to-night. Do you think Pilate would not like to change places with Elijah, with Obadiah, or Peter to-night? Don't you think King Nero would like to exchange places now with Paul? Paul is reaping what he sowed, and so is Nero. All through Scripture you can see the proof of this text. Don't you think that the rich man at whose door the beggar Lazarus lay, would like to exchange places with the poor Christian now? And bear in mind that you may look upon Christians with contempt, but the time is coming when you will give anything to exchange places with the meanest Christian that walks the streets of Chicago.

I used to believe twenty years ago in this text, but I believe it more now than ever I did. The longer I live, the more I become convinced of its awful truth. You know, I used to live in Chicago, and I used to go from house to house among the poor; and in going among the poor, I gained no little experience of the rich people. In visiting the poor, I became acquainted with a good many rich families, and there is scarcely a week passes now but I hear of rich families who have gone down to ruin. Just this afternoon I heard of a family who twenty years ago occupied a position among the best. They had a beautiful daughter, who could have adorned any station, and a lovely home, and I heard to-day that they had gone down to ruin. They looked upon Christianity with scorn and contempt. The father brought his children up to treat all religion with contempt, and his sons have gone down to their graves drunkards, and his daughter has died of a broken heart. Yes, a man who sows tares must reap them, and sometimes the harvest is a whirlwind.

Now, just let us divide that text up; not that I want to preach under different heads, but just for the sake of greater clearness. When a man sows, he expects to reap. This truth must be admitted first. A farmer that planted grain and never reaped his fields, you would say had gone clear mad. No man sows who doesn't expect to reap. That is just what he does expect to do. The next point: A man always expects to reap more than he sowed. If he sows a handful of grain he expects to get from that handful a bushel, and if he sows a bushel he expects a harvest of five hundred bushels.

And just so it is in spiritual matters. If a man scatters handfuls of tares in spiritual things his spiritual harvest will be bushels of tares, and not wheat. Whatever he sows he shall reap; just that, and nothing more; and if he sows the wind he must reap the whirlwind. A man must expect a harvest of just the kind that his seed is, and this great law is even more true of spiritual growth than of natural growth. If a man is bad and corrupt in his thoughts, you can tell precisely what his deeds will be. If he has lying, thieving thoughts and wishes, look out for him, for he is going to turn out a liar and a thief. And the seeds of his bad character spring up even beyond his life, and choke all good from the lives of his children. His little children grow up to lie and deceive him just as he has deceived others. A bad boy is too often the living penalty of the sins of his parents; they have sown and watered, and now he is reaping the punishment. Another point: If a man sows, he must reap the fruit, no matter how ignorant he may claim to be, or really be, of the nature of the seed. A plea of ignorance won't do. You sow tares and think it wheat, but nothing but tares will spring up. You may call it wheat, or rye, or grain of whatever name you please, but you get nothing but weeds and tares. You must look to what kind of seed you are sowing, for neither ignorance nor any other excuse can make tares bring forth wheat. And now, see how that is true in regard, not only to individuals, but to nations. Nations are only collections of individuals, and what is true of the part in regard to character is always true of the whole. In this country our forefathers planted slavery and an open Bible together, and didn't we have to reap? Didn't God make this nation weep in the hour of gathering the harvest, when we had to give up our young men, both North and South, to death, and every household almost had an empty chair, and blood, blood, blood, flowed like water for four long years? Ah, our nation sowed, and in tears and groans she had to reap!

Then look at the King in Egypt. He made a decree that all the male infants should be put to death, and to death they were put with all the horrors that hatred and jealousy could invent. It was terrible. Well, now, I suppose some people think it strange that God didn't punish Egypt with swift destruction. But look, the punishment only tarried. "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceedingly small;" in eighty years cast your eyes on that miserable land. God's vengeance at length

came down, and ruin along with it. In every house in Egypt the first-born was slain, from palace to the lowest hovel. There still lived a God, and this immutable law of His had still to be executed. They had to reap just what they had sown. Sometimes the hand of God comes down slow, but sometimes as rapidly as thunder follows lightning. In the very act of transgression the sinner perhaps is cut off. The fruit ripens in an hour, and it is death. Think of Judas; how straightway his conscience tormented him till he rushed for relief and went out and hung himself. Ah, he reaped the betrayer's fruit very quickly. And so did Cain. The swift punishment did not tarry, but cast him headlong. Often, very often, judgment and retribution descend out of Heaven like a flash; God's judgments have not tarried.

I remember in the north of England a prominent citizen told me a sad case that happened there in the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was about a young boy. He was very young, but he said he was too young to go to Sunday-school. He was an only child. The father and mother thought everything of him, and did all they could for him. But he fell into bad ways. He took up with evil characters, and finally got to running with thieves. He didn't let his parents know about it. By and by the gang he was with broke into the house, and he with them. Yes; he had to do it all. They stopped outside the building, while he crept in and started to rob the till. He was caught in the act, taken into court, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. He worked on and on in the convict's cell, till at last his term was out. And at once he started for home. And when he came back to the town he started down the street where his father and mother used to live. He went to the house and rapped. A stranger came to the door and stared him in the face. "No, there's no such person lives here, and where your parents are I don't know," was the only welcome he received. Then he turned through the gate, and went down the street, asking even the children that he met about his folks, where they were living, and if they were well. But everybody looked blank. The years had rolled by, and though that seemed perhaps a short time, how many changes had taken place. There where he was born and brought up he was now an alien, and unknown even in his old haunts. But at last he found a couple of townsmen that remembered his father and mother, and they told him the old house had

been deserted long years ago; that he had been gone but a few months before his father was confined to his house, and very soon after died broken-hearted, and that his mother had gone out of her mind. He went to the mad-house where his mother was, and went up to her and said, "Mother, mother, don't you know me? I am your son." But she raved and slapped him in the face and shrieked: "You're not my boy!" and then raved again and tore her hair. He left the asylum more dead than alive, so completely broken-hearted that he died in a few months. Yes, the fruit was long growing, but at last it ripened to the harvest like a whirlwind, and vengeance made quick work of it. The death-harvest was reaped.

But bear in mind what I have said to-night, and be not doubters, even if the harvest is slow. Let me read to you the passage: "Because sentence against their evil deeds is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil. Though a sinner do evil a hundred times and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God—which fear before Him; but it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall He prolong his days, which are as a shadow, because he feareth not before God." My friends, if you sow of the flesh you will of the flesh reap corruption; you will sometime or other reap despair; you will reap ruin; you will reap death; but if you sow of the Spirit you will reap joy, peace, happiness, and life everlasting—for God has said it.

There are some that say, "Oh, yes; but what is the use of hastening the harvest by an act of ours; what is the use of confession?" Now, we are sure of few things earthly, but there is one thing we can be sure of. God says, "Be sure your sins will find you out;" bear that in mind. God says, "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper."

But let me say that if you are willing to confess your sins—I don't care what the sin may be—God is willing and ready to take it away. There has been a good deal of talk about my interfering with those prisoners lately. Some one has said, in speaking about that man in Ohio, "Well, that is a queer kind of Christianity, to send a man back to the penitentiary to suffer." Let me say here that that young man has said in his last letter: "I think I am happier than you are, Mr. Moody; God is helping me to bear the burden; God is answering my prayers." My friends, it was a great deal better for that man to confess his crime than to try to hide it

away. If a man commits a crime he should suffer the penalty. I must suffer the penalty if I break my arm in fighting. The man whom I fought may forgive me for fighting with him, but I have to suffer all the same with my arm. A man got into a quarrel and got crippled, and some time ago he became converted, but although God has forgiven him his sin, he has to remain a cripple all his life. So a man must reap what he sows. I heard of an illustration that just helps me out here. Suppose I have a field, and I say to a man, "I want you to sow that field with wheat." The man has become very angry—out of sorts with me, and when he sows that wheat he puts in a lot of tares. When the wheat has come up I see among it a great many tares. I say to him, "Did you sow these tares?" "Well," he says, "I will confess; yes, sir, I did it; I sowed these tares; I will confess it instead of covering it up; I am very sorry;" and I forgive him. But when the wheat has to be harvested I make the man reap the tares also.

You know how David fell. No man rose so high and fell so far, I think. God took him from the sheepfold and put him upon a throne. He took him from obscurity and made him King of Israel and Judea; gave him lands in abundance, and would have given him more if he had wanted them. He was on the pinnacle of glory, and honored among men. But one day, while looking out of a window, he saw a woman with whom he became enamored. He yielded to the temptation and ordered her to be brought into the palace, and committed the terrible sin of adultery. After that, as is the case with all men who commit a sin, he had to commit another to cover it up, so he laid plans to kill her husband, and ordered him to be put in a position in the ranks of his army so that he could be killed. Months rolled away, and one day Nathan came into the palace of the king. I can imagine that David was glad to see him. Nathan began to tell him about two men who dwelt in a certain city. The one was rich and the other poor; one had herds and flocks, and the other had only a little ewe lamb; and he went on to tell how this rich man seized this ewe lamb, all that the poor man had, and slew it. I can see the anger of David as it flashed from his eye when he heard the story, and he cried, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die." He turned to Nathan, and in tones of thunder demanded who the man was. "Thou art the man," was the reply of Nathan. David had convicted himself. "The man who did this thing shall die." Then the Lord said, "I

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will raise up evil against you out of thine own house because thou hast kept this thing secret." Soon after, the hand of death was put upon that house; not only did death enter his house, but it wasn't long before his eldest son committed adultery, and another committed murder—murdered his own brothers, and went off into a foreign land into exile. Then he got up a rebellion and drove the king from the throne, and at last died and was buried like a dog, and they heaped stones upon his resting-place. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." David committed adultery, so did his son. David committed murder; his son did the same. He was paid back in his own coin. He learned the truth of this passage, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Why, I hear things every day in this city of Chicago that make my ears tingle. I heard of three cases, within the last six hours, where men who have gone to the altar and sworn before God to love, cherish, and protect the women who became their wives—who have become, some of them, mothers of children—and because these men have seen other women they like better, they cast off these women whom they have sworn before God to love. Do you think there is a God in Heaven? Do you think that God is not going to punish these men? They may go on in their career—punishment may not come for a little while, but the wheels of judgment are going on, and retribution will come. Some of these heart-broken wives say it is hard. Wait a little while. His eyes cover all the earth, and man can not deceive Him. He has said: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." High Heaven has decreed it, and I beg of you, if you have committed this sin, go and cry to the God of mercy; go confess it; don't try to cover it up. Let every sin be brought out; if you don't, your own conscience will turn against you by and by.

When I was in London I went into Tussaud's wax-works gallery, and I went into the chamber of horror. There were wax figures of all kinds of murderers in that room. There was Booth, who killed Lincoln, and many of that class; but there was one figure that I got interested in, who killed his wife because he loved another woman, and the law didn't find him out. He married this woman and had a family of seven children, and twenty years passed away. Then his conscience began to trouble him. He had no rest; he would hear his murdered wife pleading continually for her life. His friends began to think he was going out of his mind; he be-

came haggard, and his conscience haunted him till, at last, he went to the officers of the law and told them that he was guilty of murder. He wanted to die, life was so much of an agony to him. His conscience turned against him. My friends, if you have done wrong, may your conscience be woke up, and may you testify against yourself. It is a great deal better to judge our own acts and confess them, than go through the world with this curse upon you. And if you to-night will judge your own sin, and confess it, He is faithful to forgive. He will forgive every sinner here, if you but come to Him in faith, and will blot out all your iniquities.

I was telling of a young man who spoke up in the Association one night. He got up at the close of the meeting and said: "Mr. Moody, may I say a few words?" Well, I thought I would refuse, but then I thought perhaps he had a message from God, and I told him to speak. He went on and urged these young men to accept salvation. "If you have friends praying for you, if you have mothers praying for you, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them with you." Then he went on to tell how he had once a father and mother who loved him dearly, and who prayed continually for him. He was an only son. His father died, and after the burial, his mother became more anxious than ever for his salvation. Sometimes she would come to him and put her arms around his neck and say with kindness, "Oh, my boy, I would be so happy if you would only be a Christian, and could pray with me." He would put her away: "No, mother, I am not going to become a Christian yet; I am going to wait a little longer and see the world." He would try to banish the subject from his mind altogether. Sometimes he would wake up at the midnight hour, and would hear the voice of that mother raised in supplication for her boy, "O God, save my boy; have mercy upon him." At last—this is the way he put it—"It got too hot for him." He saw that he had either to become a Christian or run away. And away he ran, and became a prodigal and a wanderer. He heard from her indirectly; he could not let his mother know where he was, because he knew she would have gone to the end of the world to find him. One day he got word that his mother was very sick. He began to think, "Suppose mother should die, I would never forgive myself," and he said, "I will go home;" but then he thought, "Well, if I go home she will be praying at me again, and I can't stay under her roof and listen to her prayers;" and his proud, stubborn heart would not let him go. Months went on, and

again he heard indirectly that his mother was very sick. His conscience began to trouble him. He knew he would never forgive himself if he didn't go home, and he finally determined. There were no railroads, and he had to go in a stage-coach. At night he got into the town. The moon was shining, and he could see the little village before him. The mother's home was about a mile from where he landed, and on his way he had to pass the village grocery; and as he went along, he thought he would pass through the graveyard and see his father's grave. "What," he thought, "if my mother has been laid there!" When he got up to the grave, he saw by the light of the moon a new-made grave. He felt the turf, and the earth was fresh and soft. He knew who had been laid there, and for once in his life the thought flashed upon him, "Who will pray now for my lost soul? My mother and father lie there, and they are the only ones who ever prayed for me." "Young men," said he, "I spent that night at my mother's grave, and before the sun rose, my mother's God had become my God. But I can never forgive myself for murdering my mother, although Christ has forgiven me." My friends, that poor fellow had to reap what he sowed.

I may be speaking to-night to some young man whose mother, perhaps, just now is in her closet wrestling in prayer for you. Do not treat that mother contemptuously; do not deny her prayer to-night; do not make light of your mother's cries to God this night. God's best gift on earth to you is that praying mother. She is your dearest, most unselfish friend in the world. Will you not heed her pleading prayer? Come out like a man; come down to your mother's Saviour, and take Him to be your God. May the God of Heaven convict you of sin, and draw you to Himself, and this will be the best night you've had on earth.

LVIII.

SERMON TO ERRING WOMEN.

LUKE v. 32: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

WHenever you find a passage recorded by all three of the evangelists, you may know that it is one of those important truths which He wants to impress upon people. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." It was when He first came down to Capernaum that He uttered these words. He had been cast out of Nazareth; they didn't want Him; they wouldn't have salvation, and He came down to Capernaum, and there He found Levi sitting at the receipt of customs, and He called him to become one of His disciples. Levi was so full of joy when he had found Christ—as all young converts are—that he got up a great feast, and he invited all the publicans and sinners to it. I suppose he wanted to get them all converted—that was the reason he prepared a sumptuous feast. It was not to hear Jesus, but just to partake of the feast that Levi had prepared for them. And Jesus was there, too, among these publicans and sinners. The Pharisees were there too, and they began to murmur against His disciples, saying, "Why do these men eat with publicans and sinners?" and it was on this occasion that Christ uttered this wonderful text, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." That's what He came into this world for—He came into this world just for the very purpose of saving sinners. Now, a good many men come to Chicago to do a certain work. Some come to practice law, that's their profession; others come to practice medicine, because that's their business; some are business men, and some are mechanics; and when Christ came into this world He came for a purpose; He had a profession, if you will allow me the expression—He came to call sinners to repentance. You know when He was going down to the Samaritan town, His disciples went down to see whether they would let Him come there. We find Him on His way from Galilee to Jerusalem. You know

there was such a hatred between the Jews and the Samaritans that they would have no dealings with each other, and He sent His disciples on to see if He would be allowed to enter. The Samaritans would not allow Him there, and His disciples were so incensed that James and John asked Jesus to "command fire to come down from Heaven and consume them, even as Elias did." "Why," said the Son of Man, "I didn't come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." That's what He came for. He came to bless men; He came to do men good, and there is not a sinner here to-night who can not be saved, and will be saved to-night, if they wish. You may call this world a great hospital, and all the people are born sick. A great many people imagine their souls are never diseased, who think they don't need a physician; but when people wake up to the fact that their souls are diseased, then they find the need of a physician. But there is no need of the physician unless you feel you are sick. You know you could not send a physician to a man who was well. Suppose I go on the West Side and ask a celebrated physician to come over and see Mr. White. Suppose he comes round and finds Mr. White sitting in his drawing-room perfectly well. "Why, how is this? Mr. Moody told me you were sick, and bade me make a professional call." Not only is the physician disgusted, but the patient is too. The world don't send for a physician till sickness comes. When it feels sick, then it sends for a doctor, and the doctor comes. And whenever a man feels his need of Christ and calls, that moment He comes and is healed. There is a Physician here to-night for every sinner, I don't care what your sins may be, or how long you have been living in sin; I don't care if your life has been as black as hell, the Great Physician is here. What for? Just to heal every man and woman that wants to be healed.

Now, the great trouble is to make people believe they are sick; but the moment you believe that you are, then it is that you are willing to take the remedy. I remember some years ago a patent medicine came out, and the whole of Chicago was placarded about it. I could not turn my head but I saw "Paine's Pain Killer." On the walls, on the curbstones, everywhere was "pain killer," "pain killer." I felt disgusted at the sight of these bills constantly telling me about this patent medicine. But one day I had a terrible headache, so bad that I could hardly see, and was walking down the streets and saw the bills again, and went and bought some. When

I was well I didn't care for it, but when I got sick I found it was the very thing I wanted. If there is one here who feels the need of a Saviour, remember the greater the sin the greater the need of a Saviour. I remember when I was coming back from Europe on a steamer there was a young officer aboard. I felt greatly drawn toward him, because I could see he was dying. It didn't seem to him as if he was dying, but you know death is very deceitful. He seemed to be joyous and light-hearted. He would talk about his plans, and take out his guns and tell how he intended to go hunting when he arrived; but it seemed to me as if he would not live to see this country. By and by he was taken down on his bed, and then the truth came to him that death was upon him. He got a friend to write out a telegram which this friend was to send to his mother when they arrived. It read: "Mother, I am real sick. Charlie." As soon as the boat touched the shore he was to send it. "But," said some one, "why not tell her in the telegram, 'Come?'" "Ah," he replied, "she will come." He knew whenever she read it and saw that he wanted help, she would come. It was the knowledge of his need that would bring her. So Christ is waiting to hear our need, and man's need brings out the help of God. As I said before, the real trouble is that men don't think they need Him. You know that in one place in the fifteenth chapter of Luke they brought this charge against Him, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." This charge was brought against Him again and again. I am told by Hebrew scholars that instead of "receiveth" it should be rendered, "He is looking out for them." And that's what He was doing. He was looking out for them. He didn't care how black in sin they might be, He was ready to take them.

Now, a great many say, "I am too great a sinner to be saved." That is like a hungry man saying he is too hungry to eat, or a sick man saying he is too sick to send for a doctor, or a beggar saying, "I am too poor to beg; I'll wait till I get some money first." If a man is hungry and perishing, you must relieve him.

Now, there is not a sinner in Chicago but has his representative in the Bible. Take, for instance, the publicans. You know the Jews thought this class about the lowest in the world. They put them lower than any other kind of sinner. They always placed them along with the publicans—"publicans and sinners." The publicans were the tax collectors, and they defrauded the people at every turn. For instance, a man in South Chicago will pay over perhaps

a hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of just collecting the taxes, and then he goes to work and screws the people out of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He doesn't care a straw for justice or appearances. He comes into the cottage of the widow and takes half she has. At every house the tax collector puts the blocks to his victims, and famine often comes in when he goes out. The people detest him; they hate him with a perfect hatred. They always find him a drag on them, and have no sympathy with them. Their money, they find, is taken without warrant. Their homes are broken up and trouble and starvation come on them. And so the publican is hated wherever he turns. He is the agent of the Roman tyrant, and the people are brought up to shun him. He has deserved it all, and even more, by his heartless exactions, and yet Christ forgave even him. And just so rum-sellers can be saved. And another class that Christ had mercy on was the thieves. When on the cross He saved a thief. There may be some thief here to-night. I tell you, my friends, you may be saved if you only will. There may be some one here who is persecuting a good wife and making her home a perfect hell on earth. But you, too, may be saved. When Saul was persecuting the Christians from city to city, he was stopped short by the voice of God; he was converted. And those high-headed Pharisees, so well versed in the law of Moses, even they were converted. Joseph of Arimathea was a Pharisee, and so was Nicodemus. But to-night I want to talk about another class that Jesus dealt with and led to a higher life. I want to talk about fallen women. There are some people who believe that these have fallen so low that Christ will pass them by. But, my friends, that thought comes from the evil one. In all this blessed Book there is not one, not a solitary one of this class mentioned, that ever came to Him but that He received them. Yes, He even went out of His way and sought her out. Now I want to take three representative cases where these women had to do with Christ. One is the case of an awakened one. The Spirit of God had dealt with her anxious, awakened soul. The Lord was one day at Jerusalem and a banquet was given Him by Simeon. There was a banquet table in the house, arranged according to the fashion of that day. Instead of chairs for the guests, as was customary, the guests sat reclining on lounges. Well, it was just at one of the repasts that our Lord sat down to, along with the wealthy Simeon and his many guests. But no sooner had He entered than this woman followed Him into the house, and falls

down at His feet, and begins to wash them with her tears. It was the custom in those days to wash one's feet on entering the house. Sandals were worn and the practice was necessary. Well, this woman had got into the house, and once inside, had quietly stolen up to the feet of Jesus. And in her hands she brought a box, but her heart, too, was just as full of ointment as the box she carried. And there was the sweetest perfume as she stole to His feet. And her tears started to fall down on those sacred feet, hot, scalding tears, that gushed out like water. She said nothing while doing this, and then she took down her long, black hair and wiped His feet with the hair of her head. And after that she poured out the ointment on His feet. Then straightway the Pharisees began talking together. How all through the New Testament these Pharisees kept whispering and talking together. They said, shaking their heads, "This Man receiveth sinners;" and then, "This Man, if He were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, for she is a sinner." No prophet, they insisted, would allow that kind of a woman near him, but would push her away. And then the Saviour read these thoughts and quickly rebuked them. He said, "Simeon, I have something to say to thee." And he said, "Master, say on." And He said, "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water to wash My feet; but she has washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss, but this woman, since I came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment." Simeon was like a great many Pharisees nowadays, who say, "Oh, well, we will entertain that minister if we must. We don't want to; he's a dreadful nuisance; but we will have to put up with him; it's our duty to be patronizing." Well, the Master said more to His entertainer. "There was a certain creditor," He said, "which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when he had nothing to pay"—mark that, sinner; the debtor had nothing to pay. There is no sinner in the world that can pay anything to cancel his debt to God. The great trouble is that sinners think they can pay, some of them seventy-five cents on the dollar, some even feel able to pay ninety-nine cents on the dollar, and the one cent that they are short, they think they can make that up some way. That is not the way; it is all wrong; you must throw all the debt on God. Some few,

perhaps, will only claim to pay twenty-five cents on the dollar, but they are not humble enough, they can't begin to carry out their bargain. Why, sinner, you couldn't pay one-tenth part of a single mill of the debt you are under to Almighty God. Now it says in this parable that they could not pay him anything—they had nothing to give and the creditor frankly forgave them both. "Now, Simeon," the Master asked, "which should love that man the most?" "I suppose," was the reply, "he that was forgiven the most." "Thou hast rightly judged; this woman loves much because she hath been forgiven much," and went on to tell Simeon all about her. I suppose He wanted to make it plainer to Simeon and He turned to the poor woman and said, "Thy sins are forgiven"—all forgiven; not part of them—not half of them, but every sin from the cradle up, every impure desire or thought is blotted out for time and eternity, and He said, "Go in peace." Yes, truly, she went out in peace, for she went out in the light of Heaven. With what brightness the light must have come down to her from those eternal hills—with what beauty it must have flashed on her soul. Yes, she came to the feet of the Master for a blessing, and she got it, and if there is a poor woman here who wants a blessing, she will get it.

I want to call your attention to a thought right here. You have not got the name of one of those poor women. The three women who had fallen, who had been guilty of adultery, and had been blessed by Him, not one of them has been named. It seems to me as if it had been intended that when they got to Heaven we should not know them—they will just mingle with the rest. Their names have not been handed down for eighteen hundred years. They have called Mary Magdalene a fallen woman, but bear in mind there is nothing in Scripture to make us understand that she was a poor, fallen woman; and, I believe if she had, her name would not have been handed down.

Now, the next woman was altogether different from the woman in Luke. She didn't come with an alabaster box, seeking a blessing. She was perfectly indifferent; she was a careless sinner. Perhaps there are some poor, fallen women who have come to-night in a careless spirit—only out of curiosity; they don't want a Saviour; they don't want their sins blotted out; they don't want any forgiveness. Perhaps she had heard that at Moody and Sankey's they were going to preach repentance, and that a great many fallen

women were likely to be there, and thought she would just come down to see how they took it. Now you have a representative here. After Christ had that interview with Nicodemus, we are told He went up to Galilee by Samaria. He could have gone up to Galilee without going to Samaria, but He knew there was a fallen woman there. He got to the well, and sent off His disciples to get bread. Why did He not keep one with Him? Because He knew the woman was coming that way, and she would not probably like to see so many. While He is sitting on the curbstone of the well, a poor, fallen woman of Samaria comes along for water. You know the people in those days used to come out in the morning and evening to get their water, not in the blaze of the noonday sun. No doubt she was ashamed to come out there to meet the pure and the virtuous at the well, and that was the reason why she stole out at that hour. She brought her water-pot to get water, and when she came up, the Master stopped her and asked her for a drink, just to draw her out. She saw He was a Jew. We can always tell a Jew; God has put a mark upon them. "How is this? You, a Jew, and ask a Samaritan for a drink? The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." "Ah, you don't know Me," He replied. "If you had asked Me for drink, I would have given you living water." "How could you give me living water? Why, you have no vessel to draw water with." "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, will have a well spring up in his heart into everlasting life." "Well," probably she thought, "that is a good thing. One draught of water will give me a well—one draught of water for the rest of my days." She asked Him for this living water, and He told her, "Go, bring thy husband." He was just drawing her out, just got her up to the point of confession. "I have no husband," she said. "For thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly." I can see that woman's astonishment. She looks all around to see who had told Him all about her. Like a man who came up from Michigan lately, who came into the Tabernacle and listened to the sermon, which, as he told me, seemed all to be preached at him. He wondered who had told me all about him. He got Christ, and is going back to Michigan to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The word of God reacted, and she saw she was detected. "Sir, I perceive Thou art a prophet;" then she went on the old religious

discussion, but the Lord turned her from that, and told her that the hour had come when the people must worship the Father in spirit and in truth, not in this or that particular mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem. And she said, "When the Messiah cometh He will tell us all things," and when she had said this she was ready for the truth. Then Jesus said, "I am the Messiah." Just then she saw His disciples coming, and probably she thought these men might know who she was, and she got up her pot, and away she went to the city. The moment she got within the gates she shouted, "Come and see this man I have met at the well. Is not this the Messiah? Why, He has told me everything I ever did." And you can see all the men, women, and children running out of that city up to the well. As He stands in the midst of His disciples and He sees the multitudes coming running toward them, He says, "Look yonder; look at the fields, for they are already white with the harvest; look what that poor fallen woman has done;" and He went into that town as an invited guest, and many believed on account of the woman's testimony, and many more believed on account of His own word.

Now, my friends, He did not condemn the poor adulteress. The Son of God was not ashamed to talk with her and tell her of that living water, those who drank of which, He said, would never die. He did not condemn her. He came to save her, came to tell how to be blessed here and blessed hereafter.

The next case is still much worse. You may say it is like black blacker, blackest, compared with the other two. I want to speak about, this time, the eighth chapter of John. One woman I have spoken of was in the house of a Pharisee, at a dinner party; the other by the well of Sychar. And now we come to the Temple porch. They had taken a woman in adultery—had caught her in the very act. They had not got the man; they had hold only of the poor woman. What a commotion there would be here to-night if such a scene should take place in this Tabernacle, as a woman dragged in by her hair. The law against these poor sinners was most severe; a fallen woman was to be put to death—she was to be stoned to death. And now the Pharisees that were about to execute the poor wretch, thought to catch the Master. They began to put questions to Him, tempting Him, and hoping to take Him in His speech. They told Him how they had surprised the wretched creature in the very act of sin, and then passed on to tell what the

law of Moses had fixed as the penalty. To be stoned to death was the only atonement. "But what sayest Thou?" they went on, and then eagerly listened. But Jesus stooped down, and wrote on the ground, as though He hadn't heard them. We don't know what He wrote. Perhaps, "Grace and truth come by Jesus Christ;" perhaps He wrote that; but while He thus busied Himself, they cried out the louder, demanding an answer to their question. So at length He lifted Himself up, and said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Never did an answer more completely serve its purpose; you who never were guilty of this offence, just you cast the first stone. And amid the strangest silence, He again stooped and wrote with His finger on the ground. This time, perhaps, He wrote, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And soon He rose again, but ere He did so, He heard the patter of retreating feet on the pavement, and when now He glanced up, He saw none but the woman. One by one they had been convicted by their own conscience, and slunk away; not one of them there could throw the stone. And the Saviour looked at the woman. I can just imagine the tears coming trickling down her cheeks as Jesus Christ, in kindest tones, asked her, "Woman, where are those, thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" And for an instant she could not answer. Who knows how that poor soul had reached her sad plight? One of those very Pharisees who had left her, perhaps had led her astray. The very man who clamored loudest to condemn her was likely the guilty one. And there she stood alone; the betrayer was left untouched, as too often he is to-day; a miserable, unjust, untrue sentiment, by which the man, who is equally guilty, is received in society, and the woman is condemned. But at last she gained her voice, and said, "No man, Lord," and then, perhaps, told how her parents had died when she was very young. A stepmother, perhaps, had taken her and treated her harshly, and then had turned her adrift on the world. Or, perhaps, a drunken father had turned home into darkness, and she had been driven from it almost broken-hearted; and so in her helplessness, her innocent affections were gained, and then she had been led astray. The Master knew it all, and when He heard her reply, He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." She had been dragged into the Temple to be stoned, but now Christ has delivered her. She came to be put to death, but she received life everlasting.

My friends, the Son of God will not now condemn any poor fallen woman that leaves off her sins and just casts herself down at His feet. He will take you up just as you are. When in Philadelphia, a fallen woman came into the inquiry-room and threw herself down on the floor. The Christian helpers talked and talked to her, but could get nothing out of her; they couldn't do a thing with her. The Hon. George H. Stewart came to me, and said, "We wish you would come, we don't know what to make of her." She was weeping bitterly, and as far off as I was, I could hear her sobs all over the room. So I went and said, "What is the trouble?" At last she spoke, and the bitterness of her despairing voice went to my heart. "I have fallen from everything pure, and God can not save me; there is no hope." I told her tenderly that God could still lift her up and save her. I said, "Are you only just willing to be forgiven? A merciful Father is waiting and longing to pardon." She said at last she could not abandon her course, as no one would give her a home. But that difficulty was got round by my assuring her kind friends would provide for her; and then she yielded, and that same day was given a pleasant place in the home of a Presbyterian minister. But for forty-eight hours after entering her new home that poor reclaimed woman cried, day and night, and we went for her mother, and on hearing our story, she clasped her hands and cried, "Has my daughter really repented? thank God for His mercy, my heart has just been breaking. I've prayed so long for her without result; take me to her." And that reformed daughter of sin has lived consistently ever since, and when I was last in Philadelphia she was one of the most esteemed members in that Presbyterian Church. And so every one of you can begin anew, and God will help and man will help you. Oh, turn, and do not die. Seven short years is the allotted life of a fallen woman. Oh, escape your early doom, escape your infamy, and hear God's voice calling you to repent. Your resolution to amend will be borne up by hosts of friends; never fear for that. Just take the decided step, and you will be helped by every good man and woman in the community. Oh, I beseech you to act right now, and settle this great question for time and eternity.

Let me say here, if there is any person in this Tabernacle who keeps a brothel, if you will but let in Christian ladies, and allow them to hold meetings, they will go. This idea that Christian ladies don't care for your class is false—as false as one of the

blackest lies that ever came out of hell. Why, some of the first ladies of this city during the past few weeks have been visiting those brothels. Some time ago a few of them came to me to see how they could get the names and locations of some of those brothels, and I called at police headquarters and obtained a list, and since then they have been visiting. And these charges that Christian women will not have you, after your reformation, in their homes is equally false. I know a lady of culture who was not long ago in the inquiry-room on her knees, and when she got up, the girl in tears told her she was one of the fallen. "Come and stay at my house; I will take care of you." She was a poor colored girl, and kept her in her house till she got a situation. Let me ask you not to believe that we are cruel and hard-hearted—that we do not care for the fallen women, only the abandoned men. We have a place to put you, and if that is not large enough, why, the business men will put up another for you. There is abundance of protection and assistance if you only show that you are repentant. The Christian men and women will do all for you; they won't try to help you down or cast you off. If you but repent, there are hundreds and thousands of people in this city whose hearts will go out to you.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray for every poor fallen girl in this city; Thine eye is upon them at this hour; they are strangers to us, but, O God, they are not strangers to Thee. Many of them may have praying hearts; it may be some of them may have praying fathers and mothers. O God, hear our prayers for them to-day. May the Spirit of God go abroad through this city between now and to-morrow night, and may we meet with hundreds and thousands of them; may they be drawn to the Tabernacle. And, O God, give us some word for them; give us a tender, loving message for them. May we speak to them as if the Master Himself was there in person. May the Word of God that shall be read fall down into their hearts and save them from a life of sin, from a life of disgrace, from a life of ruin, to a life of purity and holiness. Do Thou, O Lord, hear our prayers to-day especially for this one who has written this letter. O God, we pray that to-day she may be convicted of sin, that she may be converted, that her heart may be turned to the God of all grace, that she may be won to Thee, and become a bright and shining light in this city. It may be she has come into Far-

well Hall to-day at this hour in hopes that something would be said to reach her. May the prayers of this people be heard, that she may be saved, and that she may be one of hundreds that shall be saved of this class in this city in these closing days of our ministry here ; and, O God, help them not to go back to their old lives, but may they walk humbly and prayerfully all their days. Amen.

LIX.

THE TEN "COMES."

I WANT to call your attention first, to the "Come" in the fifty-fifth chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah: "Incline your ear and come unto Me; hear, and your souls shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

"Incline your ear and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live." Now, I find if we get people to listen—to pause and hear the voice of God—it isn't long before they are willing to follow that voice; but it is so hard to get people to stop and listen for a moment. The din of the world makes such a noise that the people don't hear the voice—that still, small voice. He says, "Incline your ear and come unto Me." Now, if we could only get all the friends in this audience to incline their ears this afternoon—not only your natural ears, but the ears of your soul—you could be saved to-day. But Satan does not want you to do this; he does all he can to keep your ears from hearing. He makes you think about yourself, about your sons, your homes; but, my friends, let us forget all those things to-day—let us forget all our surroundings and close our eyes to the world and just try and listen to the Word of God, and come and hear what He has to say. "Incline your ear and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live." Now, let us turn to the tenth chapter of Romans, where we see, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Now, it is not my words I want to have you listen to—it is not my words I want you to hear this afternoon, but I want you to hear the words of this loving King who calls you to Himself. What does He say? In another place He says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with Me;" or, "if any woman"—or any one; that's what it means, my friends—"hear My voice and open the door, and I will come in to

her, and will sup with her, and she with Me." I heard of a little child, some time ago, who was burned. The mother had gone out and left her three children at home. The eldest left the room, and the remaining two began to play with the fire, and set the place in a blaze. When the youngest of the two saw what she had done, she went into a little cupboard and fastened herself in. The remaining child went to the door and knocked and knocked, crying to her to open the door and let her take her out of the burning building, but she was too frightened to do it. It seems to me as if this was the way of hundreds and thousands in this city. He stands and knocks, but they've got their hearts barred and bolted, because they don't know that He has come only to bless them. May God help you to hear, and if you listen to Him and bring your burdens to Him, He will bless you. He is able to open the ears of every one here if you but let Him in. I was up here at the hotel the other night, and I had the door locked and bolted, and some one came and rapped. I shouted, "Come in!" The man tried to come in, but he couldn't; I had to get up and unlock the door before he could enter. That's the way with many people to-day. They've got the door bolted and barred; but if you only open it to Him, He will come in.

"If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with Me." Now, my friends, can you hear it? Can you hear God's voice speaking through His own Word? "Incline your ear and come unto Me." Just listen. You know sometimes, when you hear a man speaking whose voice you don't hear very well, and you want to hear every word the man says, you put your hand up to your ear to catch the sound clearer. Now, listen. God says, "Incline your ear and come unto Me; hear, and your souls shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you." Now, is it not true? Can't you hear that loving voice speaking to you, and won't you obey that voice and let Him save you? But I can imagine some of you saying, "I can't hear anything." Take your ears to Him and He will make you hear.

Now, let me take you to another "come." While John and his disciples were standing, Jesus came along, and John said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and Jesus said, "What seek ye?" "Where dwellest Thou?" he asked; to which He replied, "Come and see;" and they just obeyed Him, and never left Him. My friends, if I could introduce you to Christ—could just get you to catch one glimpse of Him; if you could but see the King in all His beauty;

if you could but see Him in all His loveliness—you would never forsake Him, for He “shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground; He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.” Follow Him as your Saviour. In order to appreciate Him you have to be brought to Him; but if sin has come between you and Him, I can not tell you anything about Him. It is just like telling a blind man about the beauties of nature, the loveliness of the flowers, or of the world. That is the way, if sin stands between you and Him; and when Christians try to tell you about the beauties of Christianity, they fail; but if you come and have an interview with Him, you will see that you can not help but love Him; you will see that you can not but forsake all and follow Him. I remember once hearing of a child that was born blind. He grew up to be almost a man, when a skillful physician thought he could give the man his sight. He was put under the doctor's treatment, and for a long time he worked, till at last he succeeded. But he wouldn't let the man see the light of the sun all at once, lest it would strike him blind. It had to be done gradually. So he put a lot of bandages upon his eyes, and removed one after another until the last one was reached, and when it was taken off, the young man began to see. When he saw the beauties of the world, he upbraided his friends for not telling him of the beauties of nature. “Why, we tried to tell you about the beauties of the world, but we could not,” they said. And so it is with us. All that we can do is to tell you to come and see—come and see the loveliness of Christ.

I can imagine some of you saying, “I am blind; I can not see any beauty in Him.” Bring your blind men to Him as you bring your deaf men and He will give you sight, as He did with blind Bartimeus—as He did with all the blind men on earth. There never was a blind man who came to Him requesting his sight whose request was not granted, and there is not a blind soul in this assembly but will be healed if you come to Him. He says that's what He came for, to give sight to the blind. If you can not see any beauty in Him, pray to God to give you sight.

The next “come” is in the prophecies of Isaiah. “Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be as crimson, they shall be as wool.” I find a great many people say their reason stands between them and God. Now, let me say here, the religion of Je-

sus is a matter of revelation, not of investigation. No one ever found out Christ by reason. It is a matter of revelation. Now see what He says, "Come, now"—that means this afternoon—"though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Now He puts a pardon in the sinner's face. "Your sins may be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Take the scarlet in the lady's shawl. It is a fast color. You can not wash it out and make it white; if you tried you would only destroy the shawl. But He will make your sins white as snow, though they be as scarlet, if you come to Him. Just come to Him as you are, and instead of reasoning, ask Him to take them away. Then He will reason it out with you. The natural man does not understand spiritual things; but when a man is born of the Spirit, then it is that spiritual things are brought out to him. A great many people want to investigate—want to reason out the Bible from back to back, but He wants us first to take a pardon. That's God's method of reason. He puts a pardon in the face of the sinner. "Come, now." Do you think there is not reason in this? Suppose the whole plan of salvation was reasoned out to you, why, death might step in before the end of the reasoning was reached. So God puts a pardon first. If you will be influenced to-day you will just bring your reason to Him, and ask Him to give you wisdom to see divine things, and He will do it. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given liberally." The idea that this reason that God hath given man, should keep him from Christ.

A number of years ago, as I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting, in one of our western cities, a lady came up to me and said, "I want to have you see my husband and ask him to come to Christ." Says she, "I want to have you go and see him." She told me his name, and it was that of a man I had heard of before. "Why," said I, "I can't go and see your husband. He is a booked infidel. I can't argue with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then, I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "that ain't what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour." She urged me so hard and so strong, that I consented to go. I went to the office where the Judge was doing business, and told him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said, "I don't

think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favor I want to ask of you, and that is, that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know"—with a good deal of sarcasm.

I went off, and requests for prayer were sent here and to Fulton street, New York, and I thought the prayer there and of that wife would be answered if mine were not. A year and a half after, I was in that city, and a servant came to the door and said: "There is a man in the front parlor who wishes to see you." I found the Judge there. He said: "I promised I would let you know when I was converted." "Well," said I, "tell me all about it. I heard it from other lips, but I want to hear it from your own." He said that his wife had gone out to a meeting one night and he was home alone, and while he was sitting there by the fire he thought, "Supposing my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a Heaven and a hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was: "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought came: "You believe in the God that created you, and that the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life. I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I didn't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and I pretended to be asleep. She knelt down beside that bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O God, teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O God, save me; O God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O God, take away this load of guilt.' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my face. I cried in agony to my Lord, 'O Lord, for Christ's sake, take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, 'I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted.' I met my wife at the door and said, 'My dear, I've been converted.' She looked in amazement. 'Oh, it's a fact; I've been converted!' We went into that drawing-room, and knelt down by the sofa, and prayed to God to bless us." The old Judge said to me, the tears

trickling down his cheeks, "Mr. Moody, I've enjoyed life more in the last three months than in all the years of my life put together." If there is an infidel here—if there is a skeptical one here—ask God to give you wisdom to come now. Let us reason together, and if you become acquainted with God, the day will not go before you receive light from Him.

The next "come" I want to call your attention to is a very sweet one. He says, "Come and reason," "Come and see," and now we have "Come and rest." What this world wants is rest. Every man, every woman, is in pursuit of it, and how many of us have found it. How many are bearing burdens about our hearts always—how many have come into this hall to-day with a great burden on their hearts? What does he say: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now, a great many people have an idea that they must get rid of their burdens themselves, but they must come to Him if they want to be relieved. That's what Christ came for. Come to Him. "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." There could not be a sweeter "come" than this. How many mothers are bearing burdens for their children—how many because of their sons; or perhaps you have husbands who have proved unfaithful, or may be you are widows who have been left without support. The future may look dark to you; but hear the loving voice of the Saviour, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There is not a soul here—I don't care what the burden may be—in this vast audience, but can lay their burden on the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will bear it for you. We can be released; we have found a resting-place, and that is in the loving bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, my friends, if you want rest to-day, come to Him. He stands with His arms outstretched, and says, "Come to Me and rest." Does the world satisfy you? Are not the griefs of the world crushing many a heart here? Hear the voice of Jesus, "Come and rest." The world can not take it from you; the world's crosses and trials will not tear them from you; He will give you peace, and comfort, and rest if you but come.

The next "come" is, "Come and drink and eat." You don't have to pay anything. You know it is hard for a man to get a tax on water, unless when it has to be brought into the city. But this water is always without price, and salvation is like a river, flowing

at the feet of every one; and all you have to do is to stoop down and drink of this living water, and never die. The world can not give you comfort—can not give you water to satisfy your thirst, and every man and woman in this world is thirsty. That's the way our places of amusement are filled. People are constantly thirsting for something. But how are they filled with these amusements? They are as thirsty as ever. But if they drink the water that He offers, they will have a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life. I remember coming down a river with some wounded soldiers. The water was very muddy, and as we had no filters, they had to drink the dirty water, which did not satisfy their thirst. I remember a soldier saying, "Oh, that I had a draught of water from my father's well." Oh, that every woman here to-day would cry, "Oh, that I had a draught of water from my Father's well. If you drink of the living water your soul will never thirst again. Not only does He say, "Come and drink of that living water," but He says, "Come and eat." In the 55th chapter of Isaiah you are invited to come and eat. You know all that the children of Israel had to do in the wilderness was just to pick up the manna and eat. They didn't have to make it. And people had just to stoop down and pick up the manna and eat, and drink from the flinty rock when the water flowed. And to-day the provision is brought to the door of your hearts. You haven't to go down to the earth for it, or to go up to the skies for it. It is here, and all you have to do is to eat it.

You know almost the last words of Christ after His resurrection, when having a little fish, He said, "Come and dine." O, what a sweet invitation—the invitation of the Master to His disciples. "Come and dine." I invite you now to come and dine with Him; He will quench that thirst; He will satisfy your hunger, and all that you've got to do is to take Him at His word.

"The Spirit and the bride say come. * * And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Will you take it to-day? "The Spirit and the bride say come;" "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Now I want to ask you what are you going to do with these ten loving invitations to-day—"Come and hear," "Come and see," "Come and reason," "Come and rest," "Come and eat and drink," "Come and dine," "Come and find grace," "Come unto the marriage," "Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Whosoever will, let him come." Ask

God to help you come to-day. If I were in your place I would settle this question before I left this building; I would just press up to the kingdom of God and take Him at His word.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee that Thy blessings may rest upon all these dear friends that have arisen and said, by this act, "Pray for us." Give us the spirit of prayer, and teach us how to pray. May they not leave this hall until they have left all their sins with Thee. Dear Saviour, may they come to-day, and leave their sins all behind them, for the sake of Christ; and may they begin now to follow Him. We pray that no one that has arisen here to-day may be lost, but that every one of them may pass from death unto life; and we pray Thee to help these young converts; may not one of them who have put their hand to the plow turn back, but may they remember the example of Lot's wife; and may every woman in this assembly that has arisen, say, "Pray for me." We pray, O God, that they may drink of the living water of salvation to-day; that they may have their eyes opened to live wholly for Christ. We pray for these mothers. May they only go home to erect a family altar, and bring their homes to the throne of Christ. We pray Thee for these sisters, and for these young wives, and may they be a power in the home-circle, and may they look back in years to come and think of this stormy Sabbath afternoon and remember it as one of the happiest of their life. Blot out all their sins and their iniquities, and may Christ write their names in the great book of life, and when they have done influencing their families for good on this earth, bring them, O God, all to bless Thee on high, and Thine shall be the glory and the praise forever. Amen.

LX.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

LUKE ii. 10: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

IT seems to me as if every one ought to be lifted up—their hearts ought to be lit up with joy to-day. I suppose millions and millions of people in this world to-day have read this second chapter of Luke, and how many eyes have fallen upon this one verse, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," and their hearts have been filled with peace and joy. I have often wondered what God could have given us in the place of Christ; what better gift He could have given us? Suppose He had given us the choice ourselves; what could we have selected better? How many of you have been wondering what you will give your children as presents! You have been puzzled what to give them that would suit them best, and you have listened to their conversations, to hear if you could catch what they would like. You have, perhaps, heard Charlie or Johnny saying they would like Santa Claus to bring them a sleigh, a drum, a horse, a trumpet, or a whip. You have listened to all their wants, and perhaps you've gone and bought these things, and have them hid away in your houses now, and to-morrow they will be brought out. God looked at us, and He found in every heart there was written want, want, and He saw what we wanted (and that was His own Son), and He gave us just what every one of us need. Some one has said that if a man had chosen something himself, from Adam all the way down, he could not have selected anything better than a Saviour. There is nothing that could be chosen in comparison to Him. God saw what we needed, and He never makes a mistake. It is just what every man, woman, and child in this city needs. Not a woman in this building can get into the kingdom of God without taking this gift. Therefore it is good tidings when we

read, "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour." He is a gift to every one here. God gave Him up freely to us all, and all we've got to do is to take Him.

Now, you remember how, during the war, we used to pray for peace. You could not go into a church but you heard the cry going up, "Peace, peace." In every home where there was a family altar the prayer was "Peace." That's just what we all want. Now, these angels have told these shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem that they bring peace. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." And how that ought to fill every soul with gladness. There is no true peace, true joy, till He comes into our hearts. We can not have it unless He has entered our soul. We have in this text the announcement that this gift is ready for us, therefore it is good tidings. There is not a thirsty soul in this building but who will have peace if they will only take Him, because that is what He came to bring. When we had war in this country with England, and everything looked very dark for the people of these shores, you remember how some commissioners sailed to see if they could not bring about a reconciliation. They had been six months—and you know we hadn't any cable in those times, or fast steamers sailing every ten days—and the people hearing no news from them, things began to look very dark. It looked as if they were not going to have a reconciliation, as if they were not going to have peace, but a long war. You know the colonies were very weak, and they dreaded to have a continuance. At last the news came that the vessels were off Sandy Hook, and the people were anxious for the commissioners to arrive, so that they could learn whether the war was ended. The news spread through the city that day that they were coming, but the day passed into the night, and it looked as if the vessels would not be able to reach port that night. So the people went to bed. But the vessels came up, and these men had good news, and the boats were lowered. The commissioners go into the boats, and the sailors, in the darkness, pulled for the shore. When they got within hearing distance they could not contain themselves, and cried, "Peace, peace," and the men took up the glad news and ran up one street and down another shouting, "Peace, peace;" and men, women, and children, too, came from their homes and took up the cry, and it echoed through the city. The cannon were booming, and the bells were ringing, and all New York was full of the joy of that peace. It was

what the people wished. The war was over, peace was brought, and the English army was withdrawn, and we had peace in this blessed land for nearly one hundred years. If we have been at war with Him, here is reconciliation to-day. Yes, my friends, it is good-will to men. If you have been at enmity with Him, bear in mind that our enmity can cease to-day. We can be reconciled unto Himself, we can have peace for time and eternity, for "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour."

If God does not want us reconciled to Himself, why did He send Christ? If He does not want us reconciled, what did He come for? What did He leave Heaven for if He did not want to bring peace and reconciliation to men? He came for this purpose, and we, as His commissioners, ask you to be reconciled to Him. How sweet it is to be reconciled to God—to be at perfect peace with Him. You who have been at war with God all your lives, you who have been at war with your neighbors, with your friends, with yourselves, will you not accept His Peace now? What would be more acceptable to that man in prison than his liberty? I remember while in England, I was told of a man who was to be hung at eight o'clock upon a certain morning. The black flag was waving from the prison where he was incarcerated, and the prison was in the heart of the town. A great many of the ministers in the churches had for their subject this condemned man. Everybody was talking about the execution, and the whole town was excited. The black flag raised upon the prison told them that a man was to be launched into eternity. Thousands were praying for him, a great many were weeping, for he was a man who had been very much liked by some. They had sent petitions to the Queen, but without any effect so far. Perhaps the gallows was erected inside the prison as it is here, and the poor captive heard the carpenters at work, and as they struck blow upon blow, it seemed to be upon his breast, for every nail driven in brought him nearer to his doom. Now the hour is approaching. The day preceding his execution passes into night, and darkness hung over that prison. How dark it must have been in that cell that night. Next morning he knew he was to die upon the gallows. That night about midnight he heard the footfalls of the sheriff coming near his door. He knew the hour had not yet arrived, and he began to tremble. "Is he coming before my time to take me out and execute me?" The door was unlocked, and the sheriff said to the con-

demned man, "I bring you good news—I bring you a pardon from the Queen." What do you think would be the feelings of that man? Wouldn't he rejoice? My friends, the black flag of death may be waving over you, and hell rejoicing that you will soon be there, but Christ comes with a pardon to-day by which your sins are blotted out—by which all your iniquities are taken away, by which you will become as a child of God, and be made meet for His kingdom. Is not this good news? If any one here is living under sin, you are condemned, but you can receive a pardon, for light has come into the world. The Son of Man has come into the world, and you are offered a pardon as a Christmas gift. Will you take it? or will you send back an insulting message to God, saying that you don't want Him as the Saviour of sinners; that you don't feel any need of Him; that you've no room for Him? My friends, He has come with a gift by which every one is liberated from sin if they will only accept it.

Look at that prison in Jerusalem where Barabbas was confined. He had been tried, sentence had been rendered, and he was to die the death of the cross. He was a noted prisoner, and you know it was only the worst prisoners who died the death of the cross. You can see him as the day drew near. The day was set and the hour was rolling on when he was to meet death and judgment, and you can see the poor man trembling at the thought. Strange news reaches him. He hears that Christ, the Galilean prophet, is going to be executed with Him, and He is to be put between two thieves—He, the Prince of Peace. Then a rumor comes to him that Pilate is going to liberate Christ or himself, and he is going to let the people choose between them. And if some one had gone and told him this he would have said, "Why, of course, they will not choose Christ and allow me to be liberated. I have taken men's lives all my days, while He has given men life; I've robbed men of all they have, while He has only given them blessings; I've destroyed men's peace all my life, while He has only given men joy and happiness, and of course they will liberate Him." It might have been that he had a family living in Jerusalem, and in the morning before his execution his wife and children came to bid him farewell, and I've been told by executioners that the farewell between the family of the criminal and himself is one of the saddest things conceivable. Perhaps at a funeral you have seen a loving mother coming up and imprinting the last kiss upon the marble brow of her boy, and one member

after another of the family come up and take the last look. You know this is all very sad ; but what is it to the grief of that heart-broken wife who bids farewell to her husband, who came into that cell in the Jerusalem prison, knowing that in a few hours he was to die on the cross. You can see him kiss her for the last time, and bidding farewell to each of his children, and they go never to see him again. Poor Barabbas ! How he must have trembled ; how he must have been full of sorrow and gloom as he looked forward to the death he was to die, and thought of those he was leaving behind. By and by he hears a footfall upon the corridor. Nearer and nearer it comes. "Are they going to take me to execution now?" he asks himself. The bolts are pulled, the door is swung open, and the sheriff says, "Barabbas, you are free ; go where you please !" I can see that poor, condemned man looking at the officer. "What ! What do you tell me ; I am free ? Do you mean to say that the people have chosen Jesus of Nazareth to be executed instead of me?" "Yes, they have, and you are free." I can see him leaving that cell ; and he goes down to his wife and children, and he draws that wife to his bosom. "I've got good news for you ; I haven't only got my life prolonged, but I've got my liberty. Christ has died in my stead." That is the Gospel. Christ died for every sinner, as Paul says, "He died and gave Himself for me"—for each of us here. That's the glorious Gospel of substitution. He died "for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Will you walk out of this building to-day and say, "Christ is nothing to me ; I see no beauty in Him ; I see no reason why I should love Him?" God gave Him up for you. Not only was He given up for us and born in a manger and lived a life of toil and hardship, but He died an ignominious death. Say, young lady, would you rather live the life of the world—would you rather live a life of pleasure ; would you rather have your darling sin than God's gift ? Won't you to-day accept and make your peace for time and eternity ? and this will be a joyful day for you.

Let me say here, that I never knew one who accepted these glad tidings who was ever disappointed. Now, God does not offer us good tidings, and when we come to look we find it is bad news. Very often we hear in the world something which we think is good news, but after a little we find out that it is very bad. It is not so with the Gospel.

LXI.

OUR LORD'S RETURN.

2 TIMOTHY iii. 16: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

SOME people tell us when we take up prophecy that it is all very well to be believed, but that there is no use in one trying to understand it; these future events are things that the Church does not agree about, and it is better to let them alone, and deal only with those prophecies which have already been fulfilled. But Paul doesn't talk that way; he says: "All Scripture is * * * profitable for doctrine." If these people are right, he ought to have said: "Some Scripture is profitable; but you can't understand the prophecies, so you had better let them alone." If God didn't mean to have us study the prophecies, He wouldn't have put them into the Bible. Some of them are fulfilled, and He is at work fulfilling the rest, so that if we do not see them all completed in this life, we shall in the world to come.

I don't want to teach anything to-day, dogmatically, on my own authority, but to my mind this precious doctrine—for such I must call it—of the return of the Lord to this earth is taught in the New Testament as clearly as any other doctrine in it; yet I was in the Church fifteen or sixteen years before I ever heard a sermon on it. There is hardly any church that doesn't make a great deal of baptism, but the New Testament only speaks about baptism thirteen times, while it speaks of the return of our Lord fifty times; and yet the Church has had very little to say about it. Now, I can see a reason for this: the devil does not want us to see this truth, for nothing would wake up the Church so much. The moment a man takes hold of the truth that Jesus Christ is coming back again to receive His friends to Himself, this world loses its hold upon Him; gas-stocks and water-stocks, and stocks in banks and in horse-railroads, are of very much less consequence to him then. His heart is free,

and he looks for the blessed appearing of his Lord, who at His coming will take him into His blessed kingdom.

In 2 Peter i. 20, we read: "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation." Some people say, "Oh, yes, the prophecies are all well enough for the priests and doctors, but not for the rank and file of the Church." But Peter says, "The prophecy came not by the will of man, but holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and those men are the very ones who tell us of the return of our Lord. Look at Daniel ii. 45, where he tells the meaning of that stone which the king saw in his dream that was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that broke in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold. "The dream is certain and the interpretation thereof sure," says Daniel. Now we have seen the fulfillment of that prophecy all but the closing part of it. The kingdoms of Babylon, and Medo-Persia, and Greece, and Rome have all been broken in pieces, and now it only remains for this stone cut out of the mountain without hands to smite the image and break it in pieces till it becomes like the dust of the summer threshing-floor, and for this stone to become a great mountain and fill the whole earth. But how is He going to come? We are told how He is going to come. When those disciples stood looking up into Heaven at the time of His ascension, there appeared two angels, who said unto them (Acts i. 11), "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." How did He go up? He took His flesh and bones up with Him. "Look at me; handle me; give me something to eat; a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye see me have; I am the identical one whom they crucified and laid in the grave. Now I am risen from the dead and am going up to Heaven." He is gone, say the angels, but He will come again just as He went. An angel was sent to announce His birth of the Virgin; angels sang of His advent in Bethlehem; an angel told the women of His resurrection; and two angels told the disciples of His coming again. It is the same testimony in all these cases.

I don't know why people shouldn't like to study the Bible, and find out all about this precious doctrine of our Lord's return. Some have gone beyond prophecy, and tried to tell the very day He would come. Perhaps that is one reason why people don't believe this doctrine. He is coming, we know that; but just when

He is coming we don't know. Matthew xxiv. 36 settles that. The angels don't know, and Christ says that even He doesn't know, but that is something the Father keeps to Himself. If Christ had said, "I will not come back for 2,000 years," none of His disciples would have begun to watch for Him, but it is the proper attitude of a Christian to be always looking for his Lord's return. So God does not tell us when He is to come, but Christ tells us to watch. In this same chapter we find that He is to come unexpectedly and suddenly. In the twenty-seventh verse we have these words, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth unto the west, even so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." And again, in the forty-fourth verse, "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Some people say that means death; but the Word of God does not say it means death. Death is our enemy, but our Lord hath the keys of death; He has conquered death, hell, and the grave, and at any moment He may come to set us free from death and destroy our last enemy for us; so the proper state for a believer in Christ is waiting and watching for our Lord's return.

In the last chapter of John there is a text that seems to settle this matter. Peter asks the question about John, "Lord, what shall this man do? Jesus said unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren that that disciple should not die." They did not think that the coming of the Lord meant death; there was a great difference between these two things in their minds. Christ is the Prince of Life; there is no death where He is; death flees at His coming; dead bodies sprang to life when He touched them or spoke to them. His coming is not death; He is the resurrection and the life; when he sets up His kingdom there is to be no death, but life forevermore.

There is another mistake, as you will find if you read your Bibles carefully. Some people think that at the coming of Christ everything is to be all done up in a few minutes; but I do not so understand it. The first thing He is to do is to take His Church out of the world. He calls the Church His bride, and He says He is going to prepare a place for her. We may judge, says one, what a glorious place it will be, from the length of time He is in preparing it, and when the place is ready He will come and take the Church to Himself.

In the closing verses of the fourth chapter of 1 Thessalonians, Paul says: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. * * * We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." That is, the comforted of the Church. There was a time when I used to mourn that I should not be alive in the millennium; but now I expect to be in the millennium. Dean Alford says—almost everybody bows to him in the matter of interpretation—that he must insist that this coming of Christ to take His Church to Himself in the clouds is not the same event as His coming to judge the world at the last day. The deliverance of the Church is one thing, judgment is another. Now, I can't find any place in the Bible where it tells me to wait for signs of the coming of the millennium, as the return of the Jews, and such like; but it tells me to look for the coming of the Lord; to watch for it; to be ready at midnight to meet Him, like those five wise virgins. The trump of God may be sounded, for anything we know, before I finish this sermon—at any rate, we are told that He will come as a thief in the night, and at an hour when many look not for Him.

Some of you may shake your heads and say, "Oh, well, that is too deep for the most of us; such things ought not to be said before these young converts; only the very wisest characters, such as the ministers and the professors in the theological seminaries, can understand them." But, my friends, you find that Paul wrote about these things to those young converts among the Thessalonians, and he tells them to comfort one another with those words. Here, in the first chapter of First Thessalonians, Paul says: "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from Heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." To wait for His Son; that is the true attitude of every child of God. If he is doing that, he is ready for the duties of life—ready for God's work; aye, that makes him feel that he is just ready to begin to work for God. Then over in the next chapter (1 Thessalonians ii. 19.) he

says: "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" And again, in the third chapter, at the thirteenth verse: "To the end that He may stablish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints." Still again, in the fifth chapter: "For ye yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." He has something to say about this same thing in every chapter. Indeed, I have thought this Epistle to the Thessalonians might be called the Gospel of Christ's coming again.

There are three great facts foretold in the Word of God: First, that Christ should come; that has been fulfilled. Second, that the Holy Ghost should come; that was fulfilled at Pentecost, and the Church is able to testify to it by its experience of His saving grace. Third, the return of our Lord again from Heaven—for this we are told to watch and wait "till He come." Look at that account of the last hours of Christ with His disciples. What does Christ say to them? "If I go away I will send death after you to bring you to Me? I will send an angel after you?" Not at all. He says: "I will come again and receive you unto Myself." If my wife were in a foreign country, and I had a beautiful mansion all ready for her, she would a good deal rather I should come and bring her unto it than to have me send some one else to bring her. So the Church is the Lamb's wife. He has prepared a mansion for His bride, and He promises for our joy and comfort that He will come Himself and bring us to the place He has been all this while preparing.

My friends, it is perfectly safe to take the Word of God just as we find it. If He tells us to watch, then watch! If He tells us to pray, then pray! If He tells us He will come again, wait for Him! Let the Church bow to the Word of God, rather than trying to find out how these things can be. "Behold, I come quickly," said Christ. "Even so come, Lord Jesus," should be the prayer of the Church.

Take the account of the words of Christ at the communion-table. It seems to me that the devil has covered up the most precious thing about it. "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show forth the Lord's death *till He come.*" But most people seem to think that the Lord's table is the place for self-examination and repentance, and making good resolutions. Not at

all; you spoil it that way; it is to show forth the Lord's death, and we are to keep it up till He comes.

Some people say, "I believe Christ will come on the other side of the millennium." Where do you get it? I can't find it. The Word of God nowhere tells me to watch and wait for the coming of the millennium, but for the coming of the Lord. I don't find any place where God says the world is to grow better and better, and that Christ is to have a spiritual reign on earth of a thousand years. I find that the earth is to grow worse and worse, and that at length there is going to be a separation. "Two women grinding at a mill—one taken and the other left; two men in one bed—one taken and the other left." The Church is to be translated out of the world, and if this fail, we have two examples already, two representatives, as we might say, in Christ's kingdom, of what is to be done for all His true believers. Enoch is the representative of the first dispensation, Elijah of the second, and, as a representative of the third dispensation, we have the Saviour Himself, who is entered into the heavens for us, and became the first fruits of them that slept. We are not to wait for the great white throne judgment, but the glorified Church is set on the throne with Christ, and to help to judge the world.

Now some of you think this is a new and strange doctrine, and that they who preach it are speckled birds. But let me tell you that most of the spiritual men in the pulpits of Great Britain are firm in this faith. Spurgeon preaches it. I have heard Newman Hall say that he knew no reason why Christ might not come before he got through with his sermon. But in certain wealthy and fashionable churches, where they have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof—just the state of things which Paul declares shall be in the last days—this doctrine is not preached or believed. They do not want sinners to cry out in their meeting, "What must I do to be saved?" They want intellectual preachers who will cultivate their taste, brilliant preachers who will rouse their imagination, but they don't want the preaching that has in it the power of the Holy Ghost. We live in the day of shams in religion. The Church is cold and formal; may God wake us up! And I know of no better way to do it than to get the Church to looking for the return of our Lord.

Some people say, "Oh, you will discourage the young converts if you preach that doctrine." Well, my friends, that hasn't been

my experience. I have felt like working three times as hard ever since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me, "Moody, save all you can." God will come in judgment and burn up this world, but the children of God don't belong to this world; they are in it, but not of it, like a ship in the water. This world is getting darker and darker; its ruin is coming nearer and nearer. If you have any friends on this wreck unsaved, you had better lose no time in getting them off. But some one will say, "Do you, then, make the grace of God a failure?" No; grace is not a failure, but man is. The antediluvian world was a failure; the Jewish world was a failure; man has been a failure everywhere, when he has had his own way and been left to himself. Christ will save His Church, but He will save them finally by taking them out of the world. Now, don't take my word for it; look this doctrine up in your Bibles, and, if you find it there, bow down to it and receive it as the word of God. Take Matthew xxiv. 50: "The Lord of that servant shall come when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Take 2 Peter, third chapter, third and fourth verses: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the Fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Go out on the streets of Chicago and ask men about the return of our Lord, and that is just what they would say: "Ah, yes, the Lord delayeth His coming!"

"Behold, I come quickly," said Christ to John, and the last prayer in the Bible is, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Were the early Christians disappointed then? No; no man is disappointed who obeys the voice of God. The world waited for the first coming of the Lord; waited for 4,000 years and then He came. He was here only thirty-three years and then he went away; but He left us a promise that He would come again; and as the world watched and waited for His first coming and did not watch in vain, so now to them who wait for His appearing shall He appear a second time unto salvation. Now let the question go round, "Am I ready to meet the Lord if He comes to-night?" "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

There is another thought I want to call your attention to, and that is: Christ will bring all our friends with Him when He comes. All who have died in the Lord are to be with Him when He comes in the clouds of Heaven. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death has no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." (Rev. xx. 6). "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished; this is the first resurrection" (verse 5). That looks as if the Church were to have a thousand years with Christ before His return to the final judgment, when Satan shall be cast out, and there shall be new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Now, I want to give you some texts to study at home: 1 Cor. ii. 26; Luke xix. 13; 1 Tim. vi. 12; 1 Thess. i. 7; James v. 8; 1 Thess. iv. 17-18. And so let us watch and wait till He comes.

LXII.

LESSONS FROM AHAB'S ILL-JUDGED MARRIAGE.

I Kings xxi.

THESE Bible characters are all representatives of people living in our time. There is an old saying that "every man has his price," and there is a good deal of truth in it. Judas had his price, and it was thirty pieces of silver. Esau had his price, and it was a mess of pottage. Herod had his price too, and Ahab had his. Ahab, we find, sold himself for a garden of herbs, and bitter herbs they were to him. He sold himself very cheaply. As we read about him and see the small price for which he sold himself, let us ask ourselves the question, What are we doing? Are there not many men in Chicago to-day guilty of selling themselves for a good deal less than Ahab? As we condemn him, ask yourselves what is the darling sin that keeps you bound to the world. Is it the pleasure of the world? Is it ambition? What is the besetting sin which you are not willing to give up? Remember how Ahab sold himself. He had had warning after warning. God sent to him one of the purest men who ever walked this earth to warn him. One would have thought he had had warning enough on Mount Carmel, but he was one of those vacillating characters, one of those men who thought it would be better for him to go with the current, although deep down in his heart he knew the truth. No doubt when Elijah stood before him Ahab looked upon him as a bigot—as belonging to the school of the Puritans; one of those men who believed in the Mosaic law which was given to the people in the wilderness. But the people had got beyond that kind of thing; they were living in a time of culture and enlightenment, and were not going to be bound by that law. Bear in mind that Ahab was a religious man. There is no man in Chicago who keeps four hundred and fifty prophets. Yet Ahab did so. He did a good deal to keep

up religion; he kept up churches, and had all those prophets at his table. But for all that he had no religion. So with men to-day. They do a good deal to keep up churches and ministers, but they haven't got Christ. They are living on form, which doesn't give them any comfort. A good many are religious, yet they are very far from God. They have never been born of God; they've got religion, but there's no Christ in it.

The first great mistake this man made was his marriage with Jezebel, the daughter of one of the Hebrew kings. She was a wicked, bad woman. Ahab was bad enough himself, but his wife was worse a hundred times. It seems as if after the marriage Ahab was merely an instrument in her hands. No doubt the marriage was made to increase his power and enlarge his kingdom, and the very thing she did was to ruin his kingdom. Instead of relying upon the God of Israel, he looked for human aid to help him, and his downfall came. Many a man has been ruined by marrying a wicked woman, and many a woman by marrying a wicked man. We find that no king had a better subject than Elijah; no one ever had better advice than Elijah could give, because he was a messenger sent by God. If he had taken Elijah's advice, and not his wicked wife's, his kingdom would have been saved. Look at men now. How many young men have praying mothers who are giving them good advice, and these young men say: "Oh, she is narrow-minded, bigoted; she don't know anything about the life to-day." They think she can not enter into sympathy with them, and, therefore, her advice is not taken. How many men look down upon the ministers because they tell them they are going to destruction. When they are spoken to about their sins, they cry out, as Ahab did, "Hast thou found me out, O mine enemy?" They think because we preach righteousness and repentance we bring trouble. The Gospel brings peace, not trouble. If Ahab had taken Elijah's advice he would have saved his kingdom, his throne, and his life. He would not have come to the miserable end that he did. There are a great many people who, if they are spoken to about their danger, think that he who warns them is their enemy. What would you think of a mother who, if she saw her child putting its hand in the fire, wouldn't warn it? If she didn't she wouldn't have motherly instincts. And if ministers of the Gospel didn't warn men of their danger they wouldn't be true disciples of Christ. Suppose I saw a man going down Clark street, the bridge has been swung, and he is about to walk over; would

that man look upon me as his enemy if I warned him of his danger? If these ministers, these praying mothers, warn you, know that they are the best friends you have got. A great many men hate that Bible because it tells them of their sins and warns them of their future.

Look at Ahab going into Samaria. He goes back like a little child who has had a "miff." He goes up into Samaria in a gloomy, sulky spirit and throws himself on his bed. The servants bring him food, and he refuses to eat it. The servants go to the queen, "Something's gone wrong with the king, he won't eat anything." So the queen goes to him and says: "What's the matter? Sick?" "No," he replies, "I'm not sick, but there's a man down at Jezreel who's got a vineyard near the palace, and I've tried to get it for its herbs, but he won't let me have it. I've offered to get him another better than it, and give him money, but it's no use." I suppose he was one of those men who went by the law of Moses. And then the queen says: "Don't you rule your own country? I'll get it, and won't have to pay for it, either." And she went off and got a decree in the name of King Ahab and sent it to the noblemen and elders. She told them to set two sons of Belial before the door of Naboth, and then let them come and say that he had blasphemed God and the king, and take him out and stone him to death. And those men bowed to that wretched woman. The farce was enacted. What a hypocritical thing this was. The two sons of Belial were put in front of Naboth's house and then testified against him, and he was put to death. The news was sent to Samaria that Naboth was dead, and Ahab took possession of the vineyard; but it cost him his throne, his life, and his kingdom; it was the means of crushing his power and rolling the whole royal family into the pit of hell. He had sold himself to the devil and then exercised his right as master. When a man forges and thinks he will be happy in the possession of the money, he is likely to find he is mistaken; he is selling himself to the devil. When a man has been successful in his efforts to ruin the virtue of some poor woman, and thinks he has merely ruined her, he is mistaken; he has ruined himself. Bear in mind that God from His throne sees you.

Ahab rides in his chariot to Jezreel, and takes possession of his ill-gotten gains. But Elijah, the man of God, instructed by Jehovah, goes to meet the royal villain, and utters against him a terrible prophecy, and not against him only, but also against his heathen

wife, the author of his crimes, and against all their wicked house. A few short years pass away, and all these predictions are minutely fulfilled. The blood of the false king, of his heathen paramour, and of their children, is poured out like water, and all his glory goes down into darkness and dust. Oh, the folly of sacrificing the happiness of time and eternity for the gratification of a brief hour of pleasure! When will parents cease also to compromise and destroy the everlasting welfare of their children?

I remember a few years ago hearing of a young lady who had been brought under deep conviction of sin. She seemed just about accepting Him, and the father and mother did everything they could to hinder her. The Spirit of God was striving within her, and in order to get her mind from the subject of conversion, they thought of getting up a very expensive party, and they bought for the occasion a very expensive dress for her. The evening came, and she had the most gorgeous dress at that party. She was the belle of the evening. Their object was accomplished. Three weeks after that, the daughter was on her dying bed, and she said, "Bring me my dress." It was brought to her, and she looked at it, and, pointing with her finger, said: "That is the price of my soul," and in a few hours she was dead. It is terrible to think that intelligent young ladies and intelligent men should stand weighing this question and saying to themselves, "I can't give up the pleasures of the world for the kingdom of God." Ah, my friends, the time is coming when you would give worlds to have settled this question in the other way. Don't be like Ahab. My friends, if you take the pleasures of the world instead of Him, it will cost you all you have got. You will die a miserable death and have a miserable eternity. May the God of Elijah fill your hearts with His love to-night; may He open your eyes to your own salvation, and may there be a rush into the inquiry-room, and a cry go up to-night from the heart of every unconverted man and woman here. Let us pray that God may find out every sinner in this hall to-night.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for what we have heard to-day; we thank Thee for this blessed work that is going on in our city; we thank Thee for this news we have heard to-day from the boys' meeting; we pray that Thou wilt keep these lads from harm. Be Thou a tender shepherd unto them; may not one of them turn back and betray the Lord, but may they be kept by the mighty power of God. May their parents encourage them; may their parents pray for them, and have the joy of seeing them grow up to be godly men; may they grow up in the fear and love of Thee; we pray that this meeting may be blessed to them, and that there may be many more converted. We pray that Thy blessing may also rest upon that young man who has gone home to make his mother glad; O Son of God, wilt Thou comfort him, and strengthen him, and bless him; and grant that the grace of God may dwell in his heart; may he not only be a shining light in his home, but in the church and among his associates. And, our Heavenly Father, we pray that what Thou hast done in the midst of this mighty city may be but the beginning of a mighty work; we know that there are thousands and tens of thousands that are yet to be reached in this city. We pray that Thou wilt give us strength to do our work, and we pray that we may not take any of the glory to ourselves, but give it all to Thee, and that we may glorify Him who gave Himself for us. O God, give us a passion for souls, give us such a burden for the salvation of souls that we may not rest day or night until we see them brought into the fold. At the close of this meeting, may there be many who may inquire for Christ; may the inquiry-rooms be filled; may there be many who shall lay hold of Christ now. O Son of God, give us a greater blessing than we have had yet; may we have the joy of seeing many turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto Thee; may the blessing of this meeting be such that we may go to the Tabernacle in the next four days rejoicing; give us wisdom from above to give to these souls that are perishing; we ask it all in the name of Thy dear Son, Christ Jesus. And we would not forget our country; O God, save us from war; Thou art the God of this nation, and we lift our eyes to Thee; Thou canst calm the passions of men; bring us out of this evil; Thou canst bring us out of all our troubles, and we believe that Thou wilt do it, and Christ shall have the praise and glory. Amen.

LXII.

FAREWELL SERMON. GOD ABLE TO KEEP.

ROMANS xiv. 4: "For God is able to make him stand."

WHEN I first became a Christian it was predicted by those who knew me that I would not hold out; that I would fall away in a few months. I used to fear and tremble myself; I was afraid I should fall. I knew nothing of the Bible. I was not acquainted with this precious Word. I do not think there were a dozen passages in the whole Word of God that I had committed to memory, and that I could quote. I did not know this blessed truth I have just read to you to-night, that God was able to make me stand. Then if there are any young converts here to-night who have been full of fear, full of doubt, and at times have actually trembled in view of the temptations surrounding them, if you just lay hold of this precious word "able" it will hold you up in all your pilgrimage, in all your journey, no matter how rough and hard. "God is able to make you stand." The God that can create a world like this, and can call it from nothing into existence—the God that can create life with a word—He certainly can make a poor sinner like you and me "stand" by His mighty power. He was able to make Moses stand when exposed to the mighty temptations of Egypt. God enabled that other prophet to stand unterrified before the wicked Ahab. God enabled Daniel to stand in Babylon when the whole city was against him. There he stood like a rock in the current of a river; the high, angry waves dashed up against him, but there he stood; stood upright in that great city, with all the world against him. God did, indeed, make him to stand. And Paul, I believe, wrote this blessed text out of his experience of God's power to establish and uphold His people in their work. The God of Paul still lives, and He is your God. Oh, put your love in God; look to Him and pray to Him, and He will give you strength, and He will make you to stand. Let no one fall; God

has power enough, God has grace enough, God has strength enough to keep every young convert in the straight path, if only you will look to Him, if only you will pray to Him daily for strength.

Oh, let me warn you to put not your strength in yourself. When you are strong—when you think you are strong—then you are very weak; that is the very time you are weakest. Paul says, “When I am weak, then am I strong.” Our strength doesn’t lie in ourselves; it lies in our Redeemer. If my strength is in God, He will give me all power. If my strength is in myself, I will be constantly tumbling, constantly falling down. Therefore keep a fast hold on God, who alone is able to make you stand. I do not think a young convert will be able to stand by himself in a few years, or in many years. The stronger he gets, the stronger, too, grows the danger of his falling. The longer I live—the nearer I get to Christ—the more danger I see. The nearer a man gets to God, the more he consciously needs Him. Man never becomes independent of God, but the longer he lives the less confidence he should have in himself. I find in reading my Bible that some of the most eminent men have fallen. They got self-confident, and when they became strong in themselves they fell. Let no young convert become spiritually proud and lifted up; he can come to no victory in his own strength. Let him pray, and then the tempter will go from him. You find that men who have stood highest in this world have been men that have fallen at different times in their lives; and I think you will find they stumbled on this stone of trusting in their own strength.

Peter, how confident he was. Though all the rest denied their Lord, he never would; but in a few hours he denied his Lord, and swore he never knew Him. Oh, how self-confident he was! And so, always, when a man is self-confident, satisfied with himself and lifted up, he can not hope to stand; he is standing on dangerous ground; look out, he will slip and tumble headlong. We find men failing in their very strongest points. I don’t know how it is, unless even in their citadel God wants to show them their weakness—that they can not stand alone. Thus you remember the meek and humble Moses; and yet it was his very lack of his vaunted humility that kept him from the promised land. His lack of humility did it, although that was just his strong point. Again, take Elisha, the valiant man. In the Old Testament you find hardly any one more exalted, unless it was Joshua, Daniel, and Joseph. But you find this very man, Elisha, getting afraid, and frightened almost out of

his life, just at a simple message. He was cast down by alarm, and could not stand before Ahab; in the midst of his strength he was weak. So men fail in the strongest points of their character; for if men get to thinking they are able to stand alone, their strength becomes sudden weakness. If we put our confidence in character, in habit, in anything but the might of God, our fall is not far off. Now, what the text says is this: "God is able to make us stand." You can't stand alone, young converts; but God can and will give you the power, and will keep your feet from falling.

I want to call your attention to a verse in the second chapter of Hebrews, the eighteenth verse: "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." Let me read those words again. "He is able to succor them that are tempted." Oh, blessed thought, that God has Himself stood these temptations, and so can realize our needs. I believe these very trials and temptations are sent to us to give us character. Men who never have temptations, never have trials, are not good for much as Christians. I count these things as most of a Christian's discipline; and the more of these thorns in his side he gets the best of, the better and stronger a Christian he becomes. We don't want any hot-house Christians, shut up from the world and never tempted, never tried; but battling bravely with these powers which Christ came down from Heaven to bear in His person and to overcome. God Himself was touched with a feeling of our infirmities, coming down to this world and being one of us. He took upon Him your nature and mine; therefore He can appreciate our frailties, and is able—yes, abundantly able—to succor them that are tempted. What we want is not to pray God to deliver us from temptations; that is not it; but we want to pray that we may overcome them. Thus, whenever the great tempter of souls comes down upon us, God will give us the will, the power, and the grace to overcome him, and to grow stronger for the victory. Of himself a man has not power, but God will give him the better over all temptations if He is only asked to do it. Now, let me say right here that if you are tempted, my friends, don't think that that is sin. It is not a sin to be tempted; it is only sin when you yield to temptation; it is only sin when you listen to the tempter. He may come—we can't help that; but we want to resist him, and pray God to give us grace to overcome him and trample him under our feet. And every temptation we overcome gives us more strength to overcome the

next one. So little by little we go on toward the fullness of the stature of Christ.

A great many temptations will assail you in Chicago, my dear young converts; a great many dangers await you; many who should help you may perhaps make sport of you, and possibly point the finger of ridicule at you instead of sympathizing with you as they ought. I pray you not to get discouraged. Instead of getting downhearted, go to God in prayer; go to Jesus, for He is able to succor you in the hour of temptation. He Himself has gone through it all. No one was more laughed at; no one was more ridiculed, more scoffed at, more jeered at, than the Son of God was; and He can sympathize with you in all your hours of trial. Just ask of Him help and He will succor you speedily and give you a glorious victory.

The next text I want to call your attention to is in Second Timothy i. 12: "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Now, bear in mind that you can not keep your own soul; but He will keep it for us if we can believe the language of this text: "Am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Some men may come to you and ask you what denomination you belong to—what persuasion you are of. Tell them you are of Paul's persuasion; say, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." I would advise you to belong to Paul's persuasion. I would rather be of Paul's persuasion than be in the Methodist, Presbyterian, or Baptist churches and not have the truth of Paul's words sunk down in my heart. Denominations can not keep you. A man may be a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Methodist, or Congregationalist, and still not be a Christian at heart. Remember, we can't keep ourselves, neither can churches help us. The Son of God can only help us. He is able to do it. The Son of God, who stooped from the throne of Heaven and came into this world, is able to keep that which is committed unto Him. Now, if a man lives in England, he wants to have his money in the Bank of England. He thinks that bank is the safest in the land. I know a great many people in this country who send money there; they keep a regular bank account there. They think that that bank is safe should anything happen. If anything should occur with this government, they are sure their deposits are all

right there. The Son of God is better able to keep your souls than the Bank of England is able to keep one pound of your money. And if we commit ourselves to Him, and trust Him to keep us, He will keep us. Now, if you go to the Tower of London you will see the crown of England. Men watch it day and night. There is not one minute in the hour, nor hour in the twenty-four, but a soldier in the English army has his eye on that crown. Suppose that crown should be taken to Buckingham Palace, and it was then only under the protection of the Queen, how long would Queen Victoria hold it? Why, some thief would have it in twenty-four hours. That weak woman would not be able to hold it herself. But she could keep it a great deal better than we can keep our souls. We have three enemies to contend against—the world, the flesh, and the devil—who are always striving to obtain the mastery over our souls. What can we do? There is one thing we can do. We can call upon our Elder Brother and He will keep it from all harm. And if you young converts just trust Him to keep your souls, He will keep them.

Then the next text is in the Second of Corinthians ix. 8: "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work." Now, that brings us into the vineyard. He first tells us He "is able to make us abound;" then He "is able to succor us in the day of temptation." The next tells us He is able to keep us; and now He tells us we are able to go out and work in His vineyard. Why? Because "God is able to make all grace abound toward you." There is nothing that God calls us to do but that He will give us grace to do it. All we have got to do is to come to the throne of God and get all the grace we need. I hope you young converts have gone into the church to work. I hope that's what you propose to do. I hope you haven't gone into the church to rest and go to sleep. What you want is to find some work in your churches. Let every young convert cry, "O God, give me a soul." Try to win others to Christ. Suppose you commence to-night and go right to work. I believe there is not a young convert in this building that can not win at least one soul to Christ within thirty days, if they will. If they do this every thirty days, that will be twelve souls in twelve months. Suppose every young convert here led twelve souls to Christ in the next year, what would be the state of affairs in Chicago at the end of the year? Why, what a host of

new-born souls! What a shout of hallelujahs would be going up to the throne of God. It seems to me an easy thing to do. He has got plenty of grace for you. Lift up your voices for the Son of God. Go into the lanes and alleys of the city; into the garrets and down in the slums; into the places where sin abounds. Find a poor, lost one, and tell him of Christ and Heaven. I pity from the depths of my heart that Christian who can't help his brother to obtain salvation. He tells us to enter His vineyard and work for Him. I remember I had a picture that I thought a good deal of. It was of a woman coming up out of water, with both arms around the cross. I thought it was beautiful. But one day I was going along the street and I saw in a window another picture. It was of a woman coming up from the waters of death. She had one arm around the cross, and with the other she was helping the struggling people around her up to where she was. I didn't think much of the first picture then. I thought it was like a good many Christians. They had both arms tightly clasped around the cross, and gave no assistance to those struggling around them. If the Son of God pulls you out of the pit of darkness and puts a new song into your mouth, don't you hold your peace. He said to the man from whom He cast out the devils, "Go home, and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done for you." That man had a mighty power in that little town, and the young converts here have a power as great. I don't know any class who have more power for good in Chicago to-day than those young converts. One of those men who were dead in trespasses and sin, by his testimony can do an immense amount of good. I see many young converts in this audience who, by their testimony, have led scores to Christ. I was some months a Christian before I led any one to Christ. I didn't know anybody to tell me how to set about it. But after a while I got led out into the vineyard, and I thanked God I was led out. I say to you, my dear young converts, go out into the world and bear witness of what He has done for you, and your reward in winning souls will be great.

Go to a minister and to a church where you can find something to do. If you don't find it in the first one, go somewhere else; and if it isn't to be found in that church, with that minister, you just go to a third church. Keep going until you find a home where they will put you to work. Don't stand on ceremony, but pitch in. And don't despise doing humble work; whatever is done for the

Lord Jesus is honorable. One of the holiest and most successful missionaries wanted to be sent out to preach. But some objected, thinking ill of his talents. Finally, at his persistent requests, they asked him if he would go out and teach school among the heathen instead of preaching to them. He gladly went, and soon his marvelous talent for winning souls asserted itself, and every one did him honor. Yes, the temple of God is worth working for in any capacity; if need be, do not despise being hewers of wood and drawers of water, and in due time promotion will come. The trouble is, too many are willing to do some great things. Go out to the streets and take up the dirty little ragged boys, the poor children of some poor mother who has gone down to her grave, perhaps, with a broken heart over a husband's drunkenness. Take the little urchins by the hand and take them to the Sabbath-school. By and by, if you earn it, God will promote you; or that little boy you have saved may become a Martin Luther, a Summerfield, a Wesley; who can tell; and so through your humble effort the brightest jewels shall shine in the Lord's crown as eternal ages roll on. Inconceivable results may reach out from your poor efforts. Millions yet unborn may be brought to the kingdom of God. My friends, labor! Let that be your watchword. We have no higher privilege than to thus toil for others; it saves them and keeps ourselves true to our God. I do assure you I have had a new joy since I began working for souls. And the more I work and preach, the more joy and satisfaction come to my soul. Wherefore let us all labor diligently, if we would have the full benefit of our religion—if we would keep alive and bright our own faith and devotion.

The next thing I call your attention to is in the fourth chapter of Romans, and the twentieth verse: "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God. And being fully persuaded that what He has promised He is able also to perform." This is another "able" I want to impress upon you, and this is that God is able to do all He has promised. He promised when He left this world to send down the Comforter, and told the disciples to wait at Jerusalem for power from on high. And lo, when they had tarried there three days, the Holy Ghost came as Christ had promised. And He promises still to send the Comforter to all that pray for that best of gifts. Then think of Joshua, how, when he was going to die, he gathered the elders before him and reviewed the forty years of his life in Egypt,

the forty in the desert, and then the thirty in the land of promise; how he lifted up his voice and testified to the full and complete fulfillment of the promises of God: "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one good thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and ye know that not one thing hath failed thereof." And just as in the days of Joshua, God bringeth to pass all His Word; not one of His promises shall fail, but He is fulfilling them all to-day. Whenever you begin to doubt God's word think of all His prophets and their testimony, and then trust in Him always. Now, let me say to these young converts, I hope you will rely implicitly on the precious promises of God's Word. Make them your stay and support in all your warfare.

Then the next time this blessed word comes is in the third chapter of Ephesians, twentieth verse: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." When we first came to Chicago we did not dare expect half the good things that God had in store for us; we did not dare to hope.

Again, I would call your attention to another text. You will find it in the twenty-fourth verse of Jude: "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling." Let me say right here that some young converts have an idea that there is such a thing as worldliness and backsliding in their heart, because they have heard of other men who have been converted drifting back. But it is a privilege of every child of God to know that you can be kept from falling from this night, from this hour. Our Saviour is able to help every one of you. I have taken a motto for the year, and I would like to have every one of you young converts take it also. It is in Isaiah xli. 13: "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." Now, if the God of Heaven has got hold of my right hand, how am I going to fall? May this sink deep down into the heart of every young convert here, "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." As you go along don't you forget where you came from. It does us a great deal of good to look into the pit from whence we came. The text in Deuteronomy xxxii. 10, will apply to you then: "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye."

There is an institution in London, in connection with which a gentleman of wealth has done a great deal of good. He went down to the Seven Dials, one of the worst places in London, and there he used to stay until two o'clock in the morning, picking up young street Arabs, and taking them into the house of shelter. That man has spent thousands of pounds in that quarter of London. When I was there he had upwards of three hundred young men, whom he had brought from those slums, some of whom are in China, others in Australia, and some in this country. When he would take them from the horrible pit he would go and get their photographs taken in their rags and dirt. Then they were taken to a bath and given new clothes. They were put into an institution, taught a trade, and not only the rules of life, but every one of them was taught to read his Bible. After keeping them a few years and educating them, before they left they were taken to a photograph gallery and had their picture taken, and both were given them. This was to show them the condition in which the institution found them and that in which it left them. So, my friends, remember where God found you. Remember that He found some of you as a gambler, a drunkard, some of you standing on the very borders of hell, with all its horrors upon you; remember that some of you were in such a condition that you could see snakes all around you, and that He lifted you from the pit and placed you on a rock of safety, and put a new song in your mouth. And let there go up from you a song of gratitude, thanking God that He has stooped down and lifted you out from the darkness of hell. Praise God and work for Him. I think it is one of the greatest privileges of Christian life that we can go out and work for the Son of God.

In leaving you, young converts, I would like to leave with you two "w's,"—the one is "work" and the other is the "word," or rather the first is the word and the other is work. Go out and work for Him and you will become strong Christians. There are two lives you want to lead. The one is your inner life, that the world knows nothing of, that the wife of your bosom knows nothing of. That life is between yourself and God, and if you don't lead this life the outer life will not be long right. Let me say to you, young converts, to read your Bibles, and you will be strong. If you don't you will fall, and the men who are now scoffing at this movement will say, "I told you you would fall back again; the meetings have been only an emotional excitement; only a sensation." I pray that

Almighty God may keep you. Just have those two "w's" before you—the word and work, and make that your banner. I would pray the young converts not to bring disgrace to the family of God, into which they have entered. Let them be faithful. You are no longer your own, but you have been bought by Christ. If you do anything wrong, go and take it to Christ. In Him we have an advocate with the Father. It does not follow that because you have committed a sin that you are not a Christian. It is only when you sin and want to remain in sin that you cease to be a Christian. If you see one of those young converts overtaken by sin, go and try to lift him out of it. Don't try to help the devil to keep him down. Try to get that young convert on his feet. If you see one of those saved drunkards falling back again, go and try to wean him from his danger. Go and tell him Christ is full of mercy and love, and wants to take him back again. Peter asked Him if he should forgive his brother seven times. I can imagine the expression on His face as He answered, "Seven times, Peter? Why, forgive him seven times seventy times." If the Lord forgives so freely, sha'n't we forgive every man? If any man among you is led astray let his brother try to get him back again.

I hate to say farewell. I can not tell you how I have enjoyed myself here during the past three months. When we came back from Europe I wanted to come here first, but, to be honest with you, I was rather afraid. I was afraid the ministers would not come together as they did in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places we had visited; but since I have been here I have never had such a band of ministers standing so close by me. The first Sunday morning I had a perfect host of ministers come to me and shake me by the hand, and when my brother was taken from me they gave me the kindest sympathy. I want to thank God for the co-operation of the ministry, for if we had not had such co-operation our work would not have been near so great. While in Boston there will be many a prayer going up for the ministers in Chicago. Let me thank you, dear ministers of God, for your sympathy and prayers.

The next class I want to thank is the press. I can not tell you how grateful I feel toward that body. I have to hear the first unkind word said against me by the daily papers. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon every member of the press of Chicago. Thank God that the daily papers are assisting in the spread of the Gospel,

and I hope that the day is not far distant when the people of the Northwestern country will look to the daily papers to see what is doing for the cause of Christ.

Twenty-one years ago, I gave myself to work for souls and bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ. And I tell you from experience, do not neglect private or public prayer; only so can you fit yourself for work to become effective Christians. This is my experience. By this power we have done what we have in this city; and by this power we look for a more wonderful work in Boston. Let me say, in closing, go on to higher and higher things. Continue to get nearer and nearer to God. I remember a few years ago a little child died, and just before his soul went home, he asked his father to lift him up, and the father put his hand under the head of his child and raised it up. But the child only said, "That is not enough; that is not what I want; lift me right up." The child was wasted all to skin and bones, but still its father complied and lifted the dying child out of his bed. But the little fellow kept whispering, fainter and fainter, "Lift me higher, higher, higher!" And the father lifted him higher and higher, till he lifted him as far as he could reach. Yet, still the barely audible whisper came, "Higher, father, higher," till at last his head fell back, and his spirit passed up to the eternal King—high at last. So, my dear friends, let your constant cry be, Higher, higher, more near the cross of the Son of God. Now, as an old gentleman attending a convention in the Western country could not bring himself to say farewell to his beloved hearers—the word seemed to choke him—and could only manage to falter out, "I bid you good-night," just so I can not say good-bye, farewell to you—and yet we must part. I must leave you, and in his words I merely say to you "Good-night." A dawn will come up yonder, and though never perhaps before that, I expect to meet you all there in the resurrection hour. So I bid you "Good-night," and by the grace of God we will meet in the morning.

MR. MOODY'S CLOSING PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we want to thank Thee for all the blessings that we have received during the last three months in this city. We want to thank Thee for the spirit of union which has prevailed during these three months among the Christians and the Christian churches in this city during that time. We would thank Thee also for the spirit of harmony which has prevailed among the various

denominations, and that the hearts of their members have been bound together in the carrying on of the great work of the revival; and we thank Thee that there has been only one spirit in all the meetings that have been held during those three months.

And now that the time has come for us to separate—to go to other fields of labor, to another place to work for the Lord—O God, go with me and with my co-laborers. May these ministers and this people follow us with their prayers; and may the tidings come back to this city of the great work in that city to which we are going in answer to their prayers. May we hear, O Lord! and may we ask that they will be kept in this blessed work, and that they may have more and more grace and vigor in carrying the news of Thy Gospel to the multitude.

We would pray to Thee for all those men that have been brought to Thee at these meetings. We pray that not one of them shall be missing from the great meeting at the last day; that they who have been with us here shall meet with us there in glory. We pray for all these ushers who have come here self-denyingly, night after night, and that Thou may look upon them with Thy grace. May Heaven's blessing rest upon them to-night. We pray Heaven's blessing may rest upon those committees that have been so kind to us, and who have been so successful in their difficult work. May they continue in this great work; and we pray that the power of God may come upon them here to-night. May they continue to be a great power in the meetings that may hereafter be held. May the question with them ever be, "What shall we do to save?" We pray for the business men of Chicago. We hope that in this work the time may come when they shall unite together in forwarding this great work of spreading the Gospel; that they shall be the means of a wave going forth that shall spread over the whole world; and if this is the last meeting, the last time that we shall be called together, ever permitted to meet together, O God, may we meet at Thy right hand. O God, grant that there shall not one be missing at that meeting.

O God, grant that Thy new converts may continue constant, and declare bravely for Thee, for Thou art able to keep them from falling. And now we present them to Thee for safe keeping. It is the last act here to-night, and we present them, O Son of God, to Thee. Grant that they may be gathered within the walls of Thy celestial city. May they be kept from falling by Thy mighty power

and grace. O hear our prayer as we pray for those who have been almost persuaded. May the fear of the Lord come to them this night. May they repent of their sins and come to Thee. If any have not settled this question, may this be the night and this the hour that they shall look up to Thee and turn a new leaf.

And now we would pray for the friends of Brother Bliss ; for the dear mother—that heart-broken widow—for that widowed mother, that she may be sustained here, and that Thou may bless the children. Bless little George and little Philip. Our hearts cry to-night for these little children—these two children. May they become like the father. Grant that they may grow in the fear and love of the Lord ; that they may have God with them. And Christ shall have the praise and the glory forever. Amen.

MOODY'S ADDRESSES.

INTRODUCTORY AT CHICAGO.

IN opening the work in the Northwest, I would like to give just one of the Scripture texts as our watchword: "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." I say this is our watchword; we are nothing at all except through Christ Jesus, who says: "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth." If we are to be a blessing in the Northwest it must be through the power of God. Now let us all rise and sing the 110th hymn. It is one of the sweetest we have. It is not on the slips you have, but I think we have it in our hearts, and that is much better.

I.

FIFTY-FIRST PSALM.

WHEN Abraham, said Mr. Moody, came into God's presence, it was on his face, and in all the other instances where the patriarchs and prophet came to God they came to Him the same way. David was on his face in the psalm. He'd been away from God. Here he was getting back again. They had at first to get back to God, and the blessing would come. Then the right spirit would come into them. They must have just a clean heart, then the blessing was theirs. Had they a right spirit? Had they got to where they could say as the Psalmist did, that they had sinned against God and were waiting for forgiveness? They must be able to teach transgressors God's way. How could they teach the wicked God's way? They had to get the Holy Spirit, and then came the joy of God's salvation. If they

would convert sinners, they must have this spirit. How should the world know God? The world wouldn't read the Bible; but what did the apostle say of Christians? They were known and read of all men. This was the way the world read God in them, read Christ in them. If he knew his own heart, it was to have God's spirit. With it they could do all things; without it their work was as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal. Over in the book of Nehemiah it was said that there was joy in the hearts and lives of God's children. There were too many long-faced Christians. They always seemed to him to be under the lash. They'd never got away from the law. They wanted more joy. They needed greater gladness in their lives. "Then will I teach transgressors the way, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." "Then." This is when God had restored to them the joy of His salvation. They didn't place enough stress on the word "then." It was the turning point in their work. This was what Chicago wanted. A few hundred live Christians that had this spirit, could do a mighty work. The king could have given a good many sheep if God had wanted them, but He didn't. The Lord didn't want his money. What does He say? Why, to obey was better than sacrifice. This is what was wanted—obedience. The human heart didn't want to obey. They must have a broken and a contrite heart. An incident of an Illinois minister whose labors had been unblessed for a time was recited, and it was related how his heart had been broken by love through a little three-year-old daughter of his, and a revival in the church followed. So, here in Chicago, said Mr. Moody, before we can have any great blessing, or any blessing at all, the hearts of the people have got to be broken, and then the blessing will come.

II.

POWER OF FAITH.

MR. MOODY read the ninth chapter of Mark, beginning at the fourteenth verse. The lesson for the day recounted the circumstances attending the healing of the young man possessed of the dumb spirit, "And wheresoever he taketh him he teareth him; and he foameth and gnashed with his teeth." The young man

was taken to the disciples by his father, but they could not cure him, because as Jesus said, they did not have faith. The disciples were in great trouble. The Master, Peter, James, and John, had gone up to the mountain to pray, and the rest of the disciples left without their leaders, and the chief of the twelve were beset by scribes, who began to discuss matters with them. And so it was in Chicago to-day; a great many began to question about the success of these revival meetings. If they proved unsuccessful, there would be many who would mock as the scribes did when the disciples couldn't cast out the dumb spirit. And so the disciples were glad when Jesus came. There was no passage of Scripture that better described the state of the Church to-day than this—without faith, as the disciples were. Their leader was away, and they had got their eyes off the Master. God never did anything, except those who asked His blessing had faith. There were not many Christians who believed God could cast out the rum-devil as well as the dumb-devil. The Lord Jesus could save the drunkard as well as cast out the evil spirit from this young man. How long had any drunkard been addicted to the use of spirituous liquors? This young man had had this spirit from a child. There was apparently no hope, but Jesus cast it out. When they were bringing the young man to Christ, even then the spirit threw him down. No soul ever went to Christ that was not assailed, thrown down, even at the Saviour's feet. The father brought his son to Christ, and mothers and fathers might bring their sons, and brothers their brothers, and friends their friends expecting a blessing. Churches, temperance societies, pledges availed nothing unless God converted the soul of the drunkard. After reciting several cases of drunkards being cured of their appetite for liquor, Mr. Moody concluded his address by saying that the Lord would keep anything the sinner committed to His trust. All needed a keeper, and if they didn't give the Lord Jesus their lives, their all, to keep, they weren't sure but that they'd fall inside of twenty-four hours.

III.

HEART-SEARCHING.

“**S**EARCH me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.” “Search me”—not my neighbor, nor my brother, nor my sister, but “search me.” You who have been here during the week will have seen that I have been trying to instil into all the system of heart-searching, that every one will go down to the bottom of his own heart. Try and get all to say, “O Lord, know my heart.” If God searches us through He will make quick work of Chicago. The great trouble is, that people search themselves and do not ask God’s aid. We want to ask God to come to us with His searching power, that our hearts may be bared. What is it that keeps away from us this searching of our hearts? It is not the world, it is not the devil, for he has not the power. The only thing that keeps it from us is our own will, and the only thing that keeps the blessing of God back from Chicago is the people. A great many of us wonder how it is that our prayers have done no good—how it is that they have gone no higher than our heads. The truth would be discovered if we examined, that we are not living in communion with God. Some of us think that we are in communion with God, but it is a false thought. A false hope is worse than no hope at all, because in it a man is at rest and happy, and they can not do any work. If we get that heart-searching truly, we will know just where we stand. We must not look at what people think of us, but what we look like in God’s sight. Therefore, we must beware that we have only a false hope, and ask God to give us the true searching power. If we falsely believe that we have it, may God take it from us to-day, so that the work may be deep in Chicago. I have been praying all along that the work might be deeper here than anywhere else, but unless we get this searching power we won’t do much good.

I was out on my brother’s farm a short time ago, and he was plowing. He could not go very deep, owing to the roots in the ground. So it is in Chicago—the roots have got to be taken out before our work can go on. Let the prayer of David, “Teach me,

O Lord, and know my heart," sink deep into us. Let us pray that this hour may be a heart-searching time, and if our hope is a false one, let us be willing to give it up. I have heard of a lady who would not attend our meetings when everything was pleasant. If I was ill with an incurable disease, and called a doctor in, and he was to say, "Well, you are all right, you will soon be around again," although he knew I should die in thirty days, I shouldn't like him. But there are a great many people whom this would suit. Those people do not like to come here and listen to us telling them that their souls are sick and diseased, and prescribing just what will cure them. It is better to know the truth, that unless we search those hearts of ours and take out the disease there is no hope for us. So let us pray, and let it be an honest prayer from us, "O God, search our hearts." And if, when you go home, you feel troubled, don't say that you won't come back to the meetings, but ask God for more searching power, and then you will be ready to work.

A doctor comes to a man who has broken his arm. The doctor feels around at first and he says, "Does that hurt you?" touching the arm. The man answers, "No." The physician goes a little higher and says, "Does that hurt you?" "No, it don't." But by and by he touches the broken part, and the man cries out, "Oh, that hurts me!" And so with God. He touches our broken spot and we don't like it.

Now, I have been thinking that there is a passage in Christ's sermon on the mount that might point out our hindrances in Chicago—"Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother has aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Now, I don't want you to think me personal, but I hope the Spirit of God may be present to-day to carry the truth to every one who has a quarrel going on. I believe the difficulty with us is the trouble in the Church, the strife, the dissension going on among the brethren. If you have come to the altar with a quarrel between you and your brother, leave there thy gift and go out and be reconciled to him. If you have any malice or hatred toward any one, your prayers will go for nothing—they will go no higher than your head. I believe this is the reason there is so much work lost among us—that you have something against some one, or some one has something against you.

I know of two brothers who had a quarrel—a regular Cain and

Abel over again. The mother could not get them reconciled. She could not sleep. Her prayers went up night after night. One of the brothers saw how his mother felt, and was sorry for her. To please her he bought a very costly gift and took it to her. "I don't want any gift," she said. "I want you to be reconciled to your brother." If he had been reconciled first, and then brought the gift to his mother, it would have been all right. So it is with God. You take your gifts to the altar and keep in your heart hatred toward your brother. God don't want your gift until you are reconciled.

Now think for a moment. Think of any one who believes you are a hypocrite, any one who says you are black-hearted, and who does not believe in anything you say in the meetings. Go and seek him out and be reconciled to him. That is the Gospel of the New Testament. "Oh!" you say, "he will not believe me—he, with whom I have a quarrel will not forgive me." Go and speak kindly to him; show him a forgiving spirit yourself, and be reconciled. Go tell him that you want his forgiveness—that you do not want him to stumble in the way of his salvation over you. I do not think of anything that would lift Chicago more than the fact of every one here taking this truth to their hearts. We would make quick work with it.

There is a passage in the 11th chapter of Mark, if I know it correctly. I hear it quoted very often, in the prayers at the meetings: "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye shall receive them, and ye shall have them." But they stop there and do not go on to the next verse, and they say, "God has not answered my prayer," when nothing comes from their supplication. They should read the next verse for the reason: "When ye stand praying, forgive if ye have aught against any, that your Father which is in Heaven may forgive your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in Heaven forgive your trespasses." When they pray, they want God to forgive them, but they are not willing to forgive others. Suppose I was a minister, and I had trouble with a brother, and some pretty hard words arose from the quarrel. Well, I get up and go to a man and pray with him. I find he has a great deal of trouble, and I say to him: "Won't you just cast your troubles on the Lord?" He says: "Well, the fact is, I have had a quarrel with a man, and I feel bitter toward him." Then I say: "Go and forgive the man, and be reconciled toward him." But he

asks me: "You had a quarrel with a man, did you go to him and forgive him?" So we can not go to men and preach Christ if we have hard feelings ourselves for anybody. If there is any worker here to-day who has a quarrel with his brother, let him go at once and seek a reconciliation.

Let us have a heart-searching here to-day. Let us ask God's and our own efforts, so that the car of salvation will rush along in the city. I tried to reconcile two men who stood very high in the community, who had had a quarrel, and in their churches the wheels of salvation's car were clogged. I said to one of them, "Don't you know that God is not going to bless your church as long as this quarrel is going on? Now, I would like you to go to that other man and say, 'If you think I have done you an injustice, I want you to forgive me.'" "Well," said he, "I don't know that I can put it in that way. I fear I am a little to blame, and I don't think he would receive me." The other man said the same thing, but I just reasoned with them and got them together, and they were soon down on their knees, asking God to bless the church. It was pride that kept these two men separate and hindered the work of their churches, and whenever that was reached and cut out, everything went on smoothly.

There are a great many things that have to be rooted out in Chicago before the work goes on prosperously. If there is any secret sin clustering around our hearth, we must draw that sin out before our work will be blessed by fruit.

IV.

THE LORD'S PRAYER MISNAMED.

THIS prayer had been called by a good many "The Lord's Prayer," but it wasn't; it was the disciples' prayer. The disciples had been with Jesus, and He was praying. And when He finished, they said to Him, "Teach us, Lord, how to pray." They didn't ask Him to teach them how to preach; man knows how to do that; but they wanted to know how to pray. They'd all soon know how to preach if they only knew how to pray. He believed he spoke the feelings of thousands of Christians when he said they

hadn't known what it was to pray. "Teach us" should be the prayer of every Christian heart. If the disciples nearest Jesus needed to be taught how to pray, how much more did Christians to-day, as lukewarm as the Church is now, need this spirit and teaching. What they wanted was heartfelt, heart-searching prayer. He had never been more impressed with the lesson than in the warning when he was reading over the chapter before the meeting. In the twentieth chapter of Matthew, at the twentieth verse, it was said that the mother of James and John came to Jesus and asked Him that her two sons, Zebedee's children, might sit, the one on Christ's right hand, the other on His left, in His kingdom. And Jesus answered, "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him, We are able. And He saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left, is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father. And when the ten heard it they were moved with indignation against the two brethren." John was nearest Jesus, and yet, like the others, though he knew how to preach, he did not know how to pray. These words were uttered by Jesus in the evening of His ministry. The mother of James and John came to Him with this prayer, but because it was prompted by a desire to be great in His kingdom, the Holy Spirit didn't put it into her heart, and Jesus didn't answer it. The ten disciples when they heard it were indignant—jealous. There would have been trouble if Christ hadn't been there. Jesus then went on to speak about humility in Mat. xx. 25, and said to His disciples that whosoever would be chief among them, let him be the servant. "Even," said Jesus, "as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." In other words, Christ taught His disciples not to be ambitious. Probably the mother of James and John wanted her sons to be made prime minister, or chief secretary, or to be appointed to some high office in Christ's kingdom, when it was established, as many thought it would be. Christians to-day ought to pray and ask to be taught how to pray. In the ninth chapter of Luke it is related that when Jesus steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, He sent on some of His disciples to a village of the Samaritans to make ready for Him. The people wouldn't receive Him because His face was as

though He would go to Jerusalem. And when these same disciples saw it, they wanted Jesus to send down fire from Heaven and destroy the village. But Christ rebuked them, and told them they didn't know of what manner of spirit they were, "for the Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." These disciples were closest to Christ, had been with Him all through His ministry, and yet, even when it was about to close, they hadn't learned how to pray. The Lord's prayer to His Father was given in the seventeenth chapter of John, but what was commonly called the Lord's prayer, was the disciples' prayer, the one Jesus taught them. There was no difference between a disciple's prayer and a sinner's prayer. One spoke to God as "Our Father," the other as the great God who ruled this world and all the worlds. The eighteen hundred years since Jesus taught His disciples how to pray had rolled away, but it hadn't been changed, it hadn't been improved. "Thy will be done." The ungodly man couldn't say that. The sinner's stumbling-block is that he isn't willing to give up his will for God's. The ungodly man can't forgive others, and so he can't ask God to forgive him. God's grace only can make man do this. Many men stumble over this prayer into perdition. Many say their prayers like the man who counts his beads—there's no soul in it. No man out of communion with God can say, "Thy will be done," or "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us."

V.

DANIEL'S PRAYER.

THERE is an impression abroad now that it has always been women and a few weak men who have prayed; but you can scarcely find a bolder nor a wiser man than Daniel. He was prime minister of that great nation for a long while. He was a wiser ruler and had more influence than any other man living on earth, and yet he was a man of prayer, and was not afraid to pray publicly. We are told that when he was taken down to Babylon the great king had a dream, and no man in his realm could interpret it. The king thought of his captive, Daniel, and brought him and asked him

what it meant. The young man, if he had not believed in God's power, might have turned away. But he didn't. He boldly told Nebuchadnezzar what God had written there.

But not only was Daniel a praying man, but he had faith that God would answer his prayers. Some people pray enough, but do not have faith that the Lord will hear them. They are lukewarm. There are a good many people of this sort here to-day. Daniel spoke to God with every confidence of being answered. Look at him when he went down into the den of lions how he prayed. Prayer was with everything he did. I think we would have a good deal better government in this country if our rulers prayed more. There would be a good many sneers at first, but the result would be a good government and a wise one.

This man believed in prophecies, too, and I can fancy how the old man's eyes opened on turning away back to Jeremiah's writing, seventy years before, and reading, "I will punish them; the young men shall die by the sword, their sons and their daughters shall die by famine," and then looking around him and seeing how all the words pronounced had been fulfilled. They disobeyed the Lord. When they were in Palestine, He said to His people that they must rest on the Sabbath day, but for four hundred and ninety years they disobeyed God's command, and the Lord said, "If they won't do what I want them, I will make them." So he sent Nebuchadnezzar out after them, and he captured them, and held them for seventy years. If they would not give the Lord this, He said He would take it; and so if we do not give up what God wants us to, He will not forgive us our sins, but keep us in bondage, and we will never hang our harps upon the willow, or sing the songs of Zion.

I will just read: "We have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled even by departing from Thy precepts and from Thy judgments.

"Neither have we harkened unto Thy servants the prophets, which spake in Thy name to our kings, our princes, our fathers, and to all the people of the land.

"O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto Thee, but unto us confusion of faces, as at this day, to the men of Judah, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and unto all Israel that are near and that are far off, through all the countries whither Thou hast driven them, because of their trespass that they have trespassed against us.

"O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, to our kings, to

our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against Thee.

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him."

You will see by his prayer he believes in God's power to forgive. He believes implicitly in the God he says his prayers to. Oh, that we had a lot of men in Chicago who believed like this Daniel! It is not preachers we want—we can get plenty of them; it is men who can help us by their prayers. Hear how he prayed:

"Neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in His laws, which He set before us by His servants the prophets.

"Yea, all Israel have transgressed Thy law, even by departing, that they might not obey Thy voice; therefore Thy curse is poured upon us, and the oath that is written in the law of Moses, the servant of God, because we have sinned against Him.

"And He hath confirmed His words which He spake against us, and against our judges that judged us by bringing upon us a great evil, for under the whole Heaven hast not been done as hast been done upon Jerusalem.

"And it is written in the law of Moses all this evil is come upon us: yet made we not one prayer before the Lord our God that we might turn from our iniquities and understand the truth.

"Therefore hath the Lord watched upon the evil and brought it upon us, for the Lord our God is righteous in all His works which He doeth, for we obeyed not His voice.

"And now, O Lord our God, Thou hast brought Thy people forth out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand, and hast gotten Thee renown as at this day, we have sinned; we have done wickedly.

"O Lord, according to all Thy righteousness, I beseech Thee let Thine anger and Thy fury be turned away from the city of Jerusalem, Thy holy mountain, because for our sins and the iniquities of our fathers, Jerusalem and Thy people are become a reproach to all that are about us.

"Now, therefore, O, our God, hear the prayer of Thy servant and his supplications, and cause Thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary that is desolate for the Lord's sake."

He had not Christ to pray to like us. Daniel asks: "For the Lord's sake." He lived on the other side of Christ, and could not, like us, say, "For Christ's sake." Oh, what a power we have in prayer in Jesus. And he goes on:

"O Lord, incline Thine ear and hear; open Thine eyes and behold our desolation and the city which is called by Thy name, for we do not present our supplication before Thee for our righteousness, but for Thy great mercies.

"O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; hearken and do; defer not, for Thine own sake, O my God; for Thy city and Thy people are called by Thy name.

"And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin—

Mark that—"And confessing my sin"—

—"And the sin of my people, Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God for the holy mountain of my God;

"Yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation.

"And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O, Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding."

Before he got off his knees Daniel's message was answered. I don't know how far Heaven is off, but the Angel Gabriel, the messenger of God, came to him while he was praying. Think of that. Here was a man who could not look at God for the sins of his people, who only prayed earnestly, and before he was through, his prayer was answered, and Gabriel appeared. We know of only three visits that Gabriel ever made. This one, when he came to bring God's people to the Promised Land. Daniel was told that God was able to do everything, and the messenger not only told him that the children of Israel were going to the Promised Land, but he let Daniel into the secret of the Messiah's coming. The second time he came to Zecharias. At first Zecharias doubted him, but he said: "I am he who sits in the presence of God." And then he came to the young maiden who bore the Christ, and that was the third visit.

There are a great many young Christians in Chicago who have got into the way of the world, who are falling into the way of thinking and believing that God has given over answering prayer. God answers prayers to-day as readily as He did of old. Infidels, and scoffers, and scientists may tell us that the world must move along in a certain way, and a divine answer to a prayer is absurd—the affairs of the world are, and always have been, going along in a regular way. There were infidels and scoffers, doubtless, in Babylon, who very likely laughed at this answer to the prayer of Daniel.

But we have in this book a long list of promises to answer prayer,

and let us unite in asking God's blessing on our meetings in Farwell Hall, and that the harvest of converts will be abundant. Ask it sincerely and earnestly, and you will see how quick the Lord will come and revive His work in this city.

VI.

ON THE COMMITTEE'S CIRCULAR CALLING TO PRAYER.

WHEN I left the ministers yesterday, I turned to the 30th chapter of the Second of Chronicles. I thought I had read it pretty thoroughly already, but began to think about it and that circular, and I found there was just the same scene enacted 2,500 years ago in Jerusalem, that was being gone over in Chicago to-day. Hezekiah had cleared the temple and invited all to come and worship. His father was one of the worst kings Jerusalem ever had. Not only did he set up images for worship in place of the Lord, but he closed the gates of the temple of Jerusalem to all religious services, burned the young children, and through his cruelty was a terror to all. And he was the descendant of David—Jerusalem's king. When he died, after reigning nearly sixteen years, his son Hezekiah took the throne, and the very first thing he did, in the very first year, in the very first month, was to open the temple. It took him eight days to clean it from all its filth and uncleanness, to thoroughly purge it. It would be a good thing to clean out a few of the churches of Chicago in the same way. Clean out the fairs, the shows, the lyceums, the concerts that are held there. "Ah," some of you will say, "how are we going to pay our debts, set ourselves on our feet? It will be pretty hard to do this if we put out all our fairs." If there is going to be a revival, we must do this; and if there is a revival, your debts will soon be paid. I think we have been working in the wrong way. We want more earnestness and fewer fairs.

It is said in the thirty-sixth verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of Chronicles, that "Hezekiah rejoiced, and all the people, that God had prepared the people, for the thing was done suddenly."

God will work mightily when we get ready; but we must be completely ready. We are not all of one mind yet. Some say, "Why

don't you open the inquiry-room?" We are not ready. Let us wait for a month if necessary; but let us be ready. God can do more in a day than we can do in all time. And we must bear in mind that more attention must be given to getting ready. It goes on:

"And Hezekiah sent to all Israel and Judah, and wrote letters also to Ephraim and Manasseh, that they should come to the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, to keep the passover unto the Lord God of Israel.

"For the king had taken counsel, and his princes, and all the congregation in Jerusalem, to keep the passover in the second month.

"For they could not keep it at that time, because the priests had not sanctified themselves sufficiently"—

The ministers were not ready, neither were the people, for we read, "Neither had the people gathered themselves together to Jerusalem."

So it is with us. We don't see eye to eye, toe to toe, heart to heart; we don't run together like drops of water. When we do, the Lord will come suddenly.

"And the thing pleased the king and all the congregation.

"So they established a decree to make proclamation throughout all Israel, from Beersheba even to Dan, that they should come to keep the passover unto the Lord God of Israel at Jerusalem; for they had not done it of a long time in such sort as it was written."

They had not kept the Word of the Lord. It was commanded—given in the law of Moses—that they should keep the passover. It had been neglected for a long time, and so posts were sent out to tell the people to come into the temple now.

"So the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah, and according to the commandment of the king, saying, Ye children of Israel, turn again unto the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, and He will return to the remnant of you that are escaped out of the hand of the kings of Assyria."

When the faith of this king was seen by the Lord, He turned His judgment from his people, and the sons and daughters of those who had been held in Assyria, by reason of their transgression, were invited to the sanctuary. And I thought when I read this chapter how the judgment of God for the last sixteen years had been turned against Chicago. Do you remember about sixteen years ago how

the spirit seemed to be stirred within us? How, when the war came, we gathered together, and how earnestly we learned to pray? It seemed as if the war had done more in teaching us to pray than anything else. But see how we have been afflicted since then. You know how, after that, people—Sunday-school teachers and all—got a few straws and dollars together, and then they became careless, went out riding on Sunday, and enjoyed the world after their fashion, and forgot God; how the fire came and swept away what they had, and then they said, “We have no time to think of Christ; we must go in and make what we have lost.” And then the panic came and made us more worldly, and so we see how we have been turned off the path. No city has had such an experience, and yet it seems to me no city has had such blessings. We had great advantages. Ten years ago you had your theatres shut on Sundays. There was a law against this thing then. Ten years ago the people used to go to church, but now they have their Sunday newspapers, and their printed sermons, and keep out of church. They read the polished sermons and criticise them. When people look for the qualification of a minister now, they say, “Oh, he’s an orator.” They don’t look at his faith at all—don’t ask if he has the Spirit of God. What we want is earnestness and faith in the sermons, and then their power will sweep through the whole Northwest.

In the ninth verse we read, “For if ye turn again unto the Lord, your brethren and your children shall find compassion before them that lead them captive, so that they shall come again into this land: for the Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away His face from you, if ye return unto Him.”

They were ground down by their captivity, but if they turned unto the Lord they would find compassion. There may be fathers and mothers in this audience who have sons, now spending their time in the billiard saloons and drinking halls, who have been swept into this captivity by the letting down of our principles and morals. Oh, my God, show us the way to come down to days of peace and purity, and forgive our sins.

The posts were sent out all over the country with the proclamation to the people. “So the posts passed from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh even unto Zebulon; but they laughed them to scorn, and mocked them.”

And the people who saw the proclamation laughed at it. Ah, how many men in the Northwest, when they see our circular, will

take it up and say, "What! a day of fasting and prayer; that kind of thing has gone by," and will treat it with scorn. Why, my friends, we don't need to go back twenty-five hundred years to find people who will scoff at a proclamation of this kind. But, thank God, they did not all mock. People came in crowds to Jerusalem to attend the services. Jerusalem was the center of that country, as Chicago is of the Northwest. All through Judea the hand of God was seen, and they assembled, through its influence, at Jerusalem, to keep the feast of unleavened bread.

"And they arose and took away the altars that were in Jerusalem, and all the altars for incense took they away, and cast them into the brook Kidron."

By the king's faith they gathered there and smote the idols and broke the altars. Let us act like Hezekiah here; let us lead the people by our faith into true worship. Let us be of one mind and one spirit—eye to eye and heart to heart for God—and see how quick the blessing will come.

VII.

HUMILITY.

THEY had been at these noon meetings for four days now, and it didn't often happen that they'd had such an opportunity for self-examination. They hadn't often had such a heart-moving and such an overturning of themselves. It should trouble them, this question should, why God didn't use Christians more. They'd had this thought before them all the week. Now, what was the motive they had? Was it God's glory or their own they're working for? Was it Christ's name or their own? The longer he lived the more he was convinced that the greatest enemy he had was spiritual pride. The soul that wasn't renewed had enough of pride, God knew; but when it came to the Christian, he had it too. It was spiritual pride. He wanted all this rubbish in the heart cleared away. They'd got to live in the power of God, and feel the truth of the hymn, "Oh, to be nothing!" The subject he'd read, he said, was in the tenth chapter of First Corinthians, and at the thirty-first verse: "Do all to the glory of God." They'd got to get se'f out of the way. They'd got to feel just as the apostle did when

he wrote this. Whatever they did had to be done to the glory of God. How quick God would come into their hearts when they got self out of the way. In another place Paul says that Christians are not to give this glory to men. They had got to empty themselves of self, and come to Him. They weren't fountains, they're only channels the streams flowed through; they weren't light, but merely the pipes the gas came through. John the Baptist was only "a voice" in the wilderness. And when Elijah was under the juniper-tree he got to be jealous and wanted to die, and said he wasn't any better than his father. It was the same with Jonah. He couldn't do anything until he let God use him just as He wanted to. It wasn't the glory of God he was seeking. They had got to get out of self, then it would be easy enough for God to use them. It seemed strange that twelve men had been with Jesus for three whole years and yet hadn't got out of self. But they hadn't. In the ninth chapter of Mark at the thirty-first verse we read that He told His disciples that He'd have to be delivered into the hands of sinful men and be killed, and then rise again, on the third day. They could not understand Him, and were afraid to ask Him. But a little further on, Mark says, when they got to Capernaum Jesus asked His disciples why they disputed on the way, and then when they were silent He told them that they'd been talking about who'd be greatest. Then Jesus taught them humility. They were ashamed of themselves. This was why they did not speak when He asked them. He prayed God would make each one ashamed of himself. They might have an unholy ambition. It was their own glory, not Christ's, they were looking after and thinking of. "Who should be greatest?" He put a little child where they could see it in their midst. Jesus wanted to show them their sin and folly. John wasn't humble enough, and yet was the most loving. They might be jealous because they didn't belong to some clique or party. They shouldn't have any such feeling. Then, again, in the tenth chapter of Mark, at the thirty-third verse, He had to reprove the same thing. He was now coming to the cross, Jesus was, and His heart was sorrowful, and He was on His way up to Jerusalem. James and John came to Him in the midst of all this, and after He had been talking about His suffering, how He'd be killed and cast out, these two disciples nearest to Him wanted to sit the one on His right hand, the other on His left in the kingdom. This is what comes in the churches when there are strifes among the brethren. And even at His death,

in the twenty-second chapter of Luke, nineteenth verse, when He was at the last supper, the disciples were again discussing who should be greatest. Here we had it in a Baptist minister going across the way to see how a Methodist minister was getting on. He didn't "thank God" for the work. Until they were ready to do that, they wouldn't be vessels fit for the Master's use. They hadn't got deep enough yet. They must be emptied of self. God must show them the sins that clustered around their hearts. Could they rejoice when God blessed some one else? Then they had got down where God wanted them. If it was God's glory they were after, all will be willing to be nothing.

VIII.

CALL FOR WORKERS.

MR. MOODY said the sixth week of the meetings had been reached. The political excitement would be over Tuesday night, and it was about time that some Christian work was done. It seemed as if for five weeks the army had been getting ready for a regular campaign. He wanted every man and woman who loved the Lord Jesus to begin to do something for Christ. He had noticed that a good many really honest, conscientious Christians came to the Tabernacle frequently, but always came alone. Why should Christians come alone when the streets are full of people who would come if they were asked? One Sunday morning recently, as a man was on his way to the morning meeting at the Tabernacle, he met five Swedes who asked him if he could tell them where they could leave their baggage. They had just come into the city and were going out on a night train, and wanted to be relieved of their baggage so that they could see the place. He told them that he could take them to a place where their bags could be left, and brought them to the Tabernacle, where he found a room for their things, and they stayed to the meeting and seemed to enjoy it. On the way the man noticed that one of the Swedes had a very heavy bag, so he took hold of one side and helped him carry it. The Swede was gratified and surprised at this attention, and asked the man if he knew the eleventh commandment. The man was a little taken aback, and the Swede repeated it, "A new commandment give

I unto you, that ye love one another." "Oh, yes," the man said, he knew that. The Swede said a good many who preach the *ten* commandments never give the *eleventh*, but he thought from this man's kindness that he must know that commandment. Now, said Mr. Moody, we want to get into the spirit of that eleventh commandment. Let us go into these dens of infamy and saloons, and bring men in from the by-ways and hedges. I think three classes of people come to these meetings. The first class come to criticise. They sit in the gallery and get behind a post and peek around. They say, "Oh, there's nothing interesting here. It won't last. Pretty soon they'll tear down the building and that'll be the last you'll hear of these meetings. Um, ah!" We're glad to have these people come even if they come to criticise, but they don't help us any. The second class come just to inquiry meetings. They are sponges. They take in, but they don't give out anything. The third class are workers. If we only had one thousand workers here, we could work a great reformation. Go out and bring people in from all sorts of places.

IX.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAME.

MARY anointed Christ's feet with the ointment. A great many people have lived in all ages who were ambitious of leaving a great name on record. We find men in this country, and in Europe, who would give anything to have a town or an institution named after them. Think of the numbers of people who have lived during the past 6,000 years, ambitious to attain distinction. Think of those who lived in the time of Mary who had this desire. Where are they? Why, in fifty years, their names are blotted out. Their memory has faded away. Their names are soon forgotten; but when a man or woman does anything for Christ, that deed lives forever. There was a woman who merely anointed Christ's feet, and her name has come down to us through eighteen centuries. Some one has said, By that act, she has chained her name to the Gospel. She did not know what a great thing she was doing; she did it out of her great love for the Master. Look at that woman who cast her mite into the treasury-box in the temple. Her donation was so small that, in the morning, probably the

papers of Jerusalem, if there had been any, would have taken no notice of such a small sum. But the Master saw it, and, not looking at the amount as we do in banks on earth, judged it from what it cost her to give it. He judged it from the standard of the Bank of Heaven. The speaker concluded by urging all to be more zealous in the service of Jesus and less ambitious of worldly affairs.

X.

LESSONS FROM THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

ELIJAH, when he wanted to raise up the woman's child, called upon God; whereas, when Christ brought Jairus' daughter to life, He simply said, "Daughter, I say unto thee arise." His was the voice of God. He meets a crowd of mourners bearing away that young man to the grave, and He steps up to the coffin and simply says, "Young man, I say unto thee arise," and he rises at once. Look at Lazarus—how, when he was commanded, he came forth. The circumstances in connection with the raising of Lazarus should be borne in mind. A great many people wonder why it was that Christ did not come at once to Martha and Mary, whom He loved, whenever He heard of their affliction. It was to try them; and it is the same with His dealings toward us. If He seems not to come to us in our affliction, it is only to test us. There was one thought in connection with the story which he (Mr. Moody) wished to impress upon their minds. He told these two weeping sisters to perform three things—lead Him to the sepulchre, then to take away that stone, and then, when he got life, to loose him and let him go. A great many people in Chicago have received Christ, but they are still bound with the grave-clothes, and consequently have no power. If Christ had power to raise that young man who had been in the grave four days, He had power to put the grave-clothes from him in a word, and remove that stone from the sepulchre, and He must have known where he was placed. He gave him life, but he must disentangle himself of what kept him from walking. The speaker then urged upon all to come to Him who had power, with a word, to fill all hearts—whether they were the hearts of gamblers or harlots or drunkards—with purity. If He had power to raise the dead from the grave, He has power to raise souls from the sink of

iniquity. He tells every man and woman in Farwell Hall that He can do it, for He says, "I am the Redeemer and the life."

XI.

WHAT TO DO WITH DOUBTS.

HE said that he had been asked the other day by a man if there was any truth in Scripture—if Jesus Christ ever said Himself that He was more than man. He (Mr. Moody) did not see how any man could read the Gospel of John without being thoroughly convinced that Jesus was God in the flesh. Let us take the sixth chapter, and we find, "I am the bread of life;" in the seventh chapter, "I am from Him"—speaking of the Father. Then, in the eighth chapter, He proclaims Himself "the light of the world." In the ninth chapter we find another allusion to His divinity, and in the tenth chapter He says, "I am the door," and again, "I am the good shepherd." Do you ever think how Jews would have been justified in putting Christ to death if He had not been more than human? If He had only been a man, the Jews had a perfect right to put Him to death. It seemed to the speaker as if the book of John should forever put at rest any question of Christ's divinity. In this tenth chapter we find the word "I" repeated some twenty-eight times. The preacher quoted several verses from the tenth chapter, proving indisputably the divine nature of Christ, and then drew attention to the last part of the thirty-fifth verse: "And the Scriptures can not be broken." The present age was a skeptical age, and we frequently heard the question put, "Is the Word of God true?" He (Mr. Moody) recommended the doubters to take this thirty-fifth verse, and then run through the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, and see if the Word of God had ever been broken. No one could ever find in a single particular where the Word had ever been broken. Many persons came and said: "Mr. Moody, you surely do not believe in such a thing as the flood? Surely you have got beyond that?" If you don't believe that you must throw out Christ, for He indorsed it. So with the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, so with Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt, so with Jonah, who was swallowed by the whale. There was not a prophecy ever made—not a prom-

ise ever given to the people of this earth, but what has been fulfilled. The Son of God has promised to come by and by, and it is only a question of time. He will be here, for the Scripture can not be broken." Mr. Moody then advised any of his hearers who had doubts, to keep them to themselves, and they would not do so much harm as they did by making them public, and to take them to the closet and tell them to the Lord. He wished all the doubts in the churches could just be cast into oblivion. The speaker concluded by urging upon his hearers the desirability of never listening to a breath against Him, for we had no right to doubt His promises or His power to fulfill them, because He has shown us that "the Scripture can not be broken."

XII.

ON WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

HE read the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to John, which relates the giving of sight to the man who had been blind from his birth. In the previous chapter the Lord had said: "Before Abraham was I am," claiming to be divine, when the Jews took up stones to cast at Him. The Jews didn't believe that Christ was divine, like a great many people of to-day, and so they were angry, and would have killed Him had He not hid Himself and passed through their midst, and so have gone. It was right after this that it is related He saw this blind man. Then the disciples asked Jesus who sinned, the blind man or his parents, that he was born sightless. Then when Christ had said what His work in the world was, He spat on the ground and made clay, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with it, and told him to go and wash at the pool of Siloam, which he did, and was given sight. No blind soul ever came to Christ, and was sent away without sight. The blind man did what Christ commanded; he was obedient and obtained the blessing. His neighbors and friends were astonished when they saw him, and some were afraid, and said they did not know whether the man was the one who had been blind or not. But the man said, "I am he." They asked him how he came to get his sight, and then he related his experience to them—just the very thing every young convert should do. This was what made the tem-

perance meeting of such power. The men who spoke merely told what the Lord had done for them. His testimony was: "I went and washed, and I received sight." Christ took His own way to cure this man, and He didn't cure Him by simply saying that he should receive sight, but He told him to do a certain thing, and the man obeyed. And when he was healed, he told all he knew, and didn't tell any more. Young converts should tell only what they know, and they should be like this blind man, not afraid to tell what they know. Here were the steps in the narrative: First, the blind man identified himself by saying, "I am he;" then he related what the Lord had done for him; and then he reached the point where he was able to say, "He is a prophet." Mr. Moody closed his brief Bible reading by saying, "May God help every one of us to have the moral courage of the blind man in the ninth chapter of John."

XIII.

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

MR. MOODY read the first eleven verses of John ii., where the Apostle tells of the first miracle Jesus performed.

This was the third day after He had been with Nathaniel, whom He saw under the fig-tree, and with whom He conversed, who called Him the Son of God. Jesus had traveled ninety miles to be present at the wedding. The disciples believed in Him when they saw this miracle. The eleventh verse was a good place to stop, for there we come to the word "believe" again. They believed in Him, because of the miracle. A public speaker had said a few days before, Mr. Moody said, that there wasn't a miracle that Jesus performed that couldn't be explained on natural causes. A miracle was a wonder, and one that performed a miracle was a wonder-worker. Jesus wouldn't have consented for a moment to have been a party to any deception, and so this wasn't the work of a medium, as many people would have Christians believe. There was Lazarus. This public speaker had said that Lazarus wasn't dead—he was only in a swoon, in a trance. But the Scriptures said he was dead, and that Jesus raised him from the dead. If the religion of Christ had been built on a sham it wouldn't have lived and grown these 1,800 years as it did.

The first miracle that Jesus wrought was at a marriage. The first event in Eden was a marriage, and the last thing that the Revelation spoke of was the marriage in Heaven, where the bride, the Lamb's wife, would be prepared for the bridegroom. It seemed that when any one nowadays spoke in public of marriage there was a titter all over the house. He thought that marriage was the most solemn contract that any one could make. People spoke of death as a solemn thing, but that was joyful, for the Christian was then taken to Jesus. But here was a contract that either was to make a life useful and happy or miserable and wretched. It should only be after great care and thought that any should be married. All should remember what the apostle Paul said about being unequally yoked. Christ would never have been at this wedding if these people had been unequally yoked. Then the next step was obedience. Christ's mother told them to do whatever He commanded. Do as He says. What does He say? "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." The best wine was kept to the last. The Christian has the Cross here; he will have the Crown by and by. All the devil's front rooms are gilded, but the back ones are terrible. Satan gave his sweets first; he just reversed God's order. Look at the end of the gambler, the atheist, the infidel, the wicked, the blasphemous, the outcast: it is disease, darkness, death, hell. Look at the Christian's: it is life, peace, joy, hope, salvation; the last is the best; it grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

XIV.

DRUNKARDS SAVED BY REGENERATION.

MR. MOODY said, in opening, that they wanted it distinctly understood that the hour was not to be taken up in discussing the evils of intemperance; they were all agreed on that; what was needed, then, at the noon meeting, was earnest prayer for those who were in the bonds of this great evil. A great many people were discussing the origin of sin, when what they should do was to try to stop it in the world. It was a good deal

like a drowning man in the river, who needed help to take him out ; Instead of helping him, a good many gathered around while he was drowning, and began to discuss how he fell in. They were called to work then, not to philosophize. He called attention to but one verse of the third chapter of John, the sixth verse, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." He said he had no faith in good resolutions, in pledges that did not come from a regenerated soul. They must come to the Saviour. After these resolutions they were not saved, they had no help outside of themselves. Everything had to be tried by the sinner before he would come to Christ. He had to feel that there was nothing that could save him but Christ, then he would come. Drop a grain of corn into the ground, it must first die before it grew again. And the sinner must be first dead to sin before he could become alive unto righteousness. When a man stopped trying to become better, he turned to God. Then the appetite was taken away ; a man didn't have to try to stop—it stops itself. In Corinthians the Apostle said that the first man was of the earth, earthy. And again : "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature ; old things are passed away, and all things are become new." This came from regeneration ; it was a new creation, a new creature. God didn't patch up the old Adam like an old coat ; it was a new creature throughout. What we wanted in this city were some resurrected men. Men had got to stop patching themselves, and be regenerated by God's Spirit and power. It was like what a friend showed him in Philadelphia. A man there had a house built when he was out of town, and the contractor built it with a brown-stone front, but made the sides an imitation, just on the surface. This stood for awhile ; but when the winter came it began to crack, and in the spring he had to have it repaired, and every year he'd had to have it fixed over until he put in a wall like the front. And that was like the sinner trying to make himself better, when what he needed was to be made over again, a new creature. How many who heard him had taken their oaths that they wouldn't drink again, had taken pledges, had written their names with their own blood, had promised their wives, and mothers, and friends, they would stop the use of the intoxicating cup, and yet who didn't keep them. It was like painting the pump, expecting by that to get pure water. They must stop trying and come to God. Heaven is filled with twice-born people. Men must be born again.

XV.

MEN FALL BY PRIDE.

IN encouraging words he urged those who were addicted to intemperate habits to accept the only sure remedy for the slavery that had taken possession of them. He said they had been looking into several chapters of John during the past few days, and now they had come to the thirteenth, in which the great lesson of humility is taught. The fall of Judas and Peter is here related—their fall through their self-confidence. There was hardly a grace in the Christian character more difficult to attain than this one of humility. As it was with Peter, we have a great deal more confidence in our own strength than we ought to have, and so when trials come we fall. The speaker said the fall of the greatest men in the Bible could be attributed to their reliance upon the apparently strongest point in their character. Abraham, Moses, and all the great men, when they failed, did so from an over-estimated reliance upon their own abilities. The only time the Edinburgh Castle was ever taken was by its strongest point. The besieged trusted to its precipitous and rugged rocks in the rear to keep it, and concentrated all their energies upon the gates; but while they were keeping their foe from the entrance, the enemy climbed the rocks, and scaled the walls, and obtained possession of the fortress. A man might think he has every power to resist the cup, but he will be disappointed. The only power that could overcome the passion for strong drink was to be obtained from the Gospel, and Mr. Moody closed with an urgent appeal to every one within the range of his voice to partake of the spirit of the Gospel, which would lead them in the way of truth and purity.

XVI.

DRINKING OF GOD'S FULLNESS.

HE read the first sixteen verses of the first chapter of John. The difference between John and the other evangelists, is that he treats of Christ as the Son of God. Matthew treats of Him as the Son of David, Mark as the servant of God, Luke as

the Son of Man. John has, with one stroke, settled the question of the divinity of Christ; that Christ was in the beginning with the Father, and came out from Him. John wrote for the single object that all might believe and have eternal life. Christ is the light of the world. If men are in darkness it is their own fault. They are away from the light. Whoever ignores Christ he is in darkness. Whoever is near Christ is in the light. We can't make light in our hearts, we must let the light in. It would be ridiculous to try to bail out the darkness from Farwell Hall. If you want to get power over sin, over temper, over habit, receive Christ. Those who receive Him receive power to become sons of God. In the twentieth verse it says that all who have received Christ receive His fullness. Many people think when they are converted, that they receive grace enough to last a lifetime. They are wrong. They must draw from God and receive of His fullness. Enoch and Abraham, and Joshua and Elijah were men of like passions with us, but they received of the fullness of God. Look at Bunyan, and Luther, and Knox, and the other reformers, they received of God's fullness. The disciples were ignorant men, but they received of God's fullness. Think of a Galilean fisherman writing the book of John! He had received of God's fullness. Dr. Andrew Bonar said that some Christians bring forth thirty-fold and some sixty! but it is the privilege of all to bring forth a hundred-fold. If you haven't all you want, go to Christ and drink deeply of His fullness. If the spring you have been drinking of dries up, go farther up the mountain to Christ. At God's feet there is a spring that never dries up. May God fill us all with the living water, that we may go forth and work in His service.

XVII.

COMING TO CHRIST.

I WANT to call your attention to the three last verses of the eleventh chapter of Matthew: "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest; take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light." Also this verse from the Gospel of John: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." I understand that

there are quite a number of people who come to these noon-meetings that can not come to the Tabernacle. There is one who says this is his last meeting with us, and who is in trouble and darkness of mind, because he has not found the Saviour, so to-day I am going to try to tell you how to come to Christ, and let all these Christians pray that God's Spirit may help me make it plain.

A dying man once said, "Father, tell me the way to Christ, and make it very simple, for I have but a little while to live." That is true of all of us. This life is short at the longest, but it is long enough for us to come to Christ and be saved. The first thing you want to do is to accept this invitation: "Come unto Me *all* ye that labor." There is no man but has some burden of his own; every "heart knoweth his own bitterness." Now the very first thing to do is to bring that burden to Christ. The only thing that is needful in order to claim this invitation of Christ is to prove that we are sinners, for if any man is a sinner he is one of those whom Christ came to save.

Suppose the Mayor of Chicago were to make a great feast, and send out an invitation to every man by the name of Smith. When the time comes I go up to the door of the banquet-hall and tell the policeman who stands there that I am a friend of the Mayor, one of his great admirers, in fact, and tell him I want to come in.

"Is your name Smith?"

"No; my name is Moody."

"Well, sir, you can't come in; you are not invited."

By and by Mr. Sankey comes along and wants to go in. He says he will entertain the company with some singing if they will let him in.

"Is your name Smith?" says the policeman.

"No; my name is Sankey."

"Well, then, you can't come in; you are not invited."

The next man who comes up is a politician; next is a newspaper man; next is a member of Congress, all particular friends of the Mayor. The policeman asks them the same questions, and keeps them all out because their names are not "Smith." By and by there comes along a common-looking man whom nobody knows, and the policeman says, "What's your name?" The man answered, "My name is Smith." "All right," says the policeman, and in he goes. He is one of those who were invited.

Now, my friends, if you want to know whether you are invited to

come to Christ, all you have to do is to find out whether you are a sinner. If you are not, you are not invited; but if you can prove that you are a sinner, that is a sure title to a share of the Lord's invitation.

Some people want to know what they shall bring when they come to Christ. They bring prayers, and tears, and promises, and faith. These are all well enough in their place, but when a man starts to come to Christ, the only thing he wants to take with him is his sins. Are you a sinner? Then come to Christ and bring your sins along with you; for they are the only things you have which the Lord wants. Let me illustrate this. I have a little boy over on the West Side, and we will suppose when I go home to-night I find out by his mother that he had been telling a lie. Of course I am greatly troubled. The little fellow comes and climbs up into my lap, tells me how much he loves me, but that isn't what I want. Somebody has given him a nice present, and he brings it and offers to give it to me. No, I don't want that, either. The only thing that I want him to bring me is that lie. Let him come to me and say, "Papa, I told a lie; I own it and am sorry for it." That would make me happier than anything else. Just so it is with the Lord. The reason why so many of you can't come to Him is because you can't bring your sins with you; you try to hide them away somewhere.

But some one will say, "Haven't I got to repent of my sins before I come to Christ? Mustn't I have misery, despair, and conviction?" Well, I don't know. Sometimes people have these things before they come to Christ, and sometimes afterward. The Bible don't say when it shall be, but it says the first thing to be done for a sinner is to put Christ before him. Let him come to Christ at once, and Christ will make him feel all the penitence he needs to feel. If the soul is dead in sins, the first thing it wants is to come to Christ for life. A man can't have a sense of his sins until Christ puts life into him. You may put a hundred-pound weight on the breast of a dead man, and he won't mind anything about it, but if the man is alive he feels the weight bearing him down.

People imagine they have got to feel their sins about so much, but I will tell you what I think about this matter of feeling. You want to feel your sins enough to give them up. Perhaps you have a sense of want, way down in your heart. Very well, come along

and bring your want to Christ. He is able to supply all wants; that is just the very thing He likes to do.

There are three words in the Scriptures which may help you at this point; the first is "Believe." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "When shall I be saved?" When you believe. But somebody says, "I don't understand this word." Well, drop it, and I will give you another. "Trust in the Lord." You know what it is to trust anybody. I have heard people say, "There is a man I won't trust farther than I can see him," and that is just the way many of you are treating the Lord. You don't understand it yet? Well, I will give you another word: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." You know what it is to receive a gift. Very well, the thing to do is to receive Christ, not as a doctrine, but as a person. Here in the thirtieth verse Christ says, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." A Scotchman came to our meeting once and heard me read that verse. "Very good," says he, "I will try and see whether it is easy or not," so he went home and told his wife he was going to be a Christian. The next day he went down to his place of business determined to put the Bible to a test, but he had about the hardest day he had ever had in all his life. That night he went home to his wife and said, "Wife, the Bible isn't true. It says the yoke of Christ is easy and His burden is light, but I have had a very bad day of it trying to be a Christian. It is the heaviest burden I ever tried to carry."

His good wife was in great trouble, and wanted I should see him. When I came to him, I said: "My friend, have you been converted?"

"No!" said he; "I don't know as I have."

"Well, there is no use of your trying to wear the Lord's yoke. It will not fit unconverted people. You can't wear God's yoke until you are born of God. The first thing you have to do is to receive Christ and let Him give you a new heart, then you can wear His yoke and find it easy, and carry His burden and find it light."

"As many as received Him." How many are there who will receive Christ to-day?

XVIII.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

MR. MOODY gave out as the Scripture lesson the 105th Psalm, commencing, "Oh give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name: make known His deeds among the people. Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works."

We are now beginning the fourth week of these meetings, and while we have been talking about prayer, and consecration, and heart-searching, we haven't had a single day of thanksgiving and praise. If you look through your Bibles you will find more said about praise than prayer, or most anything else. This psalm was written by the king at the time when they were bringing the Ark back from Jerusalem. The whole city was full of joy, they felt so glad to have the Ark of the Lord with them once more. I suppose you might say they were having a revival.

When our friends give us anything which is very valuable, the least thing they can expect of us is to thank them; they will feel very much mortified if we do not do it. Well, here we have been receiving blessings from God all the three weeks past, and it is time we should look over the blessings we have received and return Him our thanks for them. Some people forget the duty of thanksgiving; they just go to God for prayer, and just ask, ask, ask, without stopping to give thanks unto the Lord. Now, the Lord isn't pleased with us for that. He gives us freely and bountifully, and keeps giving us all the time, and has a right to expect our thanks in return.

The next thing this psalm tells us to do is to make known His deeds among the people. His deeds, not your deeds. I have seen a great many prayer-meetings spoiled by some man, who would get up and tell all the wonderful things he had said or done. Then the thermometer would immediately begin to go down, and the meeting would become cold and dead. What we want to do is to keep ourselves out of sight, and make known the deeds of the Lord.

There is another thing to be done. Sing unto the Lord: sing psalms unto Him. It is one of the sure signs of a revival when the churches begin to sing. You take one of these fashionable, formal, stylish congregations, and they don't sing to any good purpose.

They hire a quartette, and put them up in the gallery to sing for them, and get a big organ to help the quartette, and amuse the congregation with all sorts of strange noises in the house of God. But you just let a revival break out in that church, and see how they all begin to sing, men, women, and children, old and young, all together, and they are singing unto God, mind you, not to one another. I always feel greatly encouraged when we go to a new place, and the people take up these Gospel songs, and sing them in their homes, and the boys pick them up and whistle them on the streets. I suppose everybody in Jerusalem was singing psalms when the Ark was brought home, and so it ought to be with us in these days. The Ark of the Lord is moving on, and people are beginning to come into it to be saved. Therefore, we ought to sing unto the Lord, and praise Him with psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.

The next thing we are told to do is to talk of all His wondrous works. God likes to have us talk about Him, and about what He is doing. That is the way the great revival of 1857 swept all over this country. A man would come on from New York to Chicago and tell what the Lord had been doing in that city, and then Chicago would take courage, and pretty soon there would be a revival here. Then somebody would go down to St. Louis, and declare the Lord's doings in Chicago, and St. Louis people would say, "Well, if the Lord can bless such a hard place as Chicago, maybe He can even bless St. Louis." I have been thinking over this morning, before I came here, some of the things I have to be thankful for, and one of the things I thought of was this Farwell Hall. We have had two buildings burned on this spot, and now we are in the third one, and if we should never have any more good out of it than we have had for the last three weeks, I think the hall has paid for itself very well. Then I feel like thanking God for the Tabernacle. We have had no better place anywhere to preach the Gospel in, and already the Lord has blessed us greatly there. What unity there has been among the ministry! Why, it seems to me we are on the eve of the millenium. Five years ago I could not believe what I have seen since these meetings have commenced. When we were over in England I used to say to Mr. Sankey, "If we could just see such a work as this in Chicago I would be perfectly happy." Well, here we are, and the Lord is with us. I think yesterday was the best day I ever saw. The power of the Lord was with us in preaching and singing, and in the afternoon and evening, when the people crowded into the in-

quiry-rooms, and we were all busy in pointing sinners to Christ, and some of them were finding Him and beginning to praise Him, it seemed to me I never got nearer to Heaven in all my life.

Then hear the newspapers speaking kindly of us. I thank God for that. They are helping to make known the Lord's deeds among the people. Now let us call upon our souls and all that is within us to praise the Lord for what He has done for us already, and for what He is going to do. If He can save one soul He can save 10,000 just as easily. The Holy Spirit is at work; let us rejoice that He has power to save to-day.

In closing his remarks, Mr. Moody said, "Let us give thanks." He then offered a prayer of thanksgiving, full of joy and gladness, praising the Lord especially for the converts who found Christ in the inquiry-rooms.

XIX.

"COMPASSION."

WE hear it told over and over again in the Bible that "He was moved with compassion." We read that He lifted up His eyes and saw an immense multitude, and He was moved with compassion. Perhaps that multitude was four or five times as great as that present here, yet He knew their hearts, knew all their trials, all their sorrows, and He was, accordingly, moved to compassion. So when the leper came to Him, what a sad story he could have told. I can see that man going home and saying to his wife, "I feel very queer. I've got something coming out on my body that looks like leprosy;" and she says, "Well, my dear, it does look like it," and they are both sorrowful, and their children are broken-hearted, for they know what it means if their father is sent away from them. He does not die, but it is worse than that; he is condemned to a living sepulchre. Well, he goes to the priest, and is told that he is unclean, and must leave his home forever. He goes home for the last time, and kisses little Johnny, and then goes away for good. He must remain without the city walls, and if ever any one comes near him, he must shout out, "Unclean! unclean!" and warn them to keep away. Perhaps some one called to him that his favorite child was dead or dying; but it was of no use, he could not return home to bury his child. Think of this, mothers

and fathers; you know how you love your children. Now, if any of you here are afflicted with the leprosy of sin, all you have to do is to go to Jesus with your troubles, and He will heal all. The leper cried, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst heal me;" only do the same, and He will be moved with compassion. Look at the widow of Nain; her husband was gone, the boy had been her mainstay, and she hoped that he would close her eyes in death. But he, too, was stricken down; the physicians gave him up; she felt that she would never look into his bright, blue eyes again, never see another bright smile on that once happy face; she saw the icy hand of death feeling for the cords of life, and wiped the damp sweat of night off his clammy brow. What must have been her feelings. Some of us have passed through the trial of burying those near and dear to us. Well, the poor widow was following the bier on which lay the remains of her dear boy, when the procession was met by Jesus, who was entering the village. He was moved with compassion, and said, "Young man, I say unto you arise." Fancy the joy of that poor old mother as she walked with her son back again to their home. Oh, mothers, if any of you have a son dead, or dying, or sinful, take all your sorrows to Jesus. He is full of compassion, and will help you as He alone can. Oh, think, just think what it is to have such a Saviour. Then, again, see His weeping over Jerusalem, but a short time before His crucifixion. Listen to that plaintive cry, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." And ye would not. Is it not so with some of you to-day? Ye will not. Think of this, all of you here; He weeps over you to-day as He once wept over that city. Will you refuse Him? Will you not love and obey Him? Will you be damned or saved? That is the question. You can have no trouble and no sorrow that He can not and will not relieve you of. He was always unchangeable. Look at Him even on the cross; forgetting His own great grief and agony, He said to the dying thief, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." He only wants to say so to you to-day. Can you refuse to hear it? I remember during the war a poor mother heard that her boy had been wounded, and she got away to the Wilderness and found the hospital, and managed, after much trouble, to get to his cot. He was sleeping, but had been calling for her. As soon as she saw him

she could not help putting her hand on his head. There was virtue in that touch; he woke, and before he could see, he knew who it was, and said, "Oh, mother, have you come?" Jesus is waiting to receive us, to take us in His arms, and heal all our wounds; there is virtue in the touch. He can heal every crushed, bleeding, and broken heart. May He go through this meeting to-day, and touch the hearts of many.

XX.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE first line of Bible reading which was turned to was suggested by a note Mr. Moody received at the opening of the meeting. Some one asked if they could grieve the Holy Spirit by not believing they had grieved the Spirit. He read a passage of Thessalonians, to show that those who were urged not to grieve the Holy Spirit were believers, not unbelievers. Then there was another passage in the first chapter of the same epistle, where it was shown that there were certain things which quenched the Spirit. Theatrical performances, and fairs, and fashions were driving out the Spirit; were quenching the Spirit. Churches were looking after men who were possessed of natural gifts, of eloquence, and of pulpit power, but didn't have Holy Ghost power. Then the third step was, that the world was resisting the Holy Ghost; the believer grieved the Holy Spirit; the church quenched the Spirit, and the world resisted the Spirit. The one reason why so many men in Chicago to-day didn't have power with God, was because they were resisting the Holy Ghost. One reason why man resists the Holy Ghost was that it showed man what he was, that he was corrupt, that he was vile, and that he had a heart as dark as hell itself. He related the early experiences of his own life, which illustrated the power of personal Holy Ghost preaching. The Spirit of God will tell men where the wrong is before he commits a wrong, whereas conscience never tells a man of it until it's done. And then when the sinner comes to God he shall know of the truth, whether it be of God. He then read the sixth verse of the second chapter of Second Corinthians, where the apostle said that the "letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." This was what he termed "dead orthodoxy," which was killing the

churches. This was not where God would work. A minister might have all the eloquence and all the argument of a great preacher, but if he didn't have the Spirit he was powerless. In the sixth chapter of Ephesians the Word of God was called the "sword of the Spirit." He found that there were many workers in the inquiry-room who went there without their Bible, and reminded him of a great army that had no weapons of warfare. The Word was the "sword of the Spirit." Every one should come to this work prepared. There was another passage of Scripture—the fourteenth of John—where it is said, in the seventeenth verse, that the Spirit of God filled the new man, and then had His abode with the new man. There were many Christians who, like Lot in the valleys of that rich land, could not be recognized as Christians from the world. There were three places where the Holy Ghost came in and filled the new abode prepared for them; first, when Moses erected the tabernacle in the wilderness, as will be seen in the fortieth chapter of Exodus, third verse; and, second, the time when Solomon builded the temple and the Spirit rushed in; and, third, at the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit entered into the disciples and made them a power. It was the same old trouble with the boy whose head was filled with play, and, of course could not learn his lessons; they should sing that hymn, "O to be nothing!" as though they meant and felt it. They should be like the pipe that conveyed the light to the world; it was merely a conductor of light; this was what they learn to do with themselves. In the second Epistle of Timothy, second chapter and nineteenth verse, there was another side to this, namely, that Christians should be emptied of self and fitted to the Master's use. The speaker read the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians on the theme of the diversity of gifts. They should remember what Wesley said, "All at it, and always at it." This was to be their watch-word. All could not be preachers or ministers; that was not what was meant; and no one should say that because they were not great preachers they could do nothing. It was the same Spirit which fitted the man and the woman to do the work to which God had called them. The Scripture had typified the Spirit and called it water, which had been clear, purifying, fertilizing, abundant, and freely given. It was the Rock in the wilderness that followed the Israelites all through their wanderings. The Spirit was fire, was oil, was rain and dew, was a dove, was a voice, and was a seal of redemption.

XXI.

"GIFTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT."

THESE were altogether different from conversion. Many ministers would bear him out when he said that nine-tenths of the church members were without power, because they didn't have these gifts. No one would ever think of sending them to converse with inquirers, but when they probed deep they'd find these Christians true believers, but they didn't live up to their highest light. The eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, spoke about the way the disciples asked the "Lord how to pray as John also taught his disciples." Here was where the Saviour said, "ask," "seek," and "knock" and it "shall be opened unto you." Elisha was just as much of a disciple before he got Elijah's mantle, but he got God's Spirit when the mantle fell on him, and he did the work which he'd been called to do. In the third chapter of the same Gospel we found that Jesus, before He commenced His ministry, was anointed of the Holy Ghost, and then He went out to do His work. If in every one of the theological seminaries, after all the young students had got all the learning man could give them, if they'd just spend ten days in waiting on God, and then go out into the world, they'd be better prepared for their work than they were. He liked to divide Christians sometimes into five classes, sometimes into three, and sometimes into four classes. Here they were: First, in the third chapter of the Gospel of John, there was one class that just gave a little light, like Nicodemus; and then, in the fourth chapter, there was the woman of Samaria, who bubbled right up and went right off and told all the men in the city what she had found; and the third class was to be found in the seventh chapter of the same Gospel, where it was said of the one who was converted and had these gifts, that "Out of his belly should flow fountains of living water." There were two kinds of wells in this country, as many of those present knew; there was one kind of wells where they had to pump to draw the water. Many a time his arm had ached when he was watering the cattle. That was just the way with many Christians to-day. Whenever they did anything or said anything for God, they had to be pumped by some one, perhaps the ministers, and that was the reason there were so many men

and women who could do so little for God and for His glory. Then the second kind of wells were these artesian wells, where the waters welled up without pumping. So many men—ministers—were breaking down in this pumping process, while they were trying to get men to be alive for God and for His work. In the twentieth chapter and twenty-second verse of the Gospel of John, we found another step; and then, again, in the third chapter of Acts, where the disciples were waiting for the blessing of God, the Spirit of God; nothing was done until they got this Holy Ghost power. He'd rather have one drop of this power than all the learning, all the power, all the eloquence of the world. After Peter got filled with the Holy Ghost, he began to preach Christ; then followed that passage, and "they were pricked to the heart"—these same men, who, a few days before, had crucified the Lord. Then they asked, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" They were converted and were baptized, and then came the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which were separate from conversion, and which had been covered up by the Church. A great many people thought that because they got this power with God once, that they'd live on it all their lives. They'd got to have this food every day. The Israelites had to be taken every day. That was the reason so many men and women didn't have the power to-day which they had twenty years ago, when they were converted. We were leaky vessels, and had to keep coming to the fountains of God every day. In the second chapter, and again in the fourth chapter of John, the apostles were filled with the Holy Ghost. A minister asked him that day, "How can I keep from being trampled?" If he'd had the Spirit he'd have boldness to preach. This was the case with all the old apostles and prophets, who went before kings and rulers, and when the Jewish rulers told the apostles not to preach, they went together, and then asked God what they should do; and then they went out to preach, even against the order of the Sanhedrim. He couldn't carry on a work in Chicago with the grace he had got in Boston. They must always be hungry and thirsty after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Then, again, in the Acts of the Apostles, it was shown how the gifts of the Holy Ghost were altogether different from conversion. This was what was meant when it was said they received gifts. The Holy Ghost was in them when they were converted, but they should have it rest on them. Then, again, he said, that when the apostles went down to Samaria, they found many that were preaching, and the

disciples asked them, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"—that is, since you were converted. Here were these men, such as Paul, who were turned to God by the preaching of Jesus Christ Himself; and yet he didn't get the Holy Ghost until the servant Ananias went to him, and then he went out and preached the Word all over the world. He recited the case of a lady in Philadelphia who had been a Christian for many years, and yet who had never turned any one to God; and when she got this blessing of the Holy Ghost, she aided a number in coming to Christ. A gentleman in England, a Presbyterian minister, had got this anointing and had preached with great power. And another in Edinburgh, who first was hardly able to preach one sermon a Sunday, and then he hadn't much power, and felt sick after he delivered this address. But when he got this Spirit he was able to forget his inability to preach, and preached daily, and had appointments to preach every day until next March; and when his wife died, he was given power from God to bear the burden. He said of his wife, that "she lived so near Heaven and God that she didn't have far to go." Mr. Moody summed up this Holy Ghost power as follows: "In Luke, first chapter and fifteenth and sixteenth verses, it was said that John would be filled with the Holy Ghost. Elizabeth, also, was filled with the Holy Ghost, and when Zechariah was filled with the Holy Ghost he prophesied and witnessed. Simon testified in the temple; Luke, fourth chapter, fourth verse, where Jesus resisted Satan, and overcame him; then in Acts, first chapter, eighth verse; second chapter, fourth verse; fourth chapter and eighth verse; fourth chapter and thirty-first verse; sixth chapter and fifth and tenth verses; ninth chapter, seventeenth, twentieth, and twenty-second verses; eleventh chapter and twenty-fourth verse; and thirteenth chapter and fifty-second verse.

XXII.

NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

GENESIS vii. 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

HE remarked that he would like to repeat the different passages of Scripture where the word "come" was used, but would defer it to some other time. This was the first time that God used the word "come" in the Bible. Man had never had such

a communication, before Noah's day, with God as that. The communion which had once existed between God and man was broken by the fall of Adam and Eve. The human race had entered the world with high hopes, but had wofully fallen short of the glory of God. The first man born into the world became a murderer; he became the killer of his own brother; and all the way down through the ages man had been piling up sins against God and against himself. It didn't take the Bible to prove that man was entirely depraved. All the experience of every age proved it. There was nothing good in man. Man and nations were altogether bad, and it didn't need Scripture to prove it. In all this age of wickedness in which he lived, Noah was a man who braved public opinion, who dared public opinion. Then the men lived to be eight hundred or nine hundred years old, and had a chance to be awfully wicked, and from the Scripture it would seem that they improved their opportunities. Then Noah began to build the ark; the dimensions of the ark were such that it took over a hundred years to build it. Noah did it at the command of God, and because he believed in God's Word. Noah worked all those hundred years, and there didn't seem to be any sign of the flood. No doubt if there had been any insane asylums in his day, they would have put him in one of them. The idea that God was going to destroy the world was preposterous to the men of his day. No doubt forty-eight hours before the flood he couldn't have sold the ark for much more than kindling-wood. The men of that generation scoffed at him, ridiculed his work, and, doubtless, a good many of them asked him why he didn't build it on the water and not away up on dry land. They didn't believe that God would come with a flood to sweep them from the earth. Men, to-day, said that God wouldn't destroy the earth, just as they said in Noah's day. They said that God wouldn't, then that God couldn't, and then some went so far as to say that there was no God. Some say, perhaps Noah left off building, and there was no sound of the hammer in the ark. He may have gone to these antediluvians and preached to them of the coming flood. But their banking-houses were open as usual, their saloons and billiard halls were as busy as ever. No one minded him, except to rail at him. But Noah turned a deaf ear to their railings; but, as some one said, Noah didn't turn a deaf ear to God when He spoke. The world went on. There were no doubt many preachers in those days who scoffed and turned his sayings to ridicule. There was nothing,

perhaps, they said, but fanaticism in what old Noah said. And the astronomers began to look at the stars, and couldn't tell that any flood was coming; and the geologists were examining and digging down into the earth, only to discover that there was no God—and so they all went on. And the scientific men said that God didn't create man; that he came from a monkey, and they talked of evolution, and scoffed at the words of Noah.

But the last day came. The last year came. Perhaps the carpenters were drinking in some antediluvian saloon, and men were scoffing at them for working for such a man as Noah. But no doubt they said that his money was as good as anybody's, and they didn't take any stock in it, only as it gave them something to do. Perhaps the songs of the drunkard, which have been forgotten, and been drowned by the flood, were about old Noah's ark. But the spring came, and Noah didn't plant any that spring. This was a curious thing. Then the voice came, "Come." There was no window in the ark, only on the top, so that Noah had to look right up to God. Noah couldn't see the destruction that came on the world, when there was not one left to tell the story. There was one door in the side of the ark. On that day Noah left the old homestead that perhaps his grandfather Methuselah dwelt in. Then the people began to ask where was the promise of the storm. But God gave them seven days of grace. Christ said when the flood came they were marrying and being given in marriage. The lambs were skipping on a thousand hills. The politicians of those days were putting men in office and fixing things to suit their ends; and yet there was no sign of the flood, no sign of fire. And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man. All were counseled to be ready, for, in an hour they didn't think of, the Son of Man should come.

Then, one can imagine how much sport the antediluvians made of Noah when they saw him get ready to get into the ark. They may have asked him how he was going to catch the beasts of the forests and get them all in; how he was going to catch the lion and the tiger. But perhaps, while they were speaking, the elephants, two by two, the lions came two by two, and the tigers two by two, and the insects the same, and the air was dark with wings. Merciful God, what could it mean? Then the Tyndalls and their scientific men were consulted, and they may have said it was curious, but there isn't anything supernatural about it; it's strange, but there's nothing in it; it don't mean anything.

The next thing that was supernatural was that God shut the door. This set the people to thinking that there might be something supernatural in it. They began to wonder if it was the last day. But the door was shut and they didn't think any more about it, for the flood didn't come for seven days. Men and women were marrying, and all was merry. But there came a little cloud, like Elijah's, not larger than a man's hand; but it grew larger and larger, until it covered the sky. The antediluvians looked at their homes for the last time. Then the ark was worth all the world beside. There will be a time when Christ will be worth all the riches of ten thousand worlds; when it will be more than stocks, and business, and gold. He asked what the Tabernacle was builded for but to benefit man; make him escape the impending flood. It would rise in judgment against many.

XXIII.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

A GREAT many are asking the questions, Will this work hold out? Are these young converts going to stand? Now I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but one thing I can predict: that every one of these new converts that goes to studying his Bible, and loves this Book above every other book, is sure to hold out. The world will have no charm for him; he will get the world under his feet, because in this Book he will find something better than the world can give him. Now what I want to say to these young converts, and to old converts, is to love the Word of God. Set more and more store by it. Then the troubles in your Christian life will pass away like a morning cloud. You will feed and live on the Word of God, and it will become the joy of your soul.

Now, to help some of you to a right course in studying God's Word, I want to point out a number of texts that you might begin with, and then, in the same way, you can collect others. I want to call your attention first to a part of the fourth chapter of Matthew. A little boy in the seat there, while giving his experience the other day, felt so sure about his strength that he defied Satan. I trembled. Those of us who are older, and know more about the devil's power, know we can only meet him with the Word of God. We can't withstand him by our feelings or by our being converted; he only laughs at such weapons. Read in this fourth chapter, from the third

verse on, and see how Christ overcame Satan. Not by His feelings, not because He had been baptized of John in Jordan, but by the word of the living God. Three times Satan advanced to the charge, but every time he was thrust through by the sword of the Spirit. And that must be your sword. Don't say, like the little boy in Scotland, "Old Nick, just you get behind me," but say, "O Lord, just put him behind me." You can't do anything against Satan of yourself; you can only overcome him through Christ and by the word of the living God.

Then take Romans x. 15. It shows there was a work done for you on Calvary, but that there is another work quite distinct from that. "How shall they preach except they be sent?" "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." How many mourning Christians there are who know little about God, and the reason is just that they do not study the Word of God. You are little acquainted with this precious book. I don't see how Christians can habitually read the newspapers on Sunday. I wouldn't advise you even to read your religious weeklies on that day. I find too many are making these take the place of the Bible. Let us have one day exclusively to study and read the Word of God. If we can't take time during the week, we will have Sunday uninterrupted. What can botanists tell you of the lily of the valley? you must study this book for that. What can geologists tell you of the Rock of Ages, or mere astronomers about the Bright Morning Star? In these pages we find all knowledge unto salvation; here we read of the ruin of man by nature, redemption by the blood, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost. These three things run all through and through them.

But let us stick to the thought, how to study this Bible. A favorite way with me is just to take up one word or expression, and run through the different places where they are. Take the "I am" of John; "I am the bread of life;" "I am the water of life;" "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "I am the resurrection;" "I am all, and in all." God gives to His children a blank, and on it they can write whatever they most want, and He will fill the bill.

And then the promises. A Scotchman found out thirty-one thousand distinct promises in the Word of God: There is not a despondent soul in this Tabernacle, this morning, but God has a promise just to suit him. They abound, even in the books of Job and Jonah.

And now let us follow on the thought, "What is God able to do." Just get all the blessed texts on that subject to heart, and you can't help speaking for God. Then you can indeed say, "God is my Father, Jesus is my Saviour, and Heaven is my home." There is a blessed verse in the Gospel of John. There is no more fruitful subject in the Bible than is opened up there. The conversions there and all through the Bible, notice, are different from each other, though all redounding to the glory of God. Think of Nicodemus, the woman at the well, and Matthew the publican. And then the conversions in the Acts, and those of the Philippian jailor and Cornelius. We make a great deal more ado about this simple act than the Bible teaches. Conversion is just to believe on Christ and follow Him, and may be but the work of a minute.

Many people do not believe in assurance as to salvation. Turn to the third chapter of the first epistle of John, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." The fifth verse of that chapter says, "And ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins," and then we come to, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." All the Bible puts it in that way. When it speaks of hope, it means a certain hope, not a doubtful hope. The "hope of a glorious resurrection" was a sure hope. Then the nineteenth verse, "Hereby we know that we are of the truth;" and then, "We know that we have passed from death into life," and "Ye know that no murderer hath eternal life," and also, "Hereby we know that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us." There is no reason, nay, there is no excuse, for Christians doubting that they are saved; it is presumptuous not to take God at His word. Again, the second verse of the third chapter of the first epistle of John says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him."

So I find great comfort and advantage in just taking up the Word of God in this way, and studying it with a view to some single truth. Take up in this way a single name, or life, or character. Thus Lazarus, in his different stages, is the type of the dead soul—the soul dead in trespasses and sin; then he is the saved soul; then the feasting, rejoicing soul; then he testifies to the goodness of God. Galatians shows how we are first called, then justified, then sanctified; all through there is a beautiful connection, and you have only to stand right with one of these thoughts, and follow the trail out.

And then take up the Christian's growth in grace, Psalm xxiii.,

verse 2, "Lie down in green pastures;" "Sitting at the feet of Jesus;" Ephesians, chapter vi., verses 13 and 14, "He is able to make us stand;" Psalms, "Walk through the valley of the shadow of death;" Hebrews, chapter xii., verse 1, "Run with patience the race that is set before us;" Psalm xviii., verse 21, and in Isaiah chapter xl., verse 31, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." The Christian, these verses show, goes up higher and higher, like a balloon, till the world is lost to sight; till he becomes like Christ, and possessed of eyes that can gaze unblinded on the glory of the City of God.

XXIV.

TRUST.

SOME who had counted the verses in the Bible found that the eighth and ninth verses of the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm were the middle verses of the Bible. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." And also he read the third and fourth verses of the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." A boy whose mother promises him anything knows how to trust her. If she promises him a pair of skates at Christmas, he doesn't begin to analyze what trust is; he doesn't begin to ask what his feeling is. He simply says, "Mother said so, and that's enough." There was nothing miraculous about it; it was simply trust. This was the idea of trusting in God. They must trust God, even if they didn't know what the result would be. In the sixty-second Psalm, eighth verse, it said: "Trust in Him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us." It was the same in the midnight darkness as in the daylight. It was the child in the light whose father was in the dark. The child leaped into its father's arms though it didn't see him. It was the simple trust that the father was there. Trust God at all times. Trust Him as one would trust a banker whom he had tried; a doctor whom he had confidence in; or a lawyer who had been tried and had never lost a case. They had an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the Righteous. How to trust Him was shown in Proverbs

to be with "all the heart;" not a little, but with the whole heart. Don't trust the minister with the soul's salvation, but God. God wants the whole heart; God hates half-heartedness; God detests half-heartedness. An incident of Alexander illustrated this, where the Emperor was warned to beware of his physician, and to beware of his medicine. The Emperor took the note of warning in one hand and the medicine in the other, and, because he trusted in his physician, took his draught. That was perfect trust. Paul said: "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." The next step was: "Who will trust Him?" This is answered in the ninth Psalm, at the tenth verse: "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee." He must be known to be trusted; He must be believed to be trusted. No infidel could trust God, because he didn't know Him. No one could go down to hell trusting in God. Then came the trust: "Thou wilt keep them in perfect peace that trust Thee." In the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, at the twentieth verse, was described the joy of the one who trusted God: "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." In the thirty-second Psalm, at the tenth verse, again it was said: "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." The joy is thus described in the fifth Psalm, at the eleventh verse: "But let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy, because Thou defendest them; let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee." The inquirer asked about feeling—how should he feel? He would say, "Let your feelings take care of themselves, you have only to come to God." They couldn't be saved by their feelings, nor by their good morals, by trying to break off their sins here and there; it was like lopping off the twigs of a tree, while Christ laid the ax to the root. In the twenty-ninth chapter of Proverbs it was said: "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe;" or in the margin, "set on high."

XXV.

JACOB'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THE key to all Jacob's difficulties will be found in the twentieth chapter of Matthew, from which Mr. Moody read an illustration. It is the story of the laborers in the vineyard. The

thought is in the second verse. The first man hired agreed to the bargain. The men would not go until the owner of the vineyard had made a bargain with them. He told them that he would pay them what was right. They got a penny. He gave them the lawful wages. "Is that all you're going to give me?" they probably said. Jacob was all the time making bargains. The Christians who are making bargains with the Lord do not get as much as those who trust Him. It does not pay to make bargains with the Lord. Jacob is twin brother of most of us. Where you will find one Joseph or one Daniel, you will find a hundred Jacobs. We are not willing, all of us, to take God at His word and trust Him. There is a strong contrast between the character of Joseph and Jacob. The one trusted God implicitly; but Jacob wanted to trust Him no farther than he could see God. There would have been a great deal of murmuring if Jacob had been thrown into jail in Egypt. Jacob no doubt got a great deal of his weakness from his mother. There was a division in that home. Isaac favored Esau, and Rebekah favored Jacob. Such dissensions are just the thing to stir up the old Adam in the man. A mother and a father have no right to take this course. Rebekah planned continually to keep Jacob at home. The very thing that Rebekah tries to achieve, in that she fails. By nature Esau was the better of the two. If such a mean, contemptible nature as Jacob's can be saved, then there is hope for all of us. The Lord promised to Jacob from the top of the ladder what he should have. Jacob gets up and says, "If God will be with me and keep and clothe me, then shall the Lord be my God." What a low, contemptible idea he had. God had promised him all from Dan to Beersheba. That's the difficulty with the people at the present time. If God will bless us in our basket and store we shall have Him for our God. We find Jacob after this in Haran driving bargains all the time, and the worst of it is, he gets beat every time. He had to work seven years for his wife, and then gets another woman in her place. He gets paid back in his own coin. We must not think that God will allow us to deceive without punishing us for it. He forgot all the vows he made at Bethel, but God did not forget His. Some of God's promises are unconditional. The promise he made at Bethel was unconditional. God chose Jacob rather than Esau. Some people say that God hated Esau before he was born. That is not the teaching of Scripture, even though one of the minor prophets long years after mentioned it. God says to Jacob, after he had been in

Haran for so many years, "I am the God of Bethel; arise and dwell there." He ought to have been proud, and instead of leaving Haran like a prince, he steals away like a thief. He starts off, and his uncle and father-in-law pursue. God took care of him; God was going to keep His vows, and there is no doubt that had not God interfered, Jacob would have been slain. We find that Jacob stays behind like a miserable coward, after he had sent his effects away. A man out of communication with God is a coward always. There was a man wrestled with Jacob. It was Christ. When did he prevail? When his thigh was out of joint all he could do was to hold on and get the blessing. The man who is the lowest down is the man that God lifts up the highest. The man that has the greatest humility will be the most exalted. A great many say that Jacob was a different man. Would to God his thigh had been left out of joint so that there was no more of the flesh in him. The next thing, we find Jacob and Esau embracing, and we would suppose that he would be filled with gratitude. But no; he goes down to Shechem and builds an altar and calls it by a high-sounding name. Jacob in Shechem with this altar with a high-sounding name was no better than he was in Haran without an altar. It would be a good day if we people in Chicago would bury our idols, rum bottles, tobacco and cigars, beneath an oak in Shechem. The trouble is, that we have slipped down to Shechem. There his sons fell. It is when men go down to Haran and Shechem, instead of staying in Bethel, that they fall into sin. Let the Church of God come out and stand before the world free from idols, there would be no need for idols. The only thing that keeps back the blessing of God are the church members. He built an altar finally at Bethel. He said that he would go to Bethel and build an altar to his God, as if the Shechem altar was no altar. He called it El-Bethel. Just the moment he came to Bethel the Lord God met him, and just as soon as the Church leaves Shechem and comes to Bethel, then the Lord God will meet it. The next thing we hear is the saddest episode in Jacob's life—the death of Rachel, his favorite wife. His sons go back to Shechem and hunt up the old idols. His sons bring him back news from there that his beloved son was dead. Do you see how he begins to reap the sins of his own earlier days? For twenty long years he mourned that beloved boy. He deceived his own father, and his own sons deceived him. What a bitter life. What was Jacob's dying testimony to Pharaoh? It would take ten thou-

sand Jacobs to get one convert like Pharaoh. "Few and evil," Jacob said, "had its days been." He started with a lie in his mouth. He died in exile. He died in Egypt, not in the land God promised him. He would not let God choose for him. He was saved by fire, or as Job said, by the skin of his teeth. We must walk less by sight and more by faith. It is safer for God to choose and to do the planning. It is for us to be satisfied with God's writ. Let us be satisfied and wait upon Him, saying: "Thy will be done, and not ours."

XXVI.

THE LIFE OF PETER.

THE first glimpse we had of him was when Andrew called him. He was first called as a disciple, not as an apostle. The second call was when he was called to the work of the ministry. The next glimpse we had was related in the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, when the Lord spoke to the people the words of God from the boat at the seaside, and then follows the miraculous draught of fishes. Then it was that Peter said: "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O God." Then Jesus said that thereafter Peter would catch men. The thought he wanted to call attention to was, that when Peter was called he didn't leave his work until called twice. There were too many unprepared men in the Lord's work; there were too many men made ministers in the world today. He said this because there were a good many young men, young converts, who were looking to the work of the ministry and thinking they were called to that. John Wesley used to say to young men, candidates for the ministry, when they preached, "Did you make any one mad?" "No." "Did you convert anybody?" and then they would say "no." "Then," Wesley said, "that's a very good evidence you're not called." Men need to have souls before they begin this work. The Lord first made these men go to the lake and take a great haul of fish, and then when they were called, they had something to leave. They didn't have much to leave, but they left what they had. What had they to leave? A few broken nets and a haul of fish. And that's the way with a great many Christians of the present day; they didn't want to leave their little draught of fishes and their broken nets. The next time we get a glimpse of Peter is in the four-

teenth chapter of Matthew, where the Lord tells Peter to walk on the water. Here we find Peter in "Doubting Castle." And that was where Peter got his eye off the Lord, and he saw the waves and heard the wind; then his eyes wandered away from Christ. But Peter's prayer was to the point; it didn't begin with a long preamble, which would have put him forty feet under water before the Lord heard it. But it was to the point: "Lord, save me; I perish." Again, in the sixteenth chapter we find that Christ is saying, "Whom say men that I am?" and then He asked Peter, and Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." This shows the power there was in confessing Christ. Peter was a true Trinitarian; he got square on the rock. Again we find him indulging in man-worship, the first beginnings of Rome. This was on the Mount of Transfiguration. Peter said, "Let us make three Tabernacles;" and as soon as he said this, why, God just snatched Moses and Elias away and left them only Jesus. There was too much of this minister-worship, of this church-worship at the present day. This was illustrated in the twenty-second chapter of Revelations, ninth verse, where the angel said, "Worship God." If Christ was not the Son of God, then Christians were the greatest idolaters that ever lived. Again, we found Peter in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, at the twenty-third verse, where Peter's fall was recited. He became self-confident and spiritually proud. The Lord couldn't use him until he had been humbled, and here he stood up among the Lord's disciples, just as though he was all-powerful. This lesson of humility must be learned by every man whom God uses. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." The greatest Bible characters fell because they failed in their strongest points. Moses, the meekest man, was not allowed to see the promised land, and there were Saul, and David, and Jacob, and Peter, at this very time when he was boasting of his own power. He was always sure that young converts who say they're safe were where the devil will trip them up. Again, Peter was asleep in the garden when the Lord told them to watch. That was the time when Satan had these Christians in the churches asleep, and then troubles came in the churches. Then came the next step—"he followed him afar off." And this was the gradual downward course. No one would find a Christian man in the theatre; those Christians who are in such places are all asleep. Men of the world said they liked "liberal Christians," but these men were never sent for by dying men.



They would never find a card-playing, a smoking and chewing, a horse-racing, and a dancing Christian who ever amounted to anything. Then the next step was when Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant; and then, again, Peter denied the Lord—first to the young maid, and then to another servant. But so here were two denials by the very man who but a few hours before had said he would never betray or forsake the Lord. Then, again, the third time the servant said, "Thy speech betrayeth thee," but Peter answered with oaths that he never knew Him. It's hard for a Christian to forget the speech of the Lord's people, even after he has long departed from the way of God and Christ. But one look brought Peter back, one word undid all that Satan had been doing for hours, and he went out and wept bitterly. One of the first words that Christ said after the crucifixion and resurrection was, "Tell the disciples and Peter," and Peter had a personal interview with the Lord. And then, when Christ was leaving him, He asked him, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" But Peter didn't answer; he had learned humility, and after the Lord asked him again, Peter, now humble, already meet for the Master's use, said, "Lord, thou knowest."

XXVII.

WALKING WITH GOD.

A CHILD had to be born before it can walk, and a soul has to believe on God before it could be with Him. God once walked with man in the Garden of Eden, but He forsook that after the fall, and only here and there walked with men. Mr. Moody said that he had been told that the Indians in the West had a peculiar way of making a trail. The chief, or head man, rode ahead, and all the others followed in his footsteps, and it was one trail. And so the Christian had Jesus in whose footsteps to tread and to walk the journey of life, and His example. He read the first quotation from the first epistle of Peter, second chapter and twenty-first verse: "For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps." He was at a railway station once, and not knowing the time the train left, he asked a man who said he thought it was 9 o'clock; another he asked said he thought it was 8:45

o'clock; and still another said it was 9:15 o'clock, so the only thing left that was safe to do was to consult the railway guide, and he did so, and found the desired information. And when any one was wanting to know anything about God, the best way was not to consult men, but to go to the Great Guide, the Bible, and that was the only way to learn of a surety. In the twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus at the second verse, God promises to be the God of those who keep His Sabbaths and reverence His sanctuary; and in the twelfth verse: "I will walk among you and will be your God, and ye shall be My people;" and in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses: "And if ye will not for all this hearken unto Me, but walk contrary unto Me, then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chasten you seven times for your sins." A great many persons never went to the Bible to know what God's way was, but like Balaam, waited for the Lord to hedge up their way, instead of studying the Bible to find out. A man might get wealth and position and power, but he'd never have perfect peace until he was first at peace with God and walked in God's way. There was a leanness of soul which would be his until he was filled with the contentment God gave His children. The pile of stones on the highway was just as good as a heap of gold if the man who owned the gold was not contented.

One class of Christians who were to be met with, were those who wanted any way but God's way, and were never willing to take what God had chosen for them. This class was referred to in the sixth chapter of Jeremiah, and the sixteenth verse. This class was always looking after new ways. They were never willing to take the "old paths" referred to in Jeremiah, in the sixth chapter. If an angel came and gave them their own way, they would not be able to make any better choice than what God had made for them. This was seen in what was called "liberal Christianity." He never saw a "liberal Christian" who was perfectly contented. No greater delusion, he believed, was ever in the world than that of these so-called Christians. The standard of Christians must be raised to where the Bible had it. They might be called Puritans, but they were living where the Bible would have them. There was a great curse abroad in the land, called "German infidelity." He prayed that there were such men to-day as Martin Luther, and Knox, and Whitfield, and the reformers to hold high the banner of the Cross. The skeptics rejected the Word of God, and did just as the Israel-

ites did before they went into captivity for seventy years in Babylon. The old way was better than the new.

In the eighty-fourth Psalm were the words, "No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly." He had another thing to call attention to, namely, separation. If a Christian man walked hand in hand with another who was not, he was dishonoring God. In Ephesians, the question was asked, "Can two walk together unless they are agreed?" In Luke, it was related how the disciples walked to Emmaus, and Jesus walked and talked with them. Those who walk together must be of one mind. He had seen two young men together on the way to the theatre once; one swore horribly, the other didn't, but laughed at what was said. They were agreed. If one man abused another man's wife to the husband, that husband couldn't walk with his wife's enemy if they were not agreed; and if a Christian heard a man reviling God, he couldn't walk with him.

Mr. Moody then called attention to another point, from Second Corinthians, sixth chapter, fourteenth verse: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers;" and in the seventeenth verse: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." He lamented that so many Christians were married to persons who were not Christians. Many went into partnership with unchristian men, and the results were disastrous. A woman who marries an unbeliever is chained to a corpse for life. The trouble was that Christian women married saying they would influence their husbands; but if they couldn't do it before marriage, they certainly could not after marriage. The Bible never counseled any one to leave a husband or wife because of this; but the fault was theirs, if they have misery now, in not seeing to it before they were yoked for life. Several instances were related illustrating this. Then there was another thing he called attention to, and he spoke of it, he said, feeling that he might be stepping on some one's toes, perhaps some in the audience, and perhaps some of the ministers; he referred to lodges, no matter whether they were temperance, or anything else. Abraham had more influence in Sodom than Lot had, and Abraham knew the city was to be destroyed before Lot did; and when men said they did this or that to gain others' influence, they were to remember never to do evil that good might come of it. He wouldn't yoke himself with anything where God wasn't to be found and honored.

XXVIII.

THE TWO ADAMS.

GOD really dealt with two men; the first and the second Adam, the two federal heads. As a sort of primary examples of his meaning, he referred to the cases of Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David—how the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker, and that of the latter stronger and stronger. He said he would endeavor during the afternoon—and, in fact, it was his aim in life—to turn the listener against this first man, which the first chapter said was made in God's own image, after His own likeness. He then went on to say that man was made the lord over all the creation, as found in the twentieth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, but further on in the same book, God commanded him not to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, for he would surely die. Moody said he bothered himself for many years over these words, "In the day thou eatest thou diest," but had finally succeeded in unravelling the mystery. He found it in the sixth verse of the third chapter of Genesis, where Eve saw that the fruit of the tree was good and ate and gave it to Adam, and he also did eat. This was the first Adam, who sinned and fell. The second Adam came, and as the fifth chapter of the Second Corinthians, twenty-first verse, says, the God made Him, His Son, "to be sin for us," that we might rise again. There are the two Adams: the first Adam reduced us, the second raised us up.

To further illustrate his meaning, Mr. Moody then read two verses from Romans, showing that by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Some people could see no justice in making all men, as late as the present generation, suffer for the sin of one man, but Mr. Moody would say to such, that they look at but one side of the issue. He then requested them to take a glance at the other side of Adam. They forget that there are two Adams, and that the second Adam gives them an easy method to be back again where the first Adam was before he fell. They forget that if they would give their second Adam a trial, that they would be at peace and in joy with themselves. The first Adam was flesh; the second is the soul. The first dies; the second lives through eternity.

The first reigns supreme till it dies, but after that the second is ruler. Control the first, therefore, while it lives, and all flourishes well. Though there is death, there is life. We get death in the third of Genesis, and life in the third of St. John.

He then quoted Dr. Andrew Bonar's words, who said, "It was a great mystery that God ever permitted man to sin, but it was a greater mystery that He ever allowed His Son to stand the brunt of it." He would advise his hearers to remember this when in doubt. God was just. He was compelled to banish Adam from Eden, and place a guard on it. If He did not, what a perfect hell it would be now. He had ordained that man should die, but in justice He gave us a second Adam, who saved us. The first Adam introduced sin; the second is all that is good. Man is both, and he must, therefore, banish the first and encourage the second. All our burdens are those of the first Adam; but if we come to the Lord, He will carry them for us. The first gave a good many of these burdens, and hard ones they are to bear, but we can go to the second Adam. God is grace enough to carry all. Go to Him.

Mr. Moody then told of the wealthy lady in the old country, whom a virtuous, Christian woman was endeavoring to interest in a poor bedridden woman. They called together at the tenement-house, and commenced to climb the rickety stairs. At the first landing, the dismal appearance rather appalled the wealthy being, who was unaccustomed to such darkness, and she asked if there was no danger. The friend replied, "It is better higher up." Up to the next flight they continued their way, but it was getting darker and darker. Another frightened question only elicited the same reply, "It is better higher up." Another flight and surroundings were simply terrible to the unaccustomed wealthy being, but her friend still insisted "it was better higher up." The fifth floor was finally reached, and the visitors entered a plain, but home-like and happy home, though the woman was bedridden for four years, and there were evidences of many privations. The lady asked if she must not suffer much; but with the true spirit of the second Adam, she replied, "It is better higher up." Be like the wayfarer wearily treading the road with the bundle over his shoulder, whom a farmer gave a ride, but could not induce to drop his bundle. He was thankful enough that he could ride himself. Mr. Moody exhorted them to carry their burdens with good will, and ride happily to Heaven.

The forty-seventh verse of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians says, "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from Heaven." So it is with many after they have been converted, when they feel their old desires returning. He said his time was occupied in preventing the first, Moody from assuming control of him that it hardly gave him time to do anything else, or ever gratify the most petty luxury. He then went on to show that if the Lord had banished man from Eden for one sin, and could deliver him from his bondage by a sacrifice of His Son, how can we expect without the aid of God to reach Heaven with the thousands of sins which many of us are responsible for. Many claim it is the flesh which sins. Peter claimed so when he denied Christ. He did not want to, but could not help it. There is no good in the flesh, and only one way to battle. Don't feed it, is Mr. Moody's recommendation. But if you feed him by visiting the theatres, reading trashy novels, and in many other foolish ways feeding him, you can not expect to control him, and if you don't control the flesh, it will still be the first Adam. God holds you personally responsible for the flesh. You must control it. A culprit in England pleaded that he did not want to commit the crime, but that the flesh did it. The judge says, "All right. We will put the flesh in jail, and the spirit may go where it pleases." A few more chapters were then read, showing that it is necessary also to control the flesh because of its testimony. Mr. Moody says the devil attacks in three different ways. First, he does all he can to keep you from reaching the second Adam; then, if you have reached it, he blackens your intentions; and should all prove futile, he will then do all he can to prevent you from talking. The flesh, the world, and the devil are man's three great enemies, and Mr. Moody thinks flesh is the greatest of the three evils, for the devil will flee from you, but the flesh will not; it clings and incites. But on the other side, he invoked the audience to remember that man has three great friends, "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit," and if they would go to them, all would be well.

XXIX.

THE PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH STRONGER THAN HEROD.

IN the twelfth of Acts we see the Church in straits. In this case the early Christians made their appeal directly to God. Things looked very dark for Peter. Herod had put him in prison, intending, after Easter, to deliver him over to the people to be killed, and, in order to make sure that he did not escape, there were sixteen soldiers, four at a time, set to keep guard over him. In our day we should get up an indignation meeting and protest against such treatment of a man who had committed no crime, and had not even been accused of any. We should probably get up a committee, composed of Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and Gamaliel, to go and represent the case to Herod and ask that Peter might be set at liberty; but those Christians did not commit the mistake which we have been making in this temperance movement all along, of looking to men instead of God. They appointed a prayer-meeting, and, to judge by the record, we may suppose they kept it up day and night for six days. On the seventh day, which was the time when Peter was to have been brought forth to die, they were still praying. No doubt some of us would have been discouraged the first day when we did not get any answer, and would have given it up; but not they. I suppose they thought that God would soften the heart of Herod and that he would let Peter go. They certainly didn't expect God was going to send an angel and bring him out of that prison. But while Peter is sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers without kept the prison, the angel of the Lord came in and a light shined in the prison. God does not work in the dark, but in the light. Then, as Peter arose at the bidding of the angel, his chains fell off. If we had been there, we should have taken off the chains and laid them down softly for fear of waking up the soldiers.

"Bind on the sandals," says the angel. If we had been doing it, we would have taken him out barefoot, so as not to make any noise.

“Cast thy garment about thee,” says the angel. Then they go past one ward and another, and when they come to the great iron gate, it opens of its own accord, and out they go; and when Peter realizes that he is out of prison, he goes straight to where they are praying for him, and lets them know that their prayers have been answered. How many men are there here chained by lust, and passion, and appetite, to whom God has sent His angel, and delivered them? He has not only sent His angel, but He has sent His Son to redeem them, and now there is no excuse for any one who is not saved. There are hundreds of prisoners who were bound hand and foot, whom God has brought out of prison and set free during the past few weeks. And what will you say to their testimony? Will you call them all liars when they tell you that the grace of God through faith in Jesus Christ has taken the appetite for strong drink away from them? Let the Church do as it did in the case of Peter, pray to God to deliver these captives of Satan and help them out of all their difficulties, and He will do it.

XXX.

THE RESURRECTION.

IT is surprising how widely ignorant some folks are concerning the resurrection. It was only the soul, or ghost of Jesus Christ, they said, that came out of the grave, while His body was consumed by worms. This notion was born of ignorance of God's Word and the want of sound instruction. To Jesus His death and resurrection for sinful men were ever present. Matthew xvi. 21, said: "From that time forth began Jesus to show unto His disciples how that He must go unto Jerusalem * * * and be killed, and be raised again the third day;" again, in Matthew xvii. 9, "And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead;" again, in Mark ix. 31, "He taught His disciples, and said unto them, The Son of Man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill Him; and after that He is killed, He shall rise the third day." In these passages, and all through the New Testament, the blessed doctrine of the resurrection was brought out. The apostles had two texts, the death and the resurrection of Jesus. The door hung on these two hinges; they were the chief corner-stones of our blessed religion. "The sign of the prophet Jonah" meant the resurrection. Just as Jonah had lain in the bowels of the great fish prepared by God, so the Son of Man had to be laid in the bosom of the earth for a season, only to come forth on the third day.

Have my hearers ever thought what gloom and darkness would settle down on this earth were it not for this sweet, comforting doctrine of the resurrection? Those men who would undermine it were like Samson; they would bring down the pillars on their own heads and be crushed in desolation and ruin. It would be the last drop of bitterness to lay away a dear companion and think that only worms and mold were his portion—that he should never rise again. But, glory to God, He should come forth again; Christ had said that death no longer had dominion. It was written in John:

"I will raise him up at the last day," and again: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Christians should go back very, very often to that sweet scene of the riven sepulchre. Doubtless, just before, as the Lord still lay there in His cerements, Satan prowled about, laughing in triumph. The Son of Man, he chuckled, could not escape him. Enoch and Elijah had managed to, but Christ was fast there in the tomb. Yes, there He lay, cold and stark in death, with a great stone sealing the tomb. But Sunday morning came. In a twinkling all was changed. Those stark limbs grew warm, those glazed eyes opened, the Son of Man burst the bars of death, and came out of the sepulchre. All earth and hell could not hold Him there.

The governor had appointed soldiers to watch the grave. A queer thing was noticeable—that Christ's enemies expected Him to rise, while His own disciples had not understood His prophecies. A better thing was never done for Christianity than the posting of those sentinels before the sepulchre. Sleepless and watchful, they walked up and down there for three days. As the angel rolled away the stone the soldiers trembled and fell down as dead men, and the earth shook.

Very early that morning the sun let down its rays into the sepulchre, but the Lord was not there. He had already burst forth from the jaws of death when two or three women came early to the tomb. Nicodemus had before brought a hundred pounds of spices, but these women were fetching still more spices; they loved nothing so much as to steal up and tend that dear body. But already as they neared the spot, the stone was lying to one side; Christ, their Lord, was gone; He had risen, that "He might be the justifier of the ungodly." In terror they hastened from the sepulchre, and, after a few steps, coming across one walking in the early morning, they cried out in anguish that the Lord was taken away and they knew not where to find Him. They thought the stranger they were talking to was the gardener. But directly He spoke the name Mary. How now the familiar voice fell on one of the women! She would have fallen again at the Master's feet and bathed them with tears and ointment if He had permitted her. But Jesus said, "Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father; go, tell My disciples, and tell Peter."

The first to meet the Saviour was Mary, and in all the Saviour appeared eleven different times after His resurrection. The second

time was when He saluted the women as they ran back to tell the disciples, and said to them, "All hail." And the third appearance was to Simon Peter. One could imagine how that first Sabbath morning Peter poured out his heart to the Lord, and sought His forgiveness, and found it.

Then the Lord appeared to the two disciples as they walked to Emmaus. They were talking about the suffering and death of Jesus as the stranger joined them, and how they listened and marveled as the stranger expounded to them the Scriptures, and how that Christ must needs die, and on the third day rise again. At the end of the journey one could see the two turn into the gate of a house and then insist that the stranger shall stop with them. Pretty soon they sat down to eat. Perhaps the stranger asked the blessing. In doing so, he used, may be, some old familiar sentence or form of words, and at once their eyes were opened—they were entertaining the Lord Himself. They had entertained far better than angels unawares.

Filled with joy, they traveled back eight miles to Jerusalem that very night, to spread the news that Christ had risen. They found the ten (Thomas being absent), and told them the whole story. And as they spake, once again, the fourth time, Jesus appeared. He rose right in their midst. They could scarcely believe their eyes. They thought it was His ghost, His spirit. He bade them look at Him and touch Him, and, to still further reassure them, He called for a bit of fish and honey, and ate before them. It was indeed the very Christ in human form. But Thomas was not there. How many Thomases had been absent from prayer-meetings where God had manifested His presence! Just the Wednesday night meeting that the Christian failed to attend might be the most glorious meeting of all and full of the blessed Spirit of power.

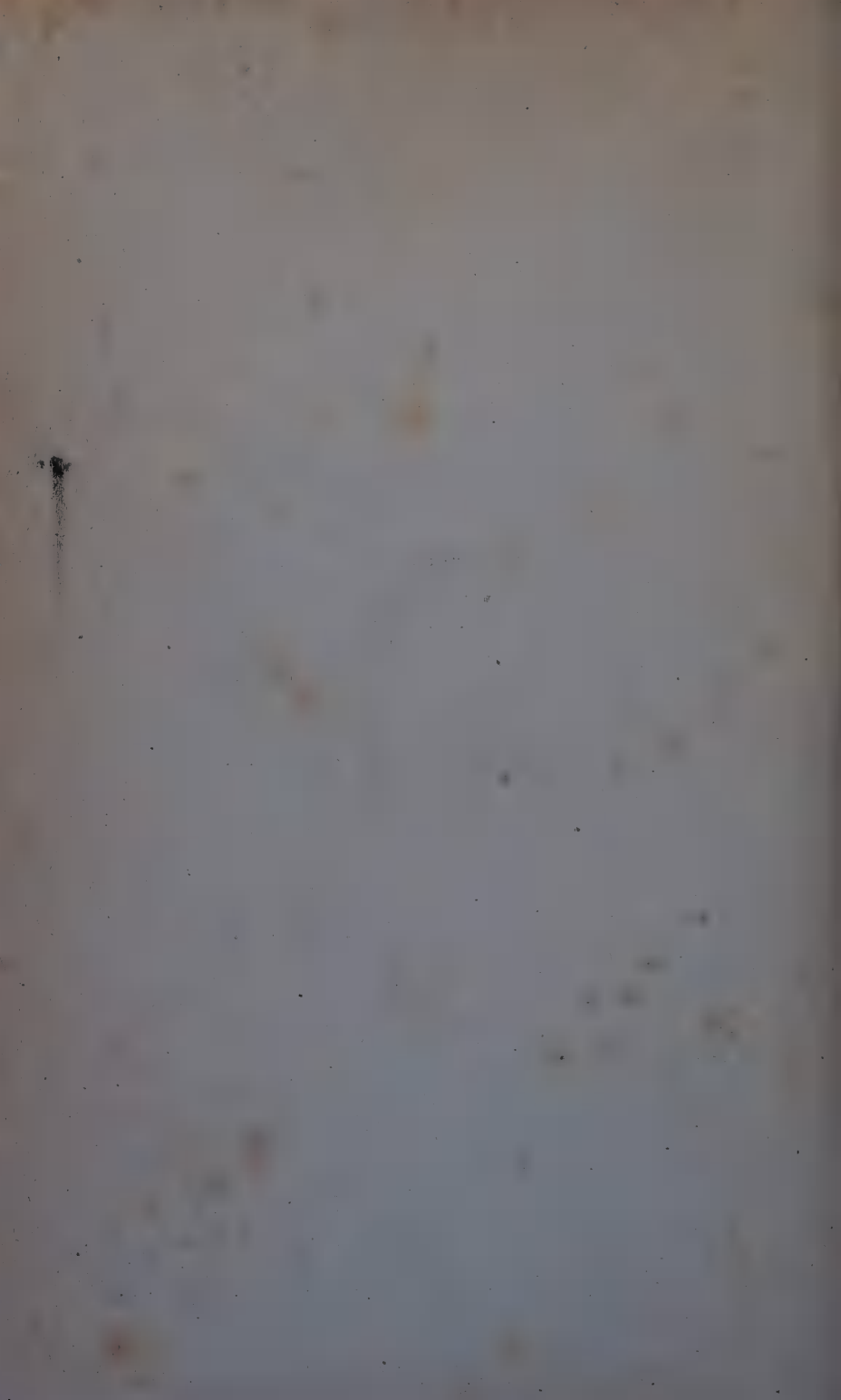
Thomas, when the other apostles told him, disbelieved this last appearance. He wouldn't believe that Christ was risen till he should thrust his hand into the Lord's side. A good many Thomases were in the Church nowadays: they wouldn't believe the Word of God on the testimony of those who had had fellowship and communion with Him. An entire week rolled by, a week of mingled doubts and expectancy, when once more, all of the eleven being gathered together, the Lord stood in their midst. He singled out the pale, quaking Thomas and told him to put forth his hand and put it in the wound from the spear. Thomas obeyed, and straight-

way the tears came trickling down his face, as he cried, "My Lord and my God;" his doubts were all gone. That was the sixth time.

The next occasion was when the apostles had "gone fishing," and, catching nothing, were accosted by the old, familiar voice on the shore. A great draught of fishes was then taken, and immediately John said to Peter, "That is the Lord," and impetuous Peter attempted to walk upon the water. Then it was Christ asked Peter three times that touching question, "Lovest thou Me?" and then it was He told John to "follow Him." Just so Christians were to follow, not John or any lesser leader, but "Him."

The next appearance, as near as could be found out, was to the five hundred disciples. After that He appeared to James; Paul says He appeared to James. Then, lastly, He appeared again to the eleven disciples. He took them out of Jerusalem down to the valley of Jehoshaphat, over the brook Kedron, and over the Mount of Olives, and came near Bethlehem, and there, perhaps, near the cluster of olive trees, paused with them. Only His disciples were with Him there. After His resurrection no uncircumcised eye saw Him on earth. A man must see Christ on the cross before he could see His resurrection. And there, the tenth time that He had been seen of men, He rose into Heaven, where He had told them that it was expedient for them that He go and prepare a place for them. His hands were stretched out in blessing as higher and higher He rose, till at last a cloud received Him out of their sight, as, on tiptoe, they stood gazing into Heaven, and kept on gazing till the angelic announcement came that just so they should see this same Jesus come again from Heaven. Then the apostles went back to Jerusalem and preached with joy the Lord's resurrection.

Blessed, blessed doctrine of the resurrection! Preachers denied themselves great joy in not preaching it more. The apostles had no more favorite theme than "Christ, the risen, Christ at the right hand of God." Paul knew and gloried in the glorious resurrection; as well he might, for even after the ascension, the Lord appeared to him, "as one born out of due time." So nowadays, let all Christians rejoice in a risen Lord ascended to the throne of power and mercy. Angels had proclaimed His birth, and the same angels, with even louder notes, had proclaimed His resurrection. The song of the bursted sepulchre would be sweeter than the song of the morning stars. In just a little while all His faithful children would join in that song, and be forever with their risen, ascended Lord in His glory.





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